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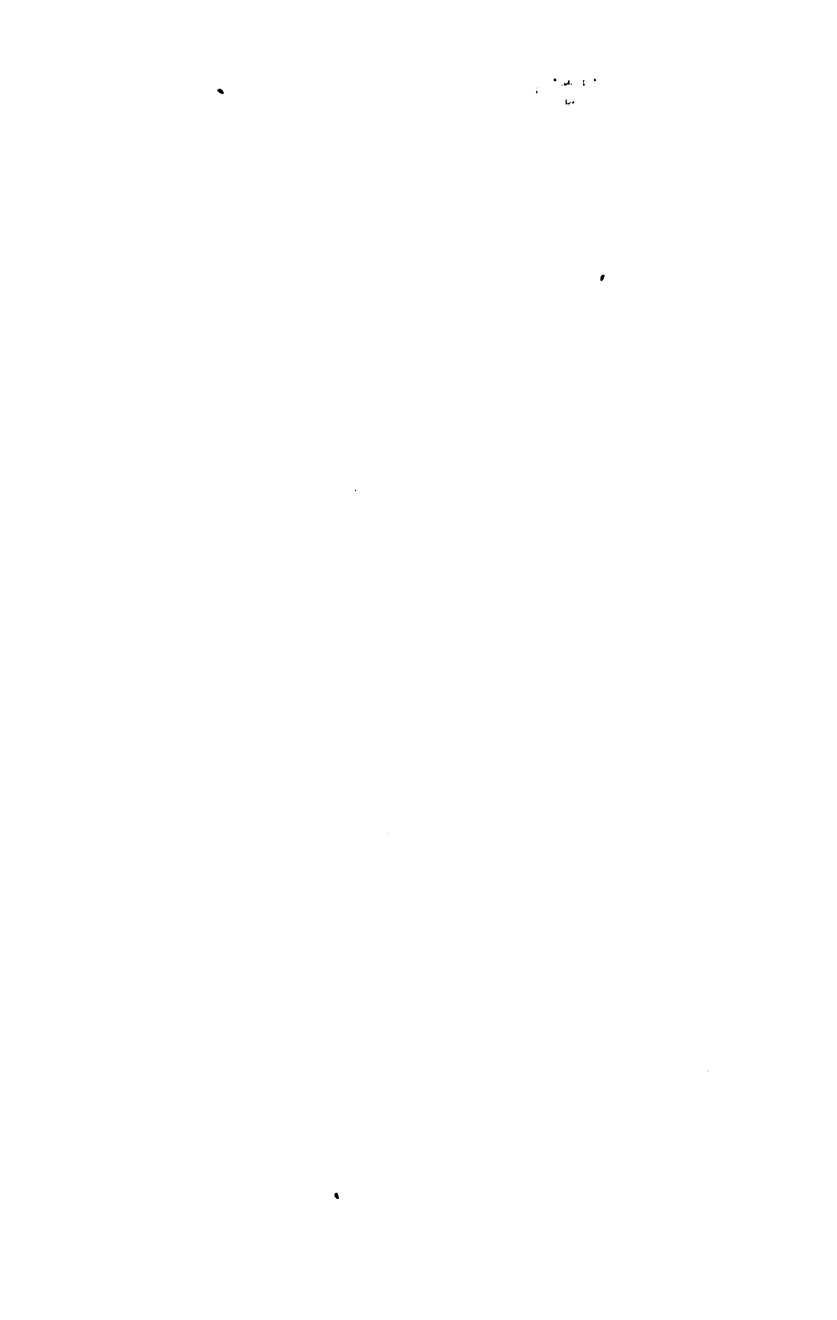
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2

THE
EXEMPLARY
NOVELS,
OF
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES/ SAAVEDRA,
THE AUTHOR
OF
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA;

PUBLISHED AT MADRID, IN 1615;

BE CALLED, BECAUSE IN EACH OF THEM HE PROPOSED
USEFUL EXAMPLE,

TO BE EITHER IMITATED OR AVOIDED.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

1822.

Aug 23 1917

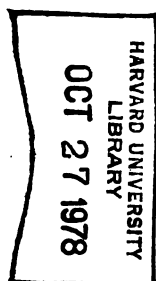
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(2 vols)



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LA HUDEZ.

HISTORY OF RUIZ DIAS, AND QUIX-
RE, THE PRINCESS OF THE MOLUCCAS.

THE JEALOUS ESTREMADURAN.



EDITOR'S PREFACE.

COULD any additional work of our national bard, Shakespear, be discovered, to diffuse new light upon mankind, how voraciously would it be received, how proudly protected ! It is not long since, that such an enthusiastic attachment to Shakespear was manifested by the public ; and the public would now deem any new ideas of Shakespear most worthy of their rapturous consideration and delightful adoption ! Our immortal bard lives paramount in the hearts of the literati, and their devoted attachment is ever alive to maintain his unrivalled fame, and the superiority of his everlasting delineations of human nature ! Will not the same liberal public give the same honorable and dignified reception to the most brilliant and admired of Shakespear's contemporaries, although a foreigner, alike the skilful delineator of human nature, and not less successful, in his labours in the intellectual vineyard, to enlighten mankind, to protect liberty,—the first glory of civil society,—to put down despotism, expose vice, and largely to contribute to their stores of useful knowledge and mental gratification, so conspicuously displayed in his correct portraiture of a disordered *imagination*, in the character and con-

duct of that renowned gentleman, Don Quixote de la Mancha. The Editor of the exemplary novels of Cervantes, then, is forbidden to offer any apology for introducing them to public attention; no matter in what garb, no matter how ragged and shabby;—whether in rich brocade or filthy dowlas:—because, he is forbidden to doubt public taste, public justice, public protection. The public will pardon, the public will neglect the Editor. They will receive, gladly receive Cervantes; at Cervantes only, will they look, revel in his high-toned spirit, and listen to his delightful vibrations, as they would listen to delightful music, wholly regardless of the dress of the musician, or the faded colour of his instrument.

The classical master of the Art of Poesy, states Cervantes, lays it down as a precept, to all the children of Parnassus, to all the nurslings of Phœbus, “*never to bring to light any work, which has not been finished, and thoroughly digested, for six years.*” The Editor of these novels trusts, that a breach of this wholesome precept will not be imputed to him, for encouraging a fair friend, possessing a dignified, masculine, comprehensive mind, with all its consonant accomplishments, to present to the world, so affectionately disposed towards Cervantes, his exemplary novels, thus denominated, because, “in each of them, he proposes

"useful example to be imitated or avoided," *written and digested*, by their celebrated author, *upwards of two centuries ago*, in which he, charmingly, realizes another of his professional rules, that "*utility and delight* ought to be "the decided objects of every author intending "to promote public good." Cervantes was himself so satisfied of having morally adhered to this doctrine, and so perfectly conscious of having conformed to his own precept, that he concludes his delightful intellectual lecture, in his history of his little divinity, the little gipsy, with his own appropriate reward, "the poets "unanimously sung this happy theme, and "a celebrated historian so beautifully told her tale, that the renown of Pretiosa will be "equally interesting to future ages." The reader will be satisfied how much, how truly the author's prophecy in 1600 is fulfilled, when he peruses his fascinating novels in an excellent English dress, in the year 1822!

My fair interpreter, justly delighted with this little history, with the virtuous character and exalted sentiments of the beautiful gipsy, in whose chaste conduct and dignity of deportment, in whose adorable qualities and genius, she beheld all that genuine wit, and sound principle, which pre-eminently distinguish women for superiority of mind, commanding

and disposing of all things at the shrine of virtue: that a woman cannot have too much aristocracy, either in her opinion, or in the choice of society: that sublime ideas are as necessary to love as to virtue: that character has its conscience as well as religion: that to sink in one's own estimation, as singularly exemplified in the extraordinary instance of the rich and endowed Carducia, is an insupportable grief, far more corroding to the sensible reflecting mind, than all the feelings of remorse arising from the fears of another world: and that, however tears may be thought to wash away crime, they never can completely purify the mind from a sense of infamy. Let it be repeated, that highly delighted with the just principles contained in this little history, and the moral character and exalted sentiments of the little gipsy, so amply displayed, so chastely enforced, my fair interpreter of Cervantes thought so valuable a picture, as his little divinity, supported by such dignified strains, so highly worthy the study and imitation of general society, ought not to continue lost on a humble stall in the streets, in a foreign language; and, therefore, without much further importunity, she was induced to become the disinterested patroness and usher to English society, in an English dress, this enchanting *work*, that all who love elegance, all who can *be charmed with splendid wit*, all who court

utility and delight, and revere honorable principles and dignity of conduct, peculiarly becoming the female character, might have the full and easy means of benefiting, as intended, by the brilliant labours of the splendid author of *Don Quixote*. The delightful and instructing history of this little divinity finished, to the high admiration of those friends, to whom the perusal had been submitted, furnished very strong inducements to proceed with the rest of these novels, from every one of which, the author has most truly said, "useful example is either to be imitated or avoided." Whoever reads them will exclaim, this declaration was only the effect of the author's innate modesty; for these novels teem with the instructive, the engaging, the delightful!—no language can be more chaste, no idea but what is innocent and inoffensive!—while the philosopher may be essentially benefited, the scholar enlightened, children playfully entertained and seducively instructed: these novels do not contain a doubtful word to alarm the most innocent, nor a coarse word to offend either the eye or the ear. The celebrated author of *The School for Scandal*, still living in our hearts,—whose departure to another world left a vacuum in *this*, possibly never to be filled,—even he could not have exercised his all acute and discerning mind to convey valuable knowledge, calculated to correct the follies of mankind, in more ap-

propriate terms, for useful instruction and chaste application. So much for the general character of my fair interpreter's little work,—which persuasion has induced her to commit to the disposal of her Editor.

The reader may perhaps expect, by way of introductory index, a few words on the several subjects of these very interesting novels. *The Illustrious House Maid* manifests, that the soul, naturally shrouded with high origin and high principles, is not easily allured from its exalted dignity, however humble the station it may be doomed temporarily to occupy, however discouraging the surrounding prospects, or flattering and seductive the enticements.

The History of the Moluccas strongly imprints on the mind, the inappreciable value of the people's attachment to a kind protecting ruler: the tremulous operations and vehement effects of rash pledges of disappointed love, in the troubled mind of the Princess Quixaire, and offers very wholesome instruction to officers undertaking professions and services, for the performance of the duties of which they are not competently qualified.

The Jealous Estremaduran, a very lively entertaining story, remarkable for ingenious inventions of self torment, and sacrifice of personal

comfort; in other words, of all the delightful comforts of life. Many years ago, the outlines of this story employed the theatrical pen of the late classic Mr. Dibdin, in a very delightful musical after-piece called *The Padlock*; and which, with some judicious additions, this translation may furnish, it may possibly be found worth the while of his no less classical son to revive.

The Spanish English Lady, announces many historical fragments, and new traits in the character of our magnanimous Queen Elizabeth, and some excellent observations, peculiar to the purity and energy of that sovereign's reign, delightfully gratifying to every Briton. In this historical novel, the reader will be charmed with the just and glowing appreciation of the beauties and commanding superiority of the mind, the elevated sentiments, dignity, and purity of soul of a Spanish Englishwoman, poisoned by a lady of high rank and influence at Queen Elizabeth's court, because she would not sacrifice her engaged affections to her son, by which, from the height of beauty the young lady was reduced to the extreme of ugliness,—affording most encouraging instruction, how to bear the misfortunes of life, to support and conquer its most painful vicissitudes.

While pursuing the same reflections, the attachments of Thomas Pedro and Constance,

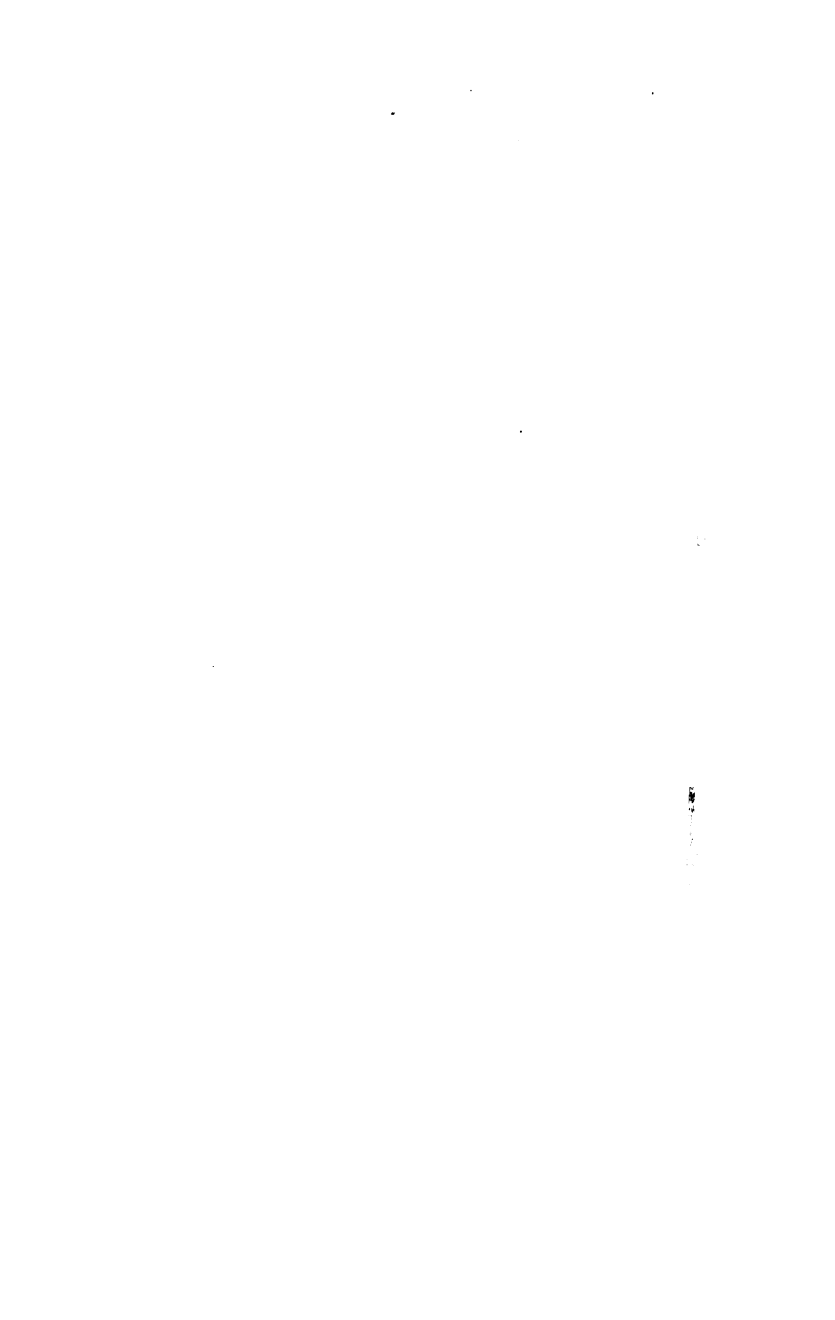
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and cold, impenetrable to sorrow, he became so skilful in the desperate profession he had adopted, that he might have undertaken to give lessons to the famous impostor, the renowned Gusman d'Alfaranchez. It might, nevertheless, have been said, notwithstanding all this disgraceful conduct, that Carriasse never entirely lost sight of his high birth, and dignified connexions. He so distinguished himself by his liberality, that he commanded the respect of all his wretched companions to a degree of adoration: he was remarkable for his sobriety; and, in situations where he could not absent himself from drinking parties, he knew how to fix upon the happy medium, and never by any chance lost his self command. In a word, to sum up every thing, the world witnessed in the youthful Carriasse, a character of which, perhaps it had never before heard, an honourable and virtuous beggar: a beggar distinguished for politeness, who, without the smallest particle of affectation, uniformly preserved, in his most trifling actions, all the good breeding and little attentions which distinguish the deportment of the best educated members of society. Carriasse went through all the various gradations of begging, and took out his licence at, what is denominated, the Fishery of Thons, which by the fraternity is considered the university of their art and studies. This fraternity

comprises the miserable cripples who surround towns and their churches, and run half-naked upon their tottering crutches, equally fearless of the burning heats of the dog-days, and the nipping frosts of the severest winters, as if they were all *face*: piteous embryos, which appear to have lost all trace of the human race, so completely are they disguised, and so much do their shapeless forms disgrace their nature: poor sports of fortune, who had rather crawl than not drag on the mutilated remains of body left to them, however painful and agonizing: the notorious cut-purses of the square of Madrid; the fraudulent makers of the Seville baskets; in a word, all the innumerable troop of wretches comprehended in the term beggar, but who dare not avow being such, nor venture to say they have been such, if they have not passed two regular trainings at this, their celebrated fishery. It is here, in this university, where, as if uniting in one centre, idleness is joined to labour, want to abundance, and slavery with liberty. It is at this university they learn the obdurate, and perhaps solacing art, of never reflecting upon their griefs, however torturing: where gnawing cares never enter, where even fatigue has its charms, and where the disagreeables of the basest servitude are wholly absorbed, in the gratifying delights of broad libertinism. It is here, that vice is accounted

honourable; where ingenious lies, and deadly malice, are considered as traits of high genius and spirit, and where the coarsest thieving is applauded for skill and address. At this fishery, gaming and dancing, wanton songs, loose mummeries, and a thousand other immoral diversions, not necessary to be enumerated, regularly commence every evening, as soon as the sun has sunk into the bitter waves of the ocean; and, generally, on all days devoted to the memory of saints, or which portend some elementary storm. Never could life be found so delightful to those who are contented to live without character, without ambition, and without glory, where virtue and all that men call honour is scornfully trampled under foot. This life, however, voluptuous and charming as represented, is not entirely sheltered from various grievances, as I have already sufficiently insinuated. But, the most obnoxious part of it is, that those who are blind enough to make choice of it voluntarily, and, to prefer it to all other avocations, as the most pleasant and profitable, can never sleep in tolerable security; certain as it is, that they must be under constant dread of being made prisoners, and carried away in slavery to the coast of Barbary. It is true, that, during the night, they shelter themselves in certain rocks and caves upon the shores of the sea; and that they station, at the mouths and en-

trances of these places, regular and periodical sentinels, to keep constant watch whilst the rest of their company sleep; but, notwithstanding all their precautions, it is historically certain, that more than once, guards and beggars, boats and nets, have all been suddenly swept away, and become the property of the neighbouring infidels; and, that those who have gone to bed in the evening at Zahara, the local rendezvous of this fishery, have risen in captivity the next morning at Tetuan. But all these apprehensions were not sufficient to deter and disgust the enterprising and adventurous Carriasse. He continued three years in this creditable school, where, amongst other accomplishments which he acquired, he became so skilful a gambler, and such an expert juggler, that, at the end of this period, he found himself possessed of seven or eight hundred reals, which he had accumulated by these means. This sum, so considerable in the station of life of which he had made choice, however, led his fertile mind to various and serious reflexions. He began to think that he ought to return to Burgos, and that it was high time agreeably to surprise his father by his return: that, in short, he ought by his return, to make his father amends for all the alarm and distress his flight had occasioned, to go and dry up the tears

which he was probably still shedding, and to relieve him from all the anxiety and uneasiness which he might be suffering from the uncertainty whether this, his only son, was dead, alive, or loaded with chains under the cruel treatment of a Turkish suffocating dungeon. This resolution was no sooner formed, than he began to put it into execution. He took leave of all his mendicant companions at the time they least expected it; he embraced them with the utmost tenderness, and at parting shed tears, whilst he solemnly protested he was not quitting them for ever; that he left his head amongst them at Zahara, and that he would certainly rejoin them the following spring, that nothing but death itself should prevent his fulfilling this intention, and that he would sedulously surmount every other obstacle should any fortuitously arise. He began his journey on foot, and easily reached Valladolid where he remained a fortnight to recruit his strength, and to prepare a proper equipage for his appearance before his father. At Valladolid he provided himself with two handsome dresses, and hired a valet; and, being tolerably well mounted, he arrived in a few days at Burgos, and presented himself at the mansion of his father, who manifested the most lively joy at again beholding a son whom he had so lamentably considered as lost.

The young Carriasse, naturally gifted with a great share of wit, highly pointed by his fishery education, entertained his father, Don Diego, with a long and interesting account of his travels; he told him, that to prevent being discovered by his family and connexions, he had assumed the name of Urdial: he related a thousand surprising adventures as having happened to himself, though he had not even witnessed them; but they were such very agreeable fictions, so novel, lively, circumstantial and interesting, and told with such an enticing air of truth and open sincerity, that Don Diego could not have done otherwise than believe every syllable, even though he had been divested of the natural partiality of a father. His son talked to him of a thousand different places where he had never been, but constantly took great care not to drop one single word about the infamous establishment at Zahara, although it was, of all others, the place ever uppermost in his thoughts, and to which his heart was most sincerely and devotedly attached, particularly as the time drew near at which he had promised to return to his companions. His mind thus absent, hunting parties, which his friends often formed for him, afforded him no amusement; he soon grew tired of feasts, of fashionable walks, and popular drives; of theatres, and, in short, of all parties of plea-

sure. Nothing appeared to him equal to the charms of the lively and careless life he had so lately quitted at Zahara. Burgos contained nothing which could interest him; nothing that could make him, for one instant, forget the alluring but deceitful pleasures with which he was enchanted, and which he considered as the only means of rendering life happy. Thus it is, that man, allowing himself to be ruinously misled, willingly becomes his own treacherous dupe, and idly and sottishly taking the shadow for the substance, not only vigilantly runs after phantoms, but incessantly pursues phantoms of the most hideous and detestable forms.

The other hero of this ludicrous story, the son of Don Juan d'Avendagne, before mentioned, who had often visited the young Carriasse, came to see him at the particular moment he was secretly planning a second private escape from the guardianship and mansion of his father, and was contriving effectual means of carrying his designs into execution. Avendagne found Carriasse melancholy and thoughtful: What is the matter, Carriasse? said he, I find you very low-spirited: we have been friends from our earliest infancy; and are nearly of the same age: formerly, we concealed nothing from each other; why should we now have different

minds? has an absence of a few years changed you so much, Carriasse, that you will continue still to make a mystery to me of all your secret sorrows? for, I plainly see, you have some which are rapidly destroying you. I never was changeable, replied Carriasse, and never before did any person whatsoever offer me a similar reproach. What I have once loved, I must always love, and, to give you an undoubted proof of it, I will open my whole heart to you. Carriasse then disclosed his intentions, and gave him so delightful a picture of the university of Zahara, that Avendagne became quite enchanted. Far from blaming the resolution you have taken, said Avendagne, I entreat you to adopt it; what pleases us most, will always prove the most certain source of our happiness: but, this is not all, I will accompany you, wherever you may chuse to go, and with you, will enjoy for some time these charming diversions of which you have given so fascinating an account. Carriasse, who had not at all expected this proof of attachment, was as much pleased as surprised: they embraced each other, and mutually exchanged a thousand affectionate pledges; and from this moment, these two youths resolved to provide themselves with as much money as they could possibly collect, to promote their design. Avendagne, who was a student of the university

of Salamanca, was to return there at the end of two months, when term was to commence. Carriasse informed his father, that he wished to accompany his friend to that university. I am just at the proper age, said he, to learn foreign languages, and the different sciences taught there, and if you approve of my proposal, I will make such good use of my time, that you shall be perfectly satisfied with my acquirements. This wish highly gratified Don Diego; he was quite delighted, and immediately communicated it to his old friend Don Juan d'Avendagne, who in turn, warmly congratulated him. The two fathers then determined, that their sons should go to Salamanca, there to pursue their studies together.

The time for their departure being arrived, the two students were furnished with all the money and equipment which could be wanted, and a tutor was engaged to accompany them, less remarkable for worth than for prudence and subtlety. The two youths received the parting blessings of their parents, promised wonders, and proceeded on their journey, mounted on two good mules, accompanied by their tutor, who had allowed his beard to grow, to give him a greater appearance of dignity, and to inspire greater respect, and followed by two *valets*.

They arrived at Valladolid, and as it was the concealed design of these two youths promptly to execute their own project, they did not hesitate to tell their tutor, that they wished to remain two days in this town, to visit every thing which might be thought curious about it, and worthy of examination. The tutor gave them a severe reprimand; told them, with a very sedate air, intermixing many different maxims of the ancients, that they had no time to lose, that their duty was to arrive, as quickly as possible, at the place where they were to commence their studies, that they could not reach it soon enough, that time lost was never to be regained, and that he could not consent to their remaining for one instant to amuse themselves with staring at fooleries. Thus far extended the address of the tutor. Our young men, however, still persisted in desiring him to grant them one day at least, to enable them to see the celebrated fountain of Argalles, from which they were then forming the magnificent aqueducts, which were to throw its waters into the city. The tutor could not venture to persist any longer in refusing their modest request, although he could not grant it without great regret, and extreme reluctance; he wished to spare the expences of this night, and go and rest in a quarter, from whence they might reach Salamanca in two days. *But, if the tutor had his plans, his pupils*

also had formed their's: these were to fix the tutor where he was, and to fix him on that very day; for which purpose, they had already so far prepared, that they had seized the four hundred crowns of gold, which the tutor had in his portmanteau, provided by their parents to bear their expences.

As soon as Carriasse and Avendagne had obtained permission to go and see this fountain, so famous for its antiquity and the salubrity of its waters, they mounted their mules, and ordered one of the valets to accompany them: they soon reached their place of destination; and before they dismounted, they gave a letter to the servant with an order to return instantly, and deliver it to their tutor; and then, to proceed directly, and wait for them at one of the gates of the town which led to the fountain. The valet was no sooner out of sight, than the two friends turned the heads of their mules, resolved, with all expedition, to gain ground; proposing to sleep that night at Mojados, and two days after at Madrid, where they would sell their mules, and change their dresses for plainer ones.

Equipped in the manner they wished, they did not remain a great while in this capital of *Spain*; they set out on foot for Toledo, very

much satisfied and well pleased with the success of their plan: but, their tutor suffered tortures when he received their letter, which the servant punctually delivered, expressed in these terms:

“ You may return to Burgos, sir, if you please, and take the trouble to tell our relations, that having maturely considered, that the profession of arms is better calculated for gentlemen, than that of the study of letters, we have determined to give up Salamanca for Brussels, and Spain for the Low Countries. We have taken the four hundred crowns, provided for us, and particularly wish to let you know it, that you may not be under any uneasiness about their safety; and, with respect to our mules, we have determined to sell them. The line we have adopted, so truly becoming persons of our rank, and the long voyage we have to make, form so justifiable an excuse, that we hope our relations will pardon this our preference of avocation. We shall depart on the instant, and return, whenever it shall please God, whom we pray to take you into his holy keeping. From the fountain of Argalles, with one foot in the stirrup, to carry us into Flanders.

“ CARRIASSE and AVENDAGNE.”

Don Pedro Alphonso, so was our tutor named,

was stupified with consternation at the contents of this letter: the first thing he did, was, to fly to his portmanteau; he found it empty, and that Carriasse and Avendagne had only told him the truth. The tutor's distress, as will be believed, was not trifling: he formed a thousand ridiculous resolutions; but after having weighed them all, he found them so impracticable, and was so undetermined to what saint he should commend himself, that he returned to Burgos, where he was not too well received, as may be easily imagined. Carriasse and Avendagne, in the mean time, were pursuing their journey, and having met with a small inn on their way, they determined to rest themselves, and take some refreshment. As there was other company in this place, they chose to detach themselves, in order to converse freely; this, however, did not prevent their overhearing the very spirited conversation of two young valets, who related a thousand entertaining little anecdotes to amuse themselves. The one came from Toledo, the other was going to it. It is time for us to separate, and pursue our way, said the first, addressing the traveller going to Toledo, the day of conviviality will continue here until the night approaches, and there is a time when the best friends must part; but, before I quit you, I will give you a little advice. Do not take up your *abode at the hotel* where you generally reside:

would you gratify your sight, go and lodge at Sevillan's, where you will see the most beautiful maid servant to be found in the world. I will not attempt to give you any description of her, as I should not be able to find expressions sufficiently appropriate and animated; all that I can tell you, in confirmation is, that the son of the corregidor is dying with love for her, and that he commits a thousand absurdities in order to induce her to like him. The master, whom I serve, and who is a remarkable fine young man, is not less mad about her than the son of the corregidor: he has determined, when he has completed a little journey which he is obliged to make, to go and take up his quarters at Toledo, in the hotel where she lives, solely to have the pleasure of constantly seeing this young woman: what other views he may have formed, I cannot say; but, I greatly fear, he will not find them successful, as she is uncommonly reserved. I once attempted to address her, and all the answer I gained was a good hearty box on the ear, one of the heaviest I ever received in my life: never was any thing so stern, so scornful. She is a rose completely surrounded with thorns, and happy will that man be who gathers this rose, without wounding himself. I will henceforth leave the conquest to whoever will undertake it, for, I clearly see, that I shall alike *lose my time and my trouble*; she is

a morsel for a high priest, or a very rich count: I have no longer any wish to interest her. The two valets here separated; and half-an-hour afterwards, Carriasse and Avendagne pursued their route. They entertained themselves on their journey with different topics, and the maid servant, of whom they had just heard such wonders, was not forgotten. They both appeared greatly to wish to see her, especially Avendagne, who already began to feel interested about her, so deep an impression had the imperfect description of her beauty made upon him. At length, they reached Toledo: Carriasse, who had before been in the town, instantly led the way to Sevillan's; but as it was the principal hotel in the town, where the custom was, only to receive persons of high rank, with splendid equipages, they did not, at first, venture to ask for apartments: let us go and seek for lodgings elsewhere, said Carriasse: we are fatigued, and it is late; this dwelling will not suit us; ragged and famished as we are, they will drive us away like filthy ragamuffins around a church; and will they not be right? We will find an opportunity of seeing this young woman to-morrow, who, perhaps, is too much extolled. For my part, I will fancy I have seen her, and I shall not regret going to rest without having feasted my eyes, provided I can find *a place in which to eat a good supper, and have*

a night's sound sleep, although it should be in the most wretched pot-house; I will not remain here in the street a moment longer, even if the sight of the pyramids of Egypt, and all the seven wonders of the world depended on it. Avendagne did not agree in these feelings: the remarks of Carriasse only served to increase his curiosity, and he stood fixed, as if glued to the threshold of the door, in the hope of yet seeing this celebrated beauty; the idea of whom had so completely taken possession of his mind, that it had nearly turned his brain.

The night was already far advanced, this waiting woman did not make her appearance, and Carriasse became restlessly impatient. But Avendagne, who had no inclination either to eat or to sleep, hastily bolted into the courtyard, under pretence of inquiring, whether some gentlemen from Burgos, going to Seville, and who generally frequented this hotel, were not yet arrived. He had hardly proceeded two steps, before he perceived a young woman about fifteen years of age, dressed like a villager, and holding a lighted candle in her hand. This object struck him; it dazzled him: in truth, this young woman possessed most extraordinary beauty. Avendagne was so astonished, that he could do nothing but immoveably gaze at her from head to foot, without being able to

open his mouth, or utter a single word. Whom do you seek, friend? said the girl; do you belong to any of the gentlemen visiting here? I seek for nobody but you, said Avendagne, in great agitation. Go, friend, said she, indignantly, those who serve do not require to be served. Then, calling to the master of the hotel, she desired him to inquire of this young man what he wanted. For what do you ask? instantly said the master of the house to him. I seek, replied Avendagne, two gentlemen of Burgos, on their way to Seville, and who are, either already accommodated here, or hourly expected; I belong to one of these gentlemen, and I am ordered to wait for him at your house: the host told him, that he was welcome to stay there. Give orders, then, returned Avendagne, for a room to be prepared for one of my companions and myself. You shall be attended to, said the master of the mansion, and turning at the same moment to the young woman, he gave her his orders, on which she retired. Avendagne instantly returned to Carriasse: he gave him an account of what had passed in so confused a manner, that Carriasse easily saw his heart had taken wing; he would not, however, tell him of it, nor attempt to jest with him about it, until he had himself seen the object of this growing flame, which appeared so very extraordinary. They entered the hotel, and

Argueille, a woman of about five-and-forty, the superintendent of the beds and paraphernalia of the sleeping apartments, conducted them into a small room, with which they were perfectly satisfied. They desired to have some supper; Argueille told them, that they did not provide provisions for any body at this hotel; that, indeed, they could manage to dress what those who lodged there chose to buy, or could order any thing they liked to be bought for them, and that it depended upon themselves whether they chose thus to arrange it, but that she would advise them to go and sup at a small inn in the neighbourhood, which she would point out to them. They readily availed themselves of this offer, and if Carriasse made a hearty meal, Avendagne eat nothing. He was so occupied with Constance, so was this waiting-woman called, that it was utterly impossible for him to taste a single morsel of what was served up to them. Carriasse was now convinced that Avendagne was really in love, but to be still more certain of it, he said, as they were returning to the hotel, that they must retire to rest as soon as they arrived; for it is necessary, added he, that we should rise early in the morning, in order to reach Orgas before the heat of the day overtakes us. We shall not go there quite so soon, said Aven-

dagne, for I am determined, before I quit this town, to see every thing remarkable in it; such as the ruins of the Enchanted Tower, the Forest of the Hundred Women, the Wreck of the Machine which the Moors had invented to throw up the waters of the Tagus, the Garden of the King; and, in general, all the relics which are to be shewn throughout the different churches. I agree to all you propose, said Carriasse, we shall have accomplished the whole in the course of two days. I wish to see them at my leisure, returned Avendagne; "the race is not for a church living." Ha! ha! said Carriasse, I shall strike the iron whilst it is hot, and you shall not escape from me. My poor friend, I see through it now; Toledo has a stronger hold on your heart than our journey. I acknowledge it, said Avendagne, interrupting him; it would be as difficult for me to tear myself from Constance, as it would be to separate from myself; "love is like a raging fire, neither the one nor the other can conceal itself." This is a noble resolution, said Carriasse, and worthy the son of Don Juan d'Avendagne, young, rich, and handsome as he is, and the heir of one of the most illustrious houses in Castille. My resolution is about as noble as your own, returned Avendagne; because, surely, you mean to do yourself justice, my good friend.

Are you not the son of Don Diego Carriasse, knight of the noble order of Alcantara? Are you not his eldest son, and are not you to succeed to all his honors, and his immense wealth? and does your resolution at all correspond with what you are, and with what you must be one day or other? You are as much in love as I am, and with what?—the Fishery of Zahara; one inclination at least counterbalances the other. You have fought me with my own weapons, my dear Avendagne, replied Carriasse, and I have nothing more to say. Let us leave our debate here, then, and go to rest, said Avendagne, smiling; to-morrow, perhaps, we shall be more wise; by that time you will have seen Constance, and when you have, I am very sure you will hold a different language. I easily perceive what all this borders upon,” said Carriasse;—Well, what? interrupted Avendagne. Simply, returned Carriasse, that I shall proceed to my fishery, and that you will remain here with your Constance. I shall not be so happy, said Avendagne, sighing heavily, nor shall I, replied Carriasse, be so complaisant, and so much my own enemy, as to renounce for you, a happiness as solid, and as well founded, as your’s is chimerical and imaginary,”

They arrived at the hotel, where the conver-

sation was carried on in nearly the same strain, until they went to bed, and fell asleep. They had scarcely been quiet for an hour, before they were awoke by a concert of several instruments, which they heard in the street. They sat up in their beds, and after listening for some time, I guess, said Carriasse, that the day has dawned, and that this is some great festival in one of the neighbouring churches. You are mistaken, said Avendagne, we cannot possibly have been asleep so long, that day can have commenced already. At this moment they heard somebody knocking at their door, and a voice calling out to them, that if they wished to hear some of the finest music in the world, they must rise instantly, and go and place themselves at the grated window in the hall, which looked into the street. They soon took their stations: two or three strangers made room for them at the window, and, shortly after, they heard a concert of lutes, harps, and bass viols, and a most melodious voice. The person who sung repeated these words :

SONG.

No,—you are not of mortal race,
But, from the gods, your lineage trace :
Some happy chance may yet disclose,
The source from whence your beauty rose.

In vain the sparkling ruby tries,
To match the lustre of your eyes :
The loveliest planet heav'n displays,
Shines not with such resplendent rays !

Quit then the sphere in which you move,
Sweet Sylvia ! Charming Queen of Love !
A sphere, alas ! beneath your care,
Whose worth and beauty are so rare.

Your radiant brow, which speaks your line,
A royal fillet should entwine.

It was not necessary to inform Carriasse and Avendagne, that this serenade was intended for Constance : the words of the song were so decisive, they could not for a moment entertain the smallest doubt of it. Avendagne was very much moved by it ; it rendered him quite uneasy ; we will say more ; it excited in him so much tormenting jealousy, that he was scarcely conscious of existence : and what increased his perplexity was, his entire ignorance who this rival could be, that disputed the conquest his soul was intent upon accomplishing ; but he was soon enlightened on the subject. Is it possible ! exclaimed, quite suddenly, one of those assembled at the grated window, is it possible, that the son of the corregidor can have so totally forgotten himself as to find amusement in serenading a maid servant ! I confess, that the girl is a good figure, and, per-

haps, she is one of the handsomest ever seen; still, she is but a servant, and he seeks her too openly! What I consider his greatest fault, said another, is his entering into such useless expences, and that his projects will all be fruitless; the young woman makes no return whatever to his tenderness; she never would listen to him, and, at this very time that we are talking about it, she is sleeping very quietly in the detached apartment of her mistress, where she cannot possibly hear any thing that passes in the street: she possesses great virtue; all who are acquainted with her say so; and as, at the same time, she unites with it a great share of prudence, she well knows the great risk she would run, if she amused herself with listening to all the compliments her beauty may draw upon her: this is the reason she is so insensible; at least, it is notorious, that she carefully avoids all occasions on which she might be obliged to listen to soft speeches.

Avandagne now began to recover himself, and they both listened to the remainder of the serenade. It continued to extol Constance to the heavens, but Constance did not give herself the least trouble about it; she slept on quite soundly. The musicians at length retired, and Carriasse and Avandagne returned to their beds to await the rising day. Morning dawned,

and Constance appeared a thousand times more beautiful than Aurora. Her dress consisted of a petticoat of a light green stuff, with a bodice of the same material; the trimmings were of rather a darker shade, and were well assorted to this dress; her handkerchief was embroidered with shades of grey and black silk; she had ear-ring drops which looked like pearls, but were only glass; and her hair, of a beautiful light flaxen color, was bound up with a silken ribbon; this composed the whole of her head dress. She wore the rosary of the order of St. Francis, and a girdle, from the right side of which hung a bunch of keys. When she was leaving the chamber of her mistress, the first objects which presented themselves to her eyes were Carriasse and Avendagne. She turned her head away instantly; and having prostrated herself before an image which was placed in a niche in the wall, she retired to call Argueille, who had not yet risen.

We must not attempt to dissemble: Carriasse was enchanted with Constance; he acknowledged, instantly, that she was a most perfect beauty, that, in one word, she greatly surpassed all the praises which the world gave her, but he was not in love with her, his head was full of other interesting objects of admiration.

A moment afterwards Argueille came out of her own room with two other young women, servants also of the hotel. At the same time, valets were running from all quarters to demand oats of the host for their mules, who, whilst distributing them, uttered a thousand imprecations against his maid servants, declaring they were the cause of one of the best servants in the world having quitted him. Avendagne, who, from the top of a staircase where he stood, perceiving the distress of the host, determined to seize this opportunity of offering his services. Do not distress yourself, said he, you may now recover what you have lost; you have only to give me your book of reckoning, and I will undertake this charge whilst I am here; I warrant you that you shall be perfectly satisfied with my services. I will take you at your word, returned the host, and I owe you good will for your offer, because, certainly, I cannot be every where at the same time; I have a thousand different things which call me twenty different ways at once; descend, then, my friend, and enter upon your office; you have only to be careful not to be cheated; for you will have to deal with people with whom it is necessary to have a firm understanding, and a quick eye; as they consider it as trifling a point of conscience to seize a bushel of oats, or even two, if they can

manage it, as to decamp with a bundle of straw. Avendagne went down, and the host gave him his book of accounts. This young steward was so skilful in the distribution he had to make, that the host cried out, I wish it may please heaven to prevent your master from coming, and that you would take a fancy to remain with me; you should be enabled to say, that you had lost nothing by the change, for, on the word of a man of wealth, the man who has just quitted me came here, about eight months ago, thin, dirty, covered with vermin, penniless, and quite in rags; and I wish you had seen him when he went away; he was grown fat and large, and had two good suits of cloaths, and money in his pocket. You must easily perceive, added he, that the servants in this house have immense perquisites besides their salaries; look at the crowds of gentlemen and great people, who arrive daily from all quarters. If I remain with you, said Avendagne, I shall not look too much to profits, I shall be contented with very small wages, in order that I may have the pleasure of remaining in this town, which, I have been informed, is the handsomest town in all Spain. It is very true, it is so, said the host, but that is not all. I am also in want of a young man to fetch me water from the river. I had one *three days ago*, who, with the assistance of my famous ass, abundantly supplied

my whole house. I was as little in want of water when he was here, as I should have been in the middle of the sea; and you must perfectly well know, that valets like better to bring their masters to an hotel in which water is to be found in abundance from morning till night, than to carry them to hotels where they will be obliged to lead their own horses to the river to drink.

Carriasse, who was listening to this conversation, said to himself, this is an office exactly calculated for me, and it remains with myself to obtain it. Well, I will accept the employment. Upon this, he addressed the host, and told him, he had again found what he was seeking; bring your ass, added he, and you shall find, that you need not be less satisfied with me than you are with my companion. I will answer for that, interrupted Avendagne; —Lopez Asturiano, that is his name, is exactly the servant you want; you need not seek for any other. Argueille, who, from another entrance, heard all that had passed, approached Avendagne, and said, Who are you, my friend, that we may depend on your security? You are more in want of bail for yourself, than fit to be bail for others; and my master is doing well, faith, to listen to your tales! Hold your tongue, Argueille, said the host, do not interfere with our bargain; I did not ask for your

advice, I will myself guarantee both these young men; and what I have to recommend to you, and to all the other waiting-women is, that you should not interfere with them, for you are the cause of my losing all my servants. Faith, these are fine puppies for us to have any thing to trouble ourselves about, said Argueille; I would recommend them only once to look me well in the face, they will not attempt to do so a second time: make yourself perfectly easy on that score, continued she to her master; we must, indeed, have great inclination to quarrel, if we can quarrel with two such insignificant animals; they are not to our taste; they are not roses for our noses. Argueille had, however, secretly very different thoughts.

Indeed, she was no sooner assured that the host had engaged them both in his service, than she formed the design of making herself beloved by Asturiano, whose appearance pleased her extremely. She thought that, by dint of personal advances, she should soon promote her views, that she had only to begin, and that nothing in the world could be more easy of success. Another of the maid servants, called Gallieue, who shared her apartment, formed a similar design upon Avendagne, who had assumed the name of Thomas Pedro; they mu-

tually confided to each other, in the course of the same day, the resolutions they had taken, and concerted together the measures requisite to establish a secret correspondence with them; but these two vicious women reckoned without their host.

To return to Carriasse;—From the moment he entered upon his engagement, he commenced active employment in his office. He mounted his ass, and galloped to the river; but this first day was commemorated by an adventure which proved very unlucky. Ill fortune so arranged it, that in a very narrow passage he met with another water-carrier, with his load of water, mounted upon a most miserable ass, which, whether from fatigue, or from old age, could scarcely drag itself along. As the ass of Carriasse was a very stout robust animal, and he himself probably altogether occupied with recollections of the fishery of Zahara, the two animals bolted up against each other, with a shock so severe, that the weakest being obliged to yield to the strongest, the loaded ass was completely overturned, with the carrier mounted upon his back, and all the earthen jars were broken to pieces. The water-carrier, upon whom this disaster had fallen, was no sooner risen from the ground, than he darted like a *madman* upon Asturiano, and covered him with

blows, before he had time to rally his wandering thoughts. Lopez Asturiano, who had a very high spirit, finding himself suddenly assailed, dismounted from his ass as soon as he had a little recovered his recollection, and becoming enraged in his turn, he fell upon his opponent, seized him by the throat with both hands, and, after one or two good shakings, knocked him down: all this might have passed away as accidental and trifling, but, unfortunately for both, the fallen water-carrier had received a severe blow by his head striking against a stone, which left a wound so alarmingly terrible, that the spectators pronounced it quite impossible for him ever to rise again. Other water-carriers, either returning from the river, or going to it, seeing their comrade upon the ground, weltering in his blood, loudly vociferated *murder*, seized Asturiano, whom they threatened to kill, and gave him as much reason to fear for his own life, as he had to tremble for the life of the man whom they accused him of having wounded. In the mean time, in consequence of the report which had already been spread of a water-carrier having been murdered, three serjeants arrived upon the field of battle, and without the ceremony of a bill of indictment, seized Asturiano and his ass, threw the wounded man across his, and carried them all off to prison. *It may be easily imagined, that*

a great crowd eagerly flocked to witness this sight; Sevillan and Thomas Pedro ran amongst the rest; but what was their astonishment, when they saw Lopez Asturiano in the hands of the two serjeants, with his face covered with blood: the host immediately threw his eyes around in every quarter to ascertain what had become of his ass, which he at last discovered in the hands of a third serjeant; he soon heard what had passed between Asturiano and the other water-carrier; he somewhat regretted Asturiano, because he thought, from appearances, that he would serve him well; but he was most bitterly grieved to find that his ass was mingled in this affair.

Avendagne followed his friend, though it was impossible to speak to him. Carriasse was thrown into a very confined prison, and the wounded man put into a small room where they dressed his wound, which the surgeon publicly pronounced to be mortal. With respect to the two asses, the serjeants carried them to their own homes, after having taken possession of seven or eight reals, which Carriasse had about him. Happily he had no more, as Avendagne was keeper of their joint treasure.

Avendagne returned to the hotel very much *disconcerted*, and under great uneasiness. He

made an exact report to Sevillan of the situation in which he had left his companion, of the declared danger of the wounded man, and of the fate of his ass. This is a sad adventure, continued he, and, to increase the misfortune, I have just met with a gentleman from Burgos, who tells me, that my master will not now come this way; that, in order to make greater dispatch, and save the expense of two louis, he has passed the barque d'Azeca; that he will sleep this night at Orgas, and that he will wait for me at Seville. At the same time, this gentleman brought me twelve crowns from him, which I will place in your hands, in order that you may make every effort in your power, to release Asturiano from prison. I shall not want this money, because I shall not go to Seville, and, I think, that I may safely disobey my master in this particular instance, without wounding my conscience. Be that as it may, I have not the heart to leave my friend in prison, and under the risque he is running of losing his life; besides, I feel quite assured, that my master will approve of what I am doing, as he always recommends to his servants to keep on good terms, and to assist each other whenever they can; on the other hand too, he is very tender-hearted, and I am very confident, that, from the moment I shall acquaint him with the situation of Asturiano, he will further open *his purse-strings*, to draw him out of this

scrape, if it should not prove utterly impossible. The host was much pleased with the money put into his hand; and not less so with the language of Thomas Pedro, which led him to expect more. Do not alarm yourself, my dear Thomas, said he, there is a remedy for all things; and we are not so destitute of friends, but that we shall find one who will actively interest himself in this business: I am not left without some hope, that we shall yet see Asturiano again safe and sound, as well as my poor ass. There is a nun, a relation of the corregidor's, who can influence him to do whatever she pleases, and I do not doubt, that we shall easily gain access to this good lady. Listen, Thomas, attentively: a laundress, who serves one of our neighbours, has a daughter, who is very much beloved by a monk, and this monk is the intimate friend of the confessor of the nun; my wife shall intercede with our neighbour, the neighbour shall apply to the laundress, the laundress to her daughter, the daughter to the monk, the monk to the confessor of the nun, and the nun to the corregidor. You clearly see, then, that the business is already settled. Hah! Thomas, what think you now? Yes, I promise you, that we could thus save Asturiano, even should he have killed all the water-carriers in Toledo, and we will also save our ass; it is, however, *very lucky* that your master is so liberal, and

tender-hearted as you say, because, we must bribe a great many people in this business, if we wish, that our solicitations should not prove unsuccessful; I suppose you understand all that. Thomas could not refrain from a loud burst of laughter, while listening to all this bombastical nonsense, and long string of important interests, notwithstanding his heart was too much oppressed for merriment; he, however, thanked Sevillan, and promised to omit nothing with his master, which could contribute to their success.

Argueille, who had seen Asturiano in the hands of the serjeants, was not less afflicted with this adventure than Thomas Pedro; she even fancied she should die with grief. She ran directly to the prison in a most forlorn condition, under the pretence of carrying him some dinner; but, she was not permitted to speak to him. People are not allowed access to murderers, said the keeper; you will have plenty of time to see him, when he goes to be hanged in the public square. This was all the comfort Argueille received from this savage jailer, who, however, proved to be a bad prophet. The wounded man was pronounced out of danger, one fortnight after, and, on the twentieth day, the surgeons declared him to be entirely cured. *Thomas, mentally convinced, that it would be*

necessary to make some handsome present to the corregidor, to satisfy the serjeants, and also to indemnify the wounded man, was no sooner informed of the doctor's declaration, than he told Sevillan, that his master, in answer to a letter which he had written, had enclosed fifty crowns of gold, with which he had presented him; and to prevent the possibility of his doubting it, he drew the money from his side pocket, and gave it to the host, with a letter, which he pretended, had been sent by his master. As it was of very little consequence to Sevillan, whether this letter was counterfeit or real, he would not read it, not even throw his eyes upon it; and most joyfully taking the fifty crowns, he said, after having thoroughly examined them, and counted them over, one by one, two or three times, we shall have no occasion, my friend, either for solicitors or solicitresses; be persuaded, we shall soon see at liberty, you, your dear Asturiano, and I, my favorite ass. To conclude, the wounded man was quieted with six ducats; and Asturiano and the ass were redeemed for ten, and the costs, on the payment of which, they were both liberated.

Seven or eight days before Asturiano quitted his prison, they had permitted him to see Thomas Pedro, and the waiting women of Sevillan's hotel, who carried him his meals.

Argueille, who had generally taken charge of this commission, had opened to him her heart, and had made him such indecent advances, that to avoid being exposed to the solicitations of this woman, he resolved to abandon the service of Sevillan, but, that he did not like to quit Toledo, until he had seen the result of the addresses of Avendagne, he determined to purchase an ass, and to carry on the business of water carrier, on his own account, to avoid the chance of being driven out of the town, as a *vagabond*. I shall trudge about, in this manner, from morning till night, said he, to Avendagne, without apprehension of molestation; I shall distribute water to whomsoever I please; and I shall examine, at my leisure, and at my ease, who are the *ugliest* women here. Say, rather, said Thomas, who are the *handsomest*, because, certainly, of all the cities of Spain, Toledo has the reputation of being that, in which the women have the fame of surpassing all others in beauty and conduct; and, to convince you of it, I need only recal *Constance* to your mind, undoubtedly a paragon of beauty. Very fine, truly, Thomas, interrupted Asturiano, but, do not so extravagantly extol this *waiting woman*. She is not a *waiting woman*, returned Thomas, hastily and peevishly; her employment is to superintend all the women engaged in the service of the hotel, to have charge of the linen, the different

silver utensils of the table, and to direct all the other servants in their duty. They give her no other name, however, said Asturiano, than "*Fregonne*," and you cannot be ignorant of the meaning of this appellation. I am perfectly well acquainted with it, said Thomas; I know that it means, *a servant of all work*, who performs even the humblest offices; but, believe me, she has, decidedly, no other employment than what I have just mentioned. Well, well, I will believe you, replied Asturiano; let us not say a word more on this unwelcome point; but, pray do tell me, my dear Thomas, how your affairs with her are going on? They cannot be in a worse condition, said Thomas; I have never been able to say one word to her. What ought to console me for it is, that she never speaks to any man, not even to the son of the corregidor, who addresses her publicly, serenades her expensively, almost every night, and has so unreservedly declared his attachment, that he calls her by her own name, in all his sonnets and romances. This, however, I confess, continued he, does not give me any solacing comfort; for, if the long pursuit of the son of the corregidor has not been able to attach her hitherto, his perseverance may, notwithstanding, be rewarded with that happiness in the end. What then, do you intend to do, with this *Porcia*, this *Minerva*, *this second Penelope*, who occupies so dignified

a situation in the house of Sevillan, said Asturiano, laughingly, since you love her so desperately without any encouragement? You may jest about it as much as you please, hastily returned Thomas, but, I very well know, that I am in love with a most accomplished young woman, who makes herself not less respected and admired for her virtue, than she is distinguished by her superior charms. I know, that she subordinaately *serves* in this hotel, but I know, at the same time, that she *deserves to be submissively served* by the greatest monarchs in the world! In a word, I love her, and I love her with pure affection, for, you must not imagine, that, I love to gratify any improper passion. Oh! platonic love! cried Asturiano, Oh! illustrious waiting woman, splendidly gifted with charms sufficient to forge chains for the greatest kings!! Oh! happy century! which restores that golden age wherein the same hand wields the sceptre, and crowns with garlands a shepherdess! Oh! my dear *Fish!* who must pass this spring without seeing me; when will the time arrive, that I shall be again amongst you, for, indeed, "*we all have our own loves!!*" Asturiano, interrupted Thomas, you ridicule me too unfeelingly; go to your *wealthy and virtuous* fishery; I will not pretend to oppose it, and leave me here, perfectly assured, that you will still find me upon your return; it is right, that every one should follow

his own inclination. Let us divide the money that is left, but let us part good friends. You interpret things too seriously, my valued friend, said Asturiano; do not you see that I only mean pleasantly to amuse myself? no, Thomas, I will not desert you; I will sacrifice, for this whole year, to my affection for you, all the delights of Zahara! I have only one further request to make; do not think it unkind in me, to put in practice the resolution I have formed, not to remain any longer in this house; I must avoid the disgusting persecutions of Argueille, who, as you know, has taken it into her stupid head to be in love with me, and who, as you also know, has not the good fortune to please me. Never, perhaps, was any creature so ugly and so disgusting, without commenting on her vulgar, horrid manners; she has hardly a tooth in her head that is not artificial, nothing but false hair; and to make her look less wrinkled, and less tawny, she daubs such a quantity of white paint upon her face, as to form a complete mask of plaister! Nothing can be more correct, said Thomas; but, know in your turn, that Galliegne is not one whit more comely and engaging, and that she incessantly persecutes me full as much as Argueille unremittingly torments you. In the situation in which I am placed, added the love-sick Thomas, I must patiently bear every *thing* my dear Asturiano; but, as to you, all is

comparative freedom; every thing wears a different face; for this night share my apartment, and to-morrow, make your purchase of an ass; you may then, instantly, place your tent wherever your fancy may direct; in all these things, act as you please, I will not be any restraint upon you.

There was that night a ball, before the entrance of the hotel. The dancers were the different valets, and waiting women, of the company at the inn, and some young persons of the village. Many persons went there in masks, more especially to see Constance, than to attend the ball; but, to their great mortification, no Constance appeared. Asturiano played upon the guitar to the dancers, and performed his task so admirably well, that the whole assembly were quite delighted. But, at the moment his attention was the most seriously engaged in it, and the company most joyously intent upon their dancing, one of the masks, without discovering himself, requested him to desist, and to put down his guitar. As for some time he did not chuse to comply, another mask approached, and began to quarrel with him in German, and that so imperatively, that Asturiano, irascible under provocation, like all other high-minded persons, as he generally was, thought it adviseable to give way. These masks were

both persons of distinction. On this cessation of the music, the valets began to mutiny, and, most probably, would have come to downright vulgar boxing, with these disguised strangers, had not the host promptly interfered, and the watch at the very time been going their round; nothing tragical therefore occurred, and in an instant after a most admirable voice was heard, proceeding from one of these masks, who had seated himself upon a stone, opposite the door, well attuned to the following air:

In what celestial realms of space,
Is hid that beauteous, witching face?
Where shines that star, which, boding ills,
My trembling heart with torment fills?

Why, in its wrath, should heav'n decree,
That we no more its light should see?
Why cease the splendid sun to cheer
With fervid rays, our drooping sphere?
Yes, second sun! 'tis true, you shine,
But, not for us, with light divine!
Yet gracious come from ocean's bed,
Why hide from us your radiant head?

Constance! a faithful, dying swain,
Adores your beauty, though in vain;
For when his love he would impart,
You fly and scorn his proffer'd heart!

O let his tears your pity sway,
And quick he'll bear you hence away;
For gods and men attest,—this place,
Too mean, by far, your charms disgrace.

Here you're submissive to controul,
Sweet mistress of my doating soul !
But alters youths to you should raise,
And passion'd vot'ries sound your praise !

Quit then a scene which must consume,
Unworthily your early bloom !
To my soft vows your ear incline,
Nor frown, but be for ever mine !

Let Hymen's torch resume its light,
And let the god our hearts unite !
This day would then before its end,
See me your husband, lover, friend.

This songster was very much applauded ; only one amongst all the whole company found fault with it. Truly, openly exclaimed this man, these are pretty songs to be sure, to sing to Constance ! —Very pleasant idleries ! She is very fortunate not to have heard a syllable of their meaning. Truly, it is capital, to be talking to an illiterate servant-maid about the firmament and the horizon ; it is only amongst the higher orders of Germans, that you must seek for young ladies who have learnt such nonsense from their romances in chivalry ! As to Constance, she knows not how to read, but out of her own prayer-book ! Keep, my friend, your romances and your rhymes for some other better instructed person ! it is a jargon for which Constance can

have no more taste, than any other industrious waiting-woman that ever lived in the house of Sevillan! Moreover, learn, if you do not know it already, that Constance cares for you, and for all those who serenade her, and for me, and, in short, for all of us, jsst as much as she does for father John, whom she never beheld! Simple waiting-woman as she is, she imagines that the greatest men upon earth cannot be worth a straw to her, so much does she despise them all; I verily believe that she fancies herself descended from some Indian king, or, at least, from some great knight-errant! As to me, who have occasionally addressed some verses of adoration to her, at the cost of a great deal of my *good* money, for which I received only severe repulses as a recompence, I relinquish her, whatever she may be, to the addresses of others, and shall think him a madman who ventures to pursue her. The consolation of my disappointment is, that she will one day become a downright fright; that she will grow old, and her beauty fade; and that the time will arrive, when, so far from being adored as the splendid sun, she will not even be attended to as the pale-faced moon; wait for a few years, time is an excellent monitor, and never fails to render a true account! The assembly burst out into a loud fit of laughter at the spiteful mortifica-

tion of this disappointed amorous swain, and dispersed.

Asturiano and Thomas returned to their beds, and all the rest of the audience withdrew; but they had scarcely closed their eyes, when they heard somebody scratching at the door of their room. It was Argueille and Gallieue, who whispered, open the door, or we shall die with cold. It is excessively warm, notwithstanding, said Asturiano, very much irritated, we are still in the dog-days. Let alone such raillery, Asturiano, replied Gallieue, and open the door quickly; we come with very good intentions. Faith, mesdames waiting-women, you had better quit our door, we will have nothing to say to you this night, go and seek to warm yourselves elsewhere, and leave us to sleep undisturbed. As these damsels found, from his tone, that Asturiano spoke in good earnest, and even accompanied his words with some threats, they withdrew very much confused. All that Argueille did, before she retired to her bed, was to place her obnoxious mouth at the keyhole of the door, and exclaim, faith, "*Honey was not intended for the mouth of the ass.*" Well, we have escaped from the torments of these two odious creatures on very easy terms, said Asturiano; but, look you, continued he, I would not remain another day in this house, no, not if you

would give me all the gold of Peru, or make me emperor of China ! Let us endeavour to go to sleep again, and I warrant you I will move off at day-break. I have already told you, answered Thomas, that you are perfectly at liberty to do as you please ; pursue your journey, if you prefer it, or assume the character of a water-carrier, according to your former resolution. I will adopt the latter plan, said Asturiano ; I shall make it a point of conscience not to desert you, until I see the full bearing of your amorous pursuit, and what is likely to be the final issue. They went to sleep again, and arose the moment day-light appeared ; Thomas went to distribute his oats, and Asturiano sallied forth to purchase an ass.

Whilst Asturiano was confined in prison, Thomas, who, when he had finished all his duties, generally sought some solitary place, had written some love compositions in the same book in which he entered the account of the distribution of his oats ; his intention was to transcribe them, and instantly afterwards to tear out the leaf of the book ; but his mind was so absorbed with Constance, that he had forgotten to do so, and, in his forgetfulness, he one day left his book upon a sideboard, where his master found it. Sevillan, anxious to know in what manner the account of his oats was kept, as

this occasion offered the information, opened the book, and found the verses of Thomas. As this rigid host would on no account suffer his valets to amuse themselves with cajoling any of his waiting-women, and least of all Constance, when he had read the verses, he bolted off on the instant, very much enraged, in search of this young woman, whom he found in the apartment of his wife. The first thing he did, was to inquire, whether Thomas had ever said any foolish things to her, or, if he had, at any time, by any of his actions, ever manifested any inclination for her. Constance answered, blushing, that Thomas had never spoken to her in his life, and that she had never perceived that he had the smallest liking for her. She would have said more, but the host interrupting her, declared, I believe you, Constance, because I never yet detected you in telling me any thing like a falsehood. I am quite satisfied with what you say ; you may go, and resume your occupations. Notwithstanding, wife! added Sevillan, when Constance was withdrawn, I do not know what to think of all this. Here are some verses, shewing her the book, in the hand-writing of Thomas, which, significantly putting his finger on his nose, make me suspect, that "*There is some eel under the rock.*" Know, then, that Thomas is much enamoured with

Constance. Shew me these verses, replied his wife, perhaps I can tell you what they are. As you often compose dialogues, returned the host, I do not doubt but that you will be able to explain them to me. I do not compose dialogues any more than other women, answered the wife rather angrily; we have tongues given us to speak, and ears to hear; and I would have you to know, that we are not so ignorant as you may fancy: I know very well, that I can read three or four prayers in Latin. And, I know very well also, replied the host, that you do not read them over well, and that your uncle, the sexton, has often told you, that you would do much better to learn to read them in your own mother tongue. But let us break off all this dispute, and attend to the verses.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN SYLVANDER AND THYRSIS.

SYLV. Who renders love subordinate?

THYR. He who knows how to be silent.

SYLV. Who subjects love to his laws?

THYR. He who has constancy and faith.

SYLV. And what arrests him in his flight?

THYR. Persevering constancy.

SYLV. Then the sweet fruit which may arise,

From your fond passion, be my prize:

And though my smother'd tongue be mute

With love, faith, soul,—I'll gain my suit;

—But what substantiates love?

THYR. Perpetual return.

SYLV. What instantly extinguishes it?

THYR. Contempt and disdain.

SYLV. And these two feelings banished?

THYR. His flames are everlasting.

SYLV. Ah! could I fancy this but true,

My dubious heart might trust to you.

For though Sylvander be not loved,

His pain is not perceived, unmoved.—

Know, then, dear Constance, here I'll stay,

To your bright eyes I'll homage pay.

My constancy and faith shall prove

Naught can exceed my ardent love.

The blaze of beauty you reveal

Alone can match the fire I feel.

Is that all? with a broad stare of surprize, said the hostess. All! yes, replied the husband: but what do you think of these verses? First of all, said the wife, we must ascertain, that they are really the production of Thomas himself. There can be no doubt of *that*, returned the husband, because, the hand-writing in which the account of the oats is kept, and that of the dialogue, are exactly the same; there is not the smallest difference. But, do you not see, husband, answered the wife, that although Constance is named in these verses, and from that we might be led to think they were written for her, yet, notwithstanding, we cannot be certain of it, as there must be a great many Constances in the world besides our Constance. Whether they are in-

tended for our Constance, or any other Constance, time, to be sure, will decide; nevertheless, let us be on our guard, and attentively watch the young woman. If Thomas be really in love with her, he will not let it rest here, and we shall soon discover what is passing in his heart. Will it not be better, said the husband, to release ourselves from all this trouble, by turning him away? You can do so, if you please, replied the hostess; but, as you say, he serves you so well, and that, at the bottom, he is very useful to you, I would not dismiss him without good proofs of the necessity of it. You are right, wife, said Sevillan, time reveals all things; our's is a great trust; do you be very vigilant on your side, and I will carefully watch on mine.— Here terminated this sage conversation between man and wife; and the host immediately departed to re-convey Thomas's oat book to the place from whence he had taken it.

All this time, Thomas was much puzzled and bewildered to recollect, where he had left his book: he searched, under great distress and anxiety, every corner about the house, where it was possible he could have left it, and, finally, having found it, in the very place where he had put it, he immediately transcribed his dialogue from his oat book, as he originally intended, and

then tore out the leaf on which it had been entered. His design was, to present this production to Constance, or to declare his passion in some other way, whenever an opportunity should offer: but, Constance kept herself, so vigilantly and uniformly on the reserve, that Thomas found it very difficult to seize any one moment to address her. Constance avoided him, as she did every other man, and when chance placed her alone in any situation to be perceived, she vanished like a flash of lightning. An opportunity, however, presented itself at last. Constance was suddenly attacked with a violent pain in her face, which lasted for several days. Whilst the inflammation continued, she restlessly wandered about from room to room, in a state of distraction, striving to alleviate the pain, holding a handkerchief to her mouth, and frequently complaining aloud. In this state of perturbation, she passed through a gallery, in which were Thomas and several other persons, who were not dilatory in enquiring the cause of her complaints? It is an evil, said she, which people generally consider as very trifling, but which I find extremely acute and afflicting; it is the tooth-ach which distracts me. I will present you with a remedy, said Thomas; it is a written prayer, which will be sure to relieve you immediately, and remove all your pain, if you will undertake, once or twice,

to read it devoutly: I have myself often experienced its infallible virtues. Give me, then, this prayer, said Constance, earnestly; I assure you I will faithfully read it with the best feelings of my heart. It must be on this condition, however, said Thomas, that you do not shew it to any other person; it is a profound secret, which I have been enjoined not to divulge, and; if divulged, may lose its charm: but, I most willingly and chearfully communicate it to you; fully persuaded, that you are very prudent. I sincerely and readily promise you, said Constance, that no person shall see it; but, let me have it as soon as possible, for my torments increase every moment. I will instantly go and write it, said Thomas, and will return with it forthwith. This was the very first time that Constance and Thomas had ever exchanged a word, although they had been in the same house near a month. Thomas instantly withdrew, but, instead of the written prayer which he had promised, he presented Constance with the following letter:

“I am, most adorable Constance! a gentleman of Burgos; and, if I survive my father, I shall be in possession of a very considerable inheritance. Upon the fame of your beauty, spread throughout all Spain, I quitted the capital of Old Castile, *and metamorphosed myself as you see, for the*

sole purpose of beholding you, and of declaring to you my affection, which, if you will return, divine Constance! I will give you such indubitable proofs as will perfectly convince you, that I really am the person I represent myself to be; and, then it will rest with you, to render me the happiest man in the world, by accepting my hand and my heart, and sharing all my possessions. In whatever manner you may receive the declaration which I here make to you, I entreat you not to divulge my sentiments to any person whatsoever, as it is very certain, that if it should come to the knowledge of your master, who will not give any credit to what I assert, he will immediately dismiss me, and the separation from you, will inevitably cause my death. I hope very soon to convince you, that every word I assert, is solemnly true; but, for the present, permit me to see you, and to speak to you; do not refuse me this innocent request, which, whilst I live, I will never dishonor. Incomparable Constance! do not drive to despair an unhappy man who adores you!"

Constance read this letter, more than astonished at its contents: she shortly afterwards returned into the gallery, very apparently, somewhat disturbed, and this emotion charmingly augmented her beauty: she held in her hand Thomas's letter, which she tore into many

pieces. Your prayer borders too much on superstition! she exclaimed, the moment she perceived Thomas: we are not allowed to use such prayers as this; as I cannot place faith in it, I prefer destroying it, in your presence, and following your injunction of secrecy, will say nothing more about it. She instantly proceeded to her mistress's room, and left her admiring swain very much confounded. For, in truth, whatever interpretation Thomas might be inclined to put on the seemingly disheartening deportment and declared sentiments of Constance, he could not discover any symptoms to flatter himself with the slightest hopes of success. Like all lovers, however, unwilling to despair, he drew this alleviation of his disappointment, that he did not feel that his letter had made Constance angry. I am not one bit more alarmed, than on the very first day of my entering this house, said the enamoured Thomas to himself; yet Constance, properly speaking, has not given me any decided repulse! It is true, she has torn my letter, saying, she could not attach any faith to it, and she withdrew, without choosing to hold any conversation with me; but there did not appear about her, either too much pride, or any haughty disdain; in short, nothing to make me wholly despair. Is it possible, continued he, *amiable Constance*, that I may one day pre-

vail on you to interest yourself about me? Oh! no, added he, you would have preserved my letter, you would have entered into some little conversation with me, had you the least inclination to return the ardent affection of a lover who adores you, and will adore you throughout life!

Whilst these scenes were acting in the house of Sevillan, Asturiano was at market, with intention to purchase an ass : he examined a great many, but did not meet with one he fancied would answer his purpose. A gipsy followed him about, endeavouring to persuade him that he had one which would exactly suit him ; but Asturiano thought he was too small and too weak, although he appeared to move very stoutly and very nimbly ; besides, he mistrusted the vender : moreover, it was soon pointed out to him, that this animal moved so briskly, through the influence of some quicksilver put into his ears. He who made this discovery, also, had his own views ; for, a moment afterwards, he whispered Asturiano, that if he was seeking for an animal fit to carry water, he had one, in an adjoining meadow, excellently well qualified for the purpose, the equal of which he had, perhaps, never beheld in his life ; follow me, said he, without saying a word, it is only to the distance of a few steps that I will

take you. I consent, said Asturiano, and then, the other seizing him by the arm, as if they had been known to each other throughout life, they hastily strode away into a large field, where they found several water-carriers attending the grazing of their asses. The animal pointed out suited Asturiano exactly, and the purchase being soon concluded, he counted down twelve ducats, for which sum the vender delivered the ass, and all the trappings necessary for the occupation which he meant to pursue. There was vast delight amongst the water-carriers, when they made the discovery of this new associate; they congratulated Asturiano on his becoming a member of their fraternity, and all assured him, that he had obtained an ass of much greater value than he imagined; for, he satisfied, added they, that the man from whom you bought him, now about to return to his own country, where he is in partnership with a wealthy relative, has gained, in one year, two full suits of clothes, and the twelve ducats which you have just paid him, besides having fed and supported himself and his ass very creditably. Four of these water-carriers now agreed to play at the game of *Prime*, and immediately spread themselves on the grass, the ground serving for a table, their riding cloaks for a carpet. Asturiano placed himself to overlook them, and was greatly surprized to find,

how high they played, as they had before them more than a hundred reals; the stakes ran high; two of the parties, in a short time, lost their all, found themselves completely stripped, and obliged to retire. The vender of the ass had a great desire to try his fortune; but, as he thought the game would be awkward with three players only, he intimated to Asturiano, that if he would make the fourth, he would hazard some ducats. Asturiano, who never willingly broke up a party, and was a skilful player, readily agreed to the proposal. They seated themselves on the grass, and the game went on so rapidly, that, in less than an hour, Asturiano lost seven or eight crowns of gold. You have a very great superiority over me, said he to his opponents, but never mind: I have no more money about me, but I have my ass, and I will stake him, if you please; he is, as you well know, strong, sightly, and valuable, and it may be, that I lose him, or recover my unfortunate crowns of gold. Asturiano was taken at his word, and it was arranged that they should play for the ass by quarters. Asturiano could not be more fortunate than at the beginning of the play; but his first gains were soon retrieved by his opponents, and he lost one quarter of his ass; this was shortly followed by the loss of another quarter; finally, he lost all the four quarters, and the vender of

the ass was the very man who gained the ass which he had so lately sold. So you again return to me, my dear ass ! said the winner, laughing ; come then, my long profitable companion, my dear little Mexico ! but I shall not be long thy master ; I shall sell thee again at the first good market ! This said, he arose to take possession of the ass. Stop, stop, there, my friend, exclaimed Asturiano, do not be in such a great hurry to seize the sacrifice ; the ass is not wholly your's : I know well, that I have lost four quarters of him, and that these four quarters belong to you ; I do not dispute them, and you may take and convey them away, whenever you please ; but the ass's tail belongs to me, as I have not yet staked *that*. This occasioned all the water-carriers to burst out into an uproar of laughter. You may laugh as much as you please, continued Asturiano, gravely ; but I have not lost the tail of my ass, and he who will have it, must first win it. What ! indeed, replied the water carriers, is it so, that when we sell a sheep, for example, we are to separate the tail ? Does not the tail belong to one of the hind quarters ? I acknowledge the truth of this doctrine, answered Asturiano, with respect to *sheep in general*, but I contend it to be wholly false with regard to the *sheep of Barbary*. These sheep have really *five quarters*, and the tail forms the *fifth*.

I can safely appeal to the deliberate judgment of sellers, and, in the present case, I have no objection to leave it to the justice of yourselves. It is true, continued he, that when they *sell sheep alive*, they sell the whole together, all the five quarters together; but, my ass has only been *played for*; he has not been *sold* at all; I never thought of hazarding his tail, and, surely, no person can possibly tell better than myself, what my intentions were in this respect. Give me, then, the tail, and take the four quarters! that each should have *his own* is very proper, and, if any one pretend to act otherwise, it is with me alone that he must settle it; I know very well how to protect my right, and I will protect it; the number of your associates renders you, at this moment, powerful, said he to the water-carriers, with an angry countenance; but, if your number was ten times greater, if you were all the water-carriers in the world assembled together, I would have you to know, that I do not fear you. I say, moreover, that would you give me the value of the tail *ten times told*, I would not take it, I will have the tail itself, and nothing else, so that you have only to dismember the ass this instant, that I may have the tail. He here threw his cap into the air, shewed them a glittering poignard which he carried under his cloak, and putting himself in the posture of a man willing

to fight, he appeared so formidable to the whole herd of water-carriers, that not one amongst them dared to move. What will you do? at length, said one of the water-carriers, addressing the winner of the four quarters of the ass. Asturiano may not be quite right, but, at the same time, he is not altogether wrong, as the point ought to have been well understood before the game began. Pressed, on all sides, by one or other, the general opinion of the water-carriers signified, that, if they were in the winner's place, they would prefer playing for the the tail against one of the quarters, rather than meet the sword for such a trifle; play the little game of Prime, fortune will declare in favor of the right. This was just what Asturiano wished, and seeing his opponent somewhat frightened, he, in a friendly manner, gave him both his hands, in approbation of the alternative which he had so readily adopted, and they again seated themselves for the game. The stake was for the tail against one quarter; Asturiano won it; he won another quarter immediately afterwards; in a word, he shortly won his whole ass back again. Never was man more astonished than this water-carrier; the sport of the business throughout. Thou has recovered thy ass, said he to Asturiano; I do not know how it has happened, but I like much better that you should thus have won him,

than that my old companion should be cut to pieces; let us now play for the money. I have done, said Asturiano, I am satisfied; I care not for the loss of my golden crowns, but will not again hazard the loss of my ass, as "*your dear little Mexico*" will produce me a livelihood. But, Asturiano could not resist their urgent importunities to play again, and he continued to play so successfully, that he did not leave even half a real to the water carrier. It is impossible to describe the mortification and despair of this ruined knave, whom nothing could console. My friend, said Asturiano, be not desperate, cease thy lamentations and mourning! We shall not imitate the oppressive practices of the Turks towards the Moors! You shall not be the poorer for having lost all your money to me! Asturiano then returned all the money he had won: he even restored the twelve ducats, the purchase money of the ass; nor did his liberality stop there; he added a handsome distribution amongst his companions, whom he believed not over burthened with cash. This done, Asturiano returned to town, and left these water-carriers full of admiration. He related his adventures to Thomas, who could not refrain from laughing heartily, although he had not the smallest inclination to be merry, as Constance still remained hermetically silent and invisible to him, and he

could not in the least conjecture, how his distracting amour was likely to terminate.

There was neither alehouse nor yard, nor any assembly of idlers, in which they did not celebrate the subtilty, the courage, and the liberality of Asturiano. But, as the ignorant mobility are generally unjust, and naturally more prone to evil than good, they treated the generous conduct of Asturiano with the utmost derision, and only spoke of the chicanery which he had practised for the recovery of the ass, which they declared had been indisputably wholly lost.

On the next morning, this new water carrier commenced his office; but he had no sooner made his appearance in the streets, than the people pointed at him with the finger, calling out, "*there goes the hero of the ass's tail! there goes the ass's tail water-carrier!*" Asturiano became surrounded with children, who followed him, crying out, "*the ass's tail water-carrier!*" which vexed him not a little, but he determined not to utter a word, imagining, that silence and indifference would induce the populace and the children to stop their vociferations; in this, however, he found himself mistaken, and his forced prudence of no avail. They kept up their clamour to such an extreme,

that at length, irritated, and losing all patience, he dismounted from his ass, and began to buffet about all those who surrounded him. This only served to augment their clamour, and to encrease the crowd. This was a precarious situation in which to place an ardent-minded youth, not blessed with a superabundance of patience; but, sensible of the difficulty, like a prudent and wise man, he quickly withdrew into a small lodging which he had provided, to shelter himself from the amorous persecutions of Argueille, and there shut himself up for five or six days, fearful of venturing out, until the dusk of the evening, when he went to converse with his friend Thomas, whom he still found absorbed in melancholy.

Since Thomas had delivered his letter to Constance, he had never once found an opportunity of conversing with her, no, not for a moment. She has been more difficult of access than ever, said Thomas; I have only once been able to approach her, and she then forbade me to speak, saying, Thomas, I am now quite well, and have no further occasion for your *prayers*. I confess, she made this declaration with a smiling countenance, and without any appearance of my declaration having offended her; but she decidedly avoided any further conversation, and, you may easily suppose, this

unexpected indifference greatly distresses me. I really commiserate you, said Asturiano, but, the evil is not so great as I expected; when a mistress is not truly angry, every thing is to be hoped from her, and, I now confidently foretell, that all will be right at last. Let us now speak of my affairs, said Asturiano. He then narrated every thing that had passed, from the time of his first appearance in the streets upon his ass. This furious assault of the children, answered Thomas, is undoubtedly very disagreeable; but do not attempt to stem the torrent, my dear Asturiano; the advice which I have to give you, and which, in similar circumstances, I should follow myself, is, that you refrain from appearing in the streets, with your ass, for some days; and if you cannot, by this first expedient, obliterate the recollection of this story, that you give up the occupation of water-carrier altogether. I will follow your advice, my dear Thomas, said Asturiano; I will shut myself up in my lodgings for some days; and, if there be no other remedy, I will turn my ass into money, and renounce for ever the trade of water-carrier, during which time your pursuit of Constance will be at an end. Hereupon, Asturiano withdrew to his lodgings, determined to remain quite retired and concealed, observing, in all probability, that in the course of seven or eight days, some new ad-

venture would arise, which would send his into oblivion.

I shall now describe an extraordinary scene, which passed at Sevillan's hotel. About eleven o'clock at night, suddenly and unexpectedly, without the least previous intimation, the corregidor sternly entered the house at the head of a formidable troop of serjeants. The host and his whole establishment were justly alarmed at this nocturnal visit; for, unsolicited justice, like a comet, never obtrudes her appearance but as the awful forerunner of some great misfortune; at least this is the general opinion. This very unwelcome terrific instrument of justice was shewn into a room, and, at the same moment, in high magisterial tone, required to see the master of the hotel, from whom he gravely demanded,—whether he *was* the master? The host answered that he was; upon which the corregidor signified his pleasure, that all the rest of the company in the room should withdraw. Alone with Sevillan, the corregidor imperatively required to be informed, what serving people he had in his house. Sevillan told him, that he had two female servants, one old woman, and a young boy, who kept the account of his oats, and distributed them to the horses of the lodgers and visitors in his hotel. Have you no other domestic, sir? gravely demanded the corregidor: No, sir, replied the host. Upon

what footing then, said the inquisitive judge, do you keep in your house a young woman, *much* celebrated; and whom the whole town call the illustrious Fregonne? and, with whom, my son, Don Pedro, is so much enamoured, that he allows no evening to pass without serenading her. It is true, answered the terrified host, that this Fregonne is in my house, but although she is my servant, I may, notwithstanding, say, that she is *not* my servant. I do not understand you, said the corregidor; I will have no prevarication, sir; all that I have to say is, that you must explain yourself very fully, and instantaneously, for I will not bear an equivocal answer! I have already, sir, returned Sevillian, told you the plain and strict truth, and if you will have the goodness to indulge me with a short private audience, I will convince you that this young woman is *not* my servant, although she *be so*. I certainly will listen to you, said the judge; indeed, I am impatient to hear you, for the purpose of ascertaining how you will reconcile circumstances so seemingly contradictory. But, in the first place, added this judge, it is requisite that I should *see* this young woman, and I desire you instantly to bring her here before me. The host immediately put his head out of the door, which he held in his hand, and called—Constance! The hostess, who had been listening,

and who was already become very uneasy at this unexpected visit of the corregidor, became infinitely more so, upon hearing her husband call this young woman to appear before him. Alas ! said she, sighing very heavily, with tears in her eyes, of what possible crime can Constance have been guilty ? Constance, who is virtue itself ! Do not alarm yourself, my dear and excellent mistress, said Constance, without any emotion ; we shall presently know what they want with me, and be quite satisfied ; that, although they should accuse me of improper conduct, I am, nevertheless, perfectly innocent ; as my conscience reproaches me not with ever having done one single thing, unworthy of the dignity of my sex, or of the protection of your house. Constance did not require to be called twice, and, taking a light in her hand, she entered into the presence of the judge, without appearing in the least disconcerted. Constance had no sooner made her appearance, than the corregidor commanded the door to be shut, and, at the same moment, taking the light from her hand, he gazed on her, and for some time continued to gaze very attentively ; and, as this very much heightened the colour of her complexion, she appeared so handsome, that, as he afterwards declared, he was quite dazzled and surprized on beholding so much perfect beauty. Having rapturously examined her, he

turned to the host, to whom he thus addressed his sentiments. This young woman, sir, ought not to be in your house, she is worthy of a better fate, and I can no longer blame my son for being so much attached to her. Fame, continued he, has indeed highly extolled her charms, but all that Fame has said, falls very short of the perfect beauty with which this young woman is adorned. Is she your relation? demanded the judge. She is neither my relation, nor my servant, answered the host; and if you are desirous of knowing who she is, you will learn such things, said he, whispering, as will both gratify your wishes, and excite your admiration: but, before I begin my relation, it is advisable that she should withdraw. Desire her to retire, said the judge, assuring her, that whatever I may learn respecting her, she shall be under my protection, and that I will be a father to her. Constance heard these sentiments without appearing to have heard them, and withdrew. Whilst Constance relates to her affectionate mistress, what had thus mysteriously passed, let us see, what the host has to say to the corregidor.

“ It is about fifteen years, sir, this very day, said Sevillan, since there came to my house a lady dressed in the habit of a pilgrim, accompanied by four servants on horseback, two

young female attendants, and a chambermaid. The lady was carried in a litter, and her women in an ordinary sort of equipage. Her carriage was magnificent; she had two or three mules richly caparisoned, carrying a bed, and all the necessary implements for cookery. The lady appeared about forty years of age, and was extremely handsome. The moment she arrived, her women prepared her bed, in the very room in which we now are, and she immediately laid down to rest. She certainly had great need of her bed, for she was not only very much fatigued, but, apparently, in very bad health. Her servants asked me, who was the most celebrated physician in this place? I told them, and they instantly went in search of him. The physician's first order was, to remove her bed into a more retired and less noisy apartment, where the lady would not be liable to be disturbed; and this was immediately obeyed. None of the valets entered the apartment of the lady; there were only two female attendants, and her own waiting woman. My wife and myself repeatedly enquired of the servants the name of this lady, from whence she came, and whither she was going? whether she was married? and whether a widow or a single woman, seeing, that she was clothed in the habit of a pilgrim. All we could learn was, that she was a person of quality of Old Castile; that she was a widow, .

without children; that, for some months past, she had fallen into a dangerous dropsy, and had made a vow to perform a pilgrimage to the church of Notre Dame in Guadaloupe, and, to accomplish this vow, she had assumed the pilgrim's dress. As to her name, they had been strictly enjoined to call her only "*The Lady Pilgrim.*"

This was all the information we could at first gain; but, three days after, the lady sent one of her female attendants to summons my wife and myself, and she addressed us in these words:

"Heaven is my witness, said she, shedding a torrent of tears; heaven is my witness, that, without being culpable, I find myself the most unfortunate being in the world. I am in the family way, and so near my confinement, that I already begin to feel pain. Not one of my men servants have any idea of my misfortune, my women only are acquainted with it; I could not make any mystery of it to them; and, besides, I am persuaded, I can trust them without running the smallest risk of exposure. To fly from those who might have watched me in my own house, I have made a vow to travel to the church of our Lady in Guadaloupe, and, I can *clearly see*, it is her will that I should go through

my confinement in this place. I consider you, then, as the only people who can render me any assistance. I throw myself into your arms, and, I hope, that, in assisting me, you will feel compassion for my fate, and that you will never reveal to any one the mournful secret with which I entrust you. On finishing these words, which affected us extremely, she drew from under her pillow, a purse made of green silk and gold thread, and, presenting it to my wife, she said, there are in this purse, two hundred gold crowns, which I give you beforehand, as a proof, how grateful I shall be for the services which I am convinced you will render me. My wife felt herself too much affected to answer, therefore, I spoke, and told her, that although there should be no hope of any reward, she might safely rely on every thing that could possibly be done by us; that we would spare no pains, no trouble, to relieve the bitterness of her grief; and that, in confiding her secret to us, she had revealed it to persons who would rather die a thousand deaths than betray their trust. It will be necessary, then, added the lady, since you are so kindly disposed to serve me, that you should seek out a woman who will take charge of the infant, which God has been pleased to give me; but she must be a person well known to you, and you must take all the necessary precautions to keep her, throughout

her life, in perfect ignorance of my unfortunate adventures. As for a good nurse, I shall not require one, my young woman will perform her office, and I shall thus see myself secured from one additional witness. After my confinement, I shall fulfil my vow; and, at my return, I will take every possible precaution to verify the assurance, that the child I shall leave with you, shall never be an incumbrance to you, and also, to enforce her being properly acknowledged, when a fit time shall arrive. The lady said no more, and here finished her discourse; but nothing could stop her tears. My wife, who by this time had in some degree recovered from distress and embarrassment, endeavoured to console the lady; she confirmed all the promises I had made, and I quitted the lady, to seek for a young woman, whom I found some hours after, and who proved to be exactly what we wished. The good lady was not long before she felt all her pains encrease; and the same night, at about one o'clock, when every body was buried in sound sleep, she was brought to bed of a little girl, the most beautiful creature I ever in my life beheld; she is, sir, the very same girl whom you have just seen! But, what most excited our admiration and wonder in this quick and happy confinement, was, that the mother wholly surpressed her cries, and that the *infant* scarcely cried at all on entering the

world, on which we all admired the wisdom of providence, who ordained every thing so mercifully, that no creature whatsoever throughout the house had the slightest suspicion of the events which had been so quickly and silently passing. The lady was confined to her bed seven days, during which time the physician did not remit his constant attendance, not that she had informed him of the cause of her illness, nor that she took the medicines he ordered to be administered, but she hoped by his constant visits to deceive her attendants, as she informed me when she was out of danger. On the eighth day, she arose and continued her pilgrimage. Before the expiration of one month she returned to us, apparently in perfect health, for she had, by degrees left off all the cushions and bandages of which she had been obliged to make use to countenance the feigned disorder of a dropsy. The little girl had been christened Constance, in pursuance of the order given to me, and she was already placed with the nurse in a neighbouring village, where she passed as my niece. I received from this lady, her mother, a gold chain, still in my possession, from which she took off six links, telling me, that the person whom she should send to claim the child would produce them as his authority. She, at the same time, cut into two parts, in a particular form, a roll of parchment, upon

which she had written an inscription. Represent to yourself, sir, two of your fingers interwoven, for the purpose of writing some words. It is easy to imagine, that these words may convey a meaning whilst your fingers are so united, but that meaning must cease the moment they are separated. This is exactly the case with these two parts of the roll of parchment. If I may so express myself, the One is the *soul* of the Other. Being united, you may easily read words, clear in expression and meaning; but divided, you can only make out some words and some half words, which convey no intelligence whatever. I have one of these two parchments in my possession, and when the person comes, who is to claim Constance, he or she will bring me the other parchment to correspond. This is the plan we agreed upon, or rather the demonstration which the lady laid down for our guidance, when Constance should be claimed.

The lady, added Sevillan, was not contented with the present which she had already made to my wife; she gave her, in addition, five hundred golden crowns. She promised to recall her infant at the end of two years; but she told us, that if by any accident she should be prevented from putting her design into execution, at the appointed time, she begged and

entreated, that we would bring up her child as a simple villager, and never, on any account, inform her of her birth; and, withal, to rest assured, that she should not be left without a very handsome remuneration. I have very important reasons, said she, on quitting us, for not revealing my name to you; but you may learn it some day or other, and you shall never have reason to repent the services you have already so kindly rendered me, by faithfully preserving the precious deposit I now entrust to you. She embraced my wife, and melted into tears; she left us full of confidence and admiration, and so very much affected that we could not restrain our tears; we never felt severer distress in our lives.

Constance was nursed in the village for two years: at the end of that time I brought her home, and have kept her, ever since, constantly with me, in the dress of a villager, as her mother particularly enjoined. Fifteen years have passed, and I have daily expected she would be claimed; but the length of time which has elapsed, compelled me to begin to lose all hope of it. My determinations, however, are formed. I have resolved to adopt Constance, and to give her all the wealth I possess, which is very considerable. I must also add, sir, that *this young woman possesses all the good qua-*

lities which could possibly be wished for in a child of our own. She knows how to read and to write; she thoroughly understands all sorts of needle-work; she sings admirably; but, what is of much greater importance, she has a great deal of real piety and virtue; and, I can safely say, that she is wholly without any of those disagreeable failings which generally belong to young persons, whom heaven has blessed with a tolerable share of beauty. Don Pedro, your son, you may rely on it, has never spoken to her in his life. It is very true, he serenades her with good music, very often; but she has never even listened to it. Many gentlemen, of the first rank, have remained in my house, for several days together, solely for the purpose of looking at her, but not one of them can boast of ever having spoken a single word to her. This, sir, is the real history of this illustrious servant-maid, to whom I give this name, because it is the name which all the world give her; but she is not considered in the light of a servant in my house.

The corregidor was transfixed with surprise at the extraordinary things which the host related, and remained for some time in profound silence, after the host had ceased to speak; at length, recovering himself, he ordered Sevillan to go instantly, and seek for the chain and the

parchment, which Sevillan did, and produced them without delay. The chain was of the richest workmanship, and the corregidor declared, that the roll of parchment exactly answered the description which Sevillan had given. The corregidor retained the parchment, but returned the chain into the charge of the host, and then retired, with the declared intention, of engaging a more honourable asylum for Constance, or to place her under the care of a nun, one of his relations, for the purpose of finishing her education.

Whilst all this was passing in the awful presence of the judge, Thomas, as may be easily imagined, was in the extreme of severe agitation and fretful discomfiture; but, when he saw the corregidor depart, and that Constance remained in the hotel, he began to recover himself a little, although, ignorant as he was of the intentions of the judge, he passed a sleepless and sorrowful night, during which, the least miserable of his reflections was, that the corregidor would shut up Constance in a convent, in order to remove her from the sight of his son, and that he should never again hear more of this charming young woman, of whom he was so desperately enamoured.

The day following, about one o'clock, four

men on horseback, and two servants on foot, arrived at the hotel; they preceded two old knights, whom they assisted in dismounting from their horses, thereby evincing, that these two old gentlemen were the masters. Constance made her appearance before these two guests, with her wonted brilliancy; and the beauty of this young woman made so strong an impression on one of the knights, as to produce this involuntary observation—"I believe, Don Juan, we have already discovered the object of our pursuit." Thomas, who hastened as usual in his department, to take charge of the horses to lead them to the stable, instantly recognized one of the servants of his father; a moment after, he saw his father himself, and found that his companion was the father of his friend Carriasse. Thomas, thus thunderstruck, no longer doubted that information had been surreptitiously conveyed to Toledo of his secret residence; but, not daring to present himself in the coarse garb in which he then was, he passed before them all with his hand before his face, and, in his way to the stables, endeavoured to speak to Constance, who, by chance, was alone. I have but one word to say to you, unfeeling Constance! condescend to hear me for one moment, said Thomas, greatly distressed and perplexed. One of these venerable knights just arrived here is my father, Don Juan d'Aven-

tagne; enquire amongst his suite, whether that is not his name, and whether he has not a son called Don Thomas? It is easy for you now to ascertain, whether I have hitherto advanced any word which is not strictly true. With respect to the offer which I have already made to you, of my hand and my heart, I again repeat it, and pray you to be perfectly persuaded, that I have not made any offer which I am not in a condition, and quite ready to fulfil. Constance made no answer; and had she attempted to speak, Thomas would not have heard her, for he hastily passed on in search of Carriasse, as he felt it was necessary he should be fully instructed about every thing that had passed; and quite prepared to meet the unexpected event.

One of the knights, during this time, drew Galliegue aside, from whom he demanded, the name of the young woman whom he had seen, and whether she was one of the daughters or relatives of the host? The young woman is called *Constance*, replied Galliegue; she is neither the relative of the host, nor of the hostess, and you would embarrass me greatly, if you expected me to inform you who she is. These are sacred mysteries, both to me and to every other person in the house. All that I can say to you, sir, is, that as you will find, she was

born highly gifted, no person whomsoever enters these doors without asking, the very first thing, the same information which you demand, and who are not, one and all, equally and alike dazzled with her beauty ; she is the only one in the house to whom they address an obliging speech ; for, as to all the rest of us poor unhappy women, they do not say a single word that can excite in us the smallest pleasure. From this account, I suppose, said the gentleman, she plays a fine game with all who approach her. Faith, said Gallieue, few can boast of having approached her ; that is not her failing ; if she would only permit them to address her, she might long ago have made her fortune a hundred times over, and have been surrounded with gold ; but she flies from men, as if they were all excommunicated ; she is, the whole day through, shut up in her chamber, either engaged in prayer, or at some embroidery or other choice work ; I have never beheld a young woman of such a remarkable recluse disposition. It is certainly very necessary that women should act prudently, but, candidly speaking, she is a great deal too reserved. Men are not so rash as they are deceitful, and I have always heard it said, that men were designed to be the companions of women, and that women were meant to be the companions of men ; I am *as rigid as any other woman*, but, I would not

en-savage myself, if all the men in the world should address me, provided they addressed me with one half of the civility and respect with which they approach her.

This knight was delighted with the history given by this—prejudiced—servant, and, the more so, as it was given in a very artless and simple manner. He immediately turned to the host, and, without even waiting to have his spurs removed, withdrew with him into a private chamber. I am come, said he to the host, to redeem a pledge belonging to me, which has been in your possession many years; but, to satisfy you, that I am not come under false colours, I bring with me a roll of parchment, and five or six links of a chain of gold, which you will, no doubt, immediately recollect; and I must add to this, moreover, that I have a thousand crowns to present to you, as a token of my gratitude. The happy pledge which you demand, sir, is here, said the host; and I have the chain to which those links belong: but, I have not the roll of parchment entrusted to me with this precious deposit, whom we have so long faithfully guarded and religiously protected, but, added he, have a very little patience, and I will render you an account of the whole. The host immediately left the room, and went to the house of the corregidor, to inform him, that at

last, persons were come to claim Constance. The corregidor, just risen from his dinner table, mounted his horse without delay, and taking with him the roll of parchment, which he had received the day before, carried it with him to Sevillan's hotel. The moment he saw Don Juan d'Avendagne, he flew to him with open arms, exclaiming, oh! my dear cousin! is it you that I behold? Yes, said Don Juan, it is me; I am very happy to see you, and will explain to you the cause which brings me here: then embracing him a second time, Don Juan took him by the hand, and led him into an adjoining room, to his fellow traveller. The corregidor was still more astonished on seeing Don Diego Carriasse, one of his oldest friends and acquaintance: their civilities were reciprocally repeated, and having tenderly embraced each other, they called in Sevillan, who had returned with the chain, and locked the door. I already know, in a great measure, the business which brings you to this place, said the corregidor, to the two knights, and I expect, added he, that the development will not excite less wonder than I have already experienced from the history which I have unexpectedly learnt of this illustrious young woman, although I have learnt that history but very imperfectly. Exhibit the chain which you possess, said the judge to the host. I have the parchment which

you entrusted to me yesterday, and, of which, I willingly undertook the trust, to secure it against being mislaid. Immediately the chain and the roll of parchment were both laid upon the table. In regard to myself, said Don Diego, I have in *my possession*, the links which are wanting to complete that chain, and a roll of parchment exactly corresponding with the one I see, which I will produce. Now it will soon be clear, beyond doubt, whether the young woman whom we have already beheld, be the same whom we are come to claim; the question was soon decided, the links of the chain were of the same skilful workmanship, of the same materials, and of the same form as the rest of the chain. And, as to the parchment, the two rolls were no sooner conjointly interwoven, the one with the other, than they distinctly exhibited the following inscription :—

Constance will be known by this motto.

There can be no doubt that the lady here is the same Constance of whom you are in search, said the grave corregidor to the two knights, and it only remains to be discovered, who are her parents. I am her father, said Don Diego; her mother is no longer in existence: it is enough that you should know, her mother was, by her virtues, as well as by her birth, a person of the highest distinction; you will have diffi-

culty in believing, that, although she was my wife, her conduct was always most correct; heaven knows, that her whole life was perfectly irreproachable! I have very strong reasons for being silent with respect to her name, and are no less so for her justification. I demand pardon at the shrine of your ashes, illustrious mother of Constance! said Don Diego, a profound sigh; I rendered you the most fortunate person of your rank, and of your country. Don Diego de Carriasse remained silent a considerable time after this explanation was, evidently, most deeply and sorrowfully affected; but the prospect of recovering Constance rallied his generous spirits. This he continued he, was married to a knight of great merit, and of one of the first families in Spain; but she, unhappily, became a widow very shortly after her marriage. Upon the death of her husband, she resolved to retire to the country, meaning to spend the remainder of her days in calm retirement. I knew her well; and, one day, when I was out hunting, I found myself so near her house, that I determined to pay my respects to her. It was during the excessive heat of summer, and at two o'clock in the afternoon, when I reached her house. I left my horse in charge of one of my servants, and entered her palace alone *this house*, from its grandeur and magnific

ought so to be called. I was greatly surprized, not to see any person, either about the courtyard, or in any of the first suite of apartments. I entered a large sitting room ; still not finding any body, I proceeded forward to a very pretty neat room, which I found open, where the lady was sleeping upon an easy couch: finally, I surprized and overcame her. When she came to herself, she was so overwhelmed with vexation and distress, as in truth to be divested of the power of speech ; and I felt myself so confounded by the crime which I had, thoughtlessly and rashly, committed, that I have severely reproached myself ever since: but the crime committed, it was remediless ; and, you may easily conclude, that I did not stay long in her apartment, and hastily retreating, I avoided the storm which must have followed her recovery from surprize, and the reproaches which I richly deserved from her resentment of my unworthy conduct. I precipitately retraced my steps out of the house, without yet meeting a single person, and proceeded to the dwelling of one of my friends residing within two leagues of her palace. The lady subsequently quitted that palace for a distant one in another part of the country ; and two years afterwards, I learnt she was dead. About a month since, added Don Diego, a steward, who had lived in her service, wrote to me to say, that he had some

business of the utmost importance to reveal; and that my honor as well as my advantage required that I should not neglect instantly to learn it, informing me, at the same time, that he was not in a condition to travel to me, or he otherwise would, as the communication was most pressingly urgent. I flew to him, and found him already stretched on the bed of sickness, quite given up by his physicians. This steward narrated to me, in concise terms, that this unfortunate lady, when dying, had revealed to him my treachery; and that, to hide her misfortune, she had assumed the habit of a pilgrim, under pretence of making a pilgrimage to the church of our Lady of Guadalupe; and that, finally, she had left a daughter at the very house in which we are now assembled, named Constance; at the same time he delivered into my hands the roll of parchment, and the links of the chain which you see; and also, a casket, in which I found thirty thousand golden crowns, with a paper, written with her own hand, declaring, that she had reserved the money as a portion for this her daughter. The reason of my not having delivered this casket to you before, said the steward, in a dying voice, was, that the magnitude of the sum was too strong a temptation to withstand; but, reduced to a condition, threatening shortly to require me to render an account to my God, I am resolved to

discharge my conscience, and to avert the far greater severity of divine vengeance. I restore to you, then, what belongs to you, and, at the same time, enable you to acquire the greatest possible treasure, in a daughter, whom you never knew you possessed, and who has all the perfection and virtue of her mother. I ought, moreover, to disclose further, that I have made three several journies to Toledo, where, without being known, I have always seen her, and been enchanted by her virtues and her beauty, which are certainly very extraordinary.

Don Diego had scarcely finished his narrative, when their attention was attracted by a violent uproar at the street door with shouts of "*Let Thomas Pedro know that they are dragging his friend Asturiano to prison.*" The indignant corregidor, hearing mention of the prison of his jurisdiction, gave immediate orders, that they should instantly bring in both the prisoner and the serjeants who conducted him. The serjeants obeyed, and brought Asturiano into the house, with his face nearly covered with blood. The moment Asturiano entered the room in which were assembled the corregidor and the two knights, he recognized his father, and Don Juan d'Avendagne; his surprise was so great, he was so terribly distressed, confused, and disconcerted, that his prison would

have been more agreeable to him than the sight of a father, who he felt must be highly irritated against him, and before whom he would not have dared to appear in the condition in which he then was; he endeavoured to conceal his face with his handkerchief, under pretence of stopping the blood which trickled down: but it was hardly possible for him to escape the discernment of the two knights, whose attention was rivetted by his superior air and manners. The corregidor, who required to know the cause of the disturbance, demanded, what crime this young man had committed, to have occasioned so much ill treatment? One of the serjeants informed him, that he was a water-carrier, called Asturiano, after whom the children cried in the streets, " behold! *the hero of the ass's tail*;" he then gave them a concise account of what this water-carrier had done, after he had lost at play the four quarters of his ass, which occasioned the two knights and the corregidor to laugh most heartily at the humorous story. The serjeant afterwards related, that as Asturiano was going out at the gate of Alcantara, the children who followed him having redoubled their hootings, he dismounted from his ass, and struck one of them so violently as nearly to kill him; and that, in endeavouring resolutely to defend himself, when seized, he

had received several blows on the face, which, although apparently covered with blood, it was only the effect of some drops which had fallen from his nose. The corregidor ordered Asturiano to uncover his face, but, as he objected to it, one of the serjeants snatched away the handkerchief, and Don Diego instantly discovered his long missing son. It is hardly possible to conceive the astonishment of his father; the joy which the old gentleman felt on beholding his son was amply expressed in his eyes, but that joy was greatly diminished on observing the sorry garb which he wore, bearing every appearance of distress and misery. You disgrace me, my son, said Don Diego, with extreme severity. You dishonor your family by such unworthy conduct. Asturiano did not wait to let his father finish his too just reproaches; he threw himself at his feet, with tears in his eyes, and, embracing his father's knees, entreated pardon, and implored him to forget all his youthful frolicks. They will certainly be forgiven, said Don Juan d'Avendagne; but, tell me first, what is become of my son Thomas. Don Thomas d'Avendagne is here, said Asturiano; it is he who has had the charge of distributing oats to the horses of travellers who put up at this hotel; forgive his metamorphoses as well as mine; love alone has thus transformed us, and when

you are inclined to hear it, we will relate the whole of our history. The corregidor was all amazement, and as he was anxious to see Don Thomas d'Avendagne, he directed the host to bring him in. He was not, at first, to be found; but, search being made, they learnt that he had concealed himself in his own apartment, when he returned without finding Asturiano. The host went himself to call him, but he refused, and would not have come down, had not the corregidor gone into the yard, and most kindly invited him, saying, come down, my dear cousin, Don Thomas d'Avendagne; you may safely do so, you have nothing to fear. D'Avendagne then descended with downcast eyes, and threw himself at the feet of his father, who embraced him with very great affection. The corregidor now went himself to fetch Constance, and leading her by the hand, presented her to her father. This is your daughter, said he to Don Diego Carriasse; and then turning to Constance, this venerable knight is your father! and, be grateful to heaven, both of you, for this miraculous discovery. Constance, who knew not what to think, threw herself on her knees before her father, trembling and in tears. Don Diego could not help being sensibly affected; and raising his daughter, I recognise you equally, said he, by your beauty and by your extreme modesty, and if I shed tears on em-

bracing you, they are tears of real joy. Shortly afterwards there came two carriages, for which the corregidor had sent. It shall be to my house, if you have no objection, said he, addressing them all, that we will now adjourn the further discussion of these extraordinary discoveries. The two chevaliers strongly objected, but were overcome by the earnest solicitations of the corregidor, who concluded the evening with a most splendid entertainment; even the hostess, who could not separate herself from her dear Constance, was of the party. After supper, Carriasse narrated, very circumstantially, and very agreeably, every thing that had occurred to them since they quitted their tutor, and, finally, expatiating on the subject of Constance, he told them, Don Thomas was so desperately enamoured of her, that, with a view to endeavour to gain her affections, he had voluntarily entered into the service of Sevillan at his hotel. As to himself, he had turned water-carrier, to employ himself while he watched the issue of the very doubtful enterprize of his friend. He related many other things, which were listened to with delight. As it would not have been decent for Carriasse and Avendagne, under this development, to make their appearance the next morning in their present dresses, tailors were engaged to work through the whole night to prepare proper clothes. As to

the beautiful Constance, the wife of the corregidor furnished her with a suit from the wardrobe of their only daughter, nearly of her own age and size. The son of the corregidor now sorrowfully found, from all the circumstances related by Carriasse, that he must relinquish all hopes of Constance ; and Don Pedro would not undeceive him ; for, on the same evening, it was finally arranged and decided, that he should marry the daughter of Don Juan d'Avendagne ; that Carriasse should be united to the daughter of the corregidor ; and that Don Thomas should espouse the charming Constance, who no longer rejected his *prayers*, or arraigned them as *superstitious*. The rejoicings were kept up for a month, and these family alliances were celebrated at Burgos with the most memorable splendour.

THE DECEITFUL MARRIAGE.

EVERY traveller knows, that just beyond the gate, which opens into the fields from the town of Valladolid, there is an hospital called, "*The Hospital of the Resurrection.*" One day a soldier was seen coming out of this hospital, who, by the excessive paleness of his countenance, and by the manifest weakness of his limbs, which obliged him to support himself by his sword, evidently appeared to all those who saw him, to be in the last stage of rapid consumption; and in this conjecture they were confirmed, because, although the weather was not very warm, he was nearly fainting from the fatigue of the exercise: to such an exhausted and enfeebled condition was he reduced, that he tottered under every step. He had scarcely entered the gate of the city, when he was accosted by an old friend; this friend was Peralte, the licentiate, who had not seen him for the last six months. This friend, who had great difficulty in recollecting him, approached him, uttering an exclamation of astonishment, as if he had seen a ghost. What is all this, my dear Campusano? Is it possible, that

I really see you in this country? I believed that you were in Flanders, in perfect health; and I find you here, pale, emaciated, disfigured and ghastly as a corpse! Yes, answered Campusano, I am, indeed, here, and brought here by my own confounded folly. All I can tell you at present is, that I am just come out of this hospital, where I have been confined for a great length of time, in search of relief, in a dreadful state of ill health, brought upon me by the conduct of a woman, whom I married many months ago. You are married then? said Piralte. That is but too true, and that is the malignant source from whence have proceeded all the extraordinary distresses and dreadful mischiefs I have undergone, and am still suffering. It is impossible I can relate to you, with a doleful air, continued he, the excruciating torments and dismal miseries which I have endured, and the frightful melancholy into which my cruel and sad destiny has, until now, involved me. But, pardon me, my dear Peralte, in pain and difficulty as you see me, if I decline any further conversation with you, in the street; another day, I will, with great pleasure, and better convenience, both to you and to me, fully relate to you my sorrowful adventures, perhaps the most singular and the strangest, of which you have ever heard spoken, in the whole course of your life. I shall not part with you so easily, return-

ed the licentiate; and, if you have no objection, we will adjourn together to my house, and take some refreshment. I apprize you beforehand, that you will not fare very sumptuously; but this can be no disappointment to you, long as you have been accustomed to perform penance. We will augment the dinner, and replenish our draughts: we will have a plumb-pudding in addition, and some other little things. The best dish you will have, will be one which I give you most cordially and freely—a most hearty and sincere welcome; and I entreat you, not to refuse me. Campusano thankfully accepted the invitation. They turned into the church of St. Lawrence, to perform their devotions; and, from thence, went to the house of Peralte, who treated our soldier with all the hospitality and politeness he had promised. He shewed him a thousand little amiable acts of friendship and kindness, in which he testified, the strength of a long and sincere attachment; he offered him his purse, and every other accommodation and future service, in his power. After a comfortable repast, and some excellent old wine, becoming the local influence of a licentiate, he requested Campusano to favor him with the promised narrative of his adventures. Campusano, without waiting the ceremony of a second request, commenced his narrative as follows:—

You undoubtedly remember, Piralte, that, during my residence in this city, I was the intimate friend of captain Don Pedro de Herrera, now serving with the army in Flanders. I recollect it perfectly well, said Peralte. One day, continued Campusano, just as we had finished our dinner, in a house in which we both lodged, we saw two very fine looking women enter the house, followed by two servants. One of these women addressed herself to the captain, both leaning against the window; the other, seated herself on a chair close to me; but, her face was so completely covered, that it was impossible to see it. I earnestly entreated her to uncover her pretty face, but I never could obtain this favor; and I confess, that this encreased my curiosity. Our wishes are never so anxious, or more uncontrollable, than when the mind is devoted, or falsely allured to the possession of that which is forbidden and unattainable. This is a weakness inseparable from the human race, in all countries, and all ages, and as ancient as the world itself. What further augmented my anxiety was, that, whether by chance, or by design, she exhibited a very handsome white hand, on which shone, resplendently, some very beautiful rings. At that time I was remarkably clean, and well dressed; my habit was magnificent; the plume in my hat was beautiful; and I had

on that costly gold chain, which you have often seen me wear : I believed myself very handsome; quite the thing! and imagined, that every woman who saw me, must really die of love for me. Of this I felt not the shadow of a doubt: full of this very excellent and just opinion of myself, I pressed, and importuned still more earnestly, to behold my fair one's face; but, all my solicitations were fruitless. Do not urge this request any further, said she, in a very natural and obliging tone; pray spare me: we are at present perfect strangers: I have a house and establishment: let one of your people follow me, to ascertain where it is; then come yourself, and pay me a visit; I shall be very happy in the honor of receiving you; and when we are better acquainted, you will be able to judge whether I shall suit you; and I, on my part, shall be able to determine, whether your good qualities and your virtues correspond with the promise of your external appearance. I thanked her with a becoming grace, which I had not previously dared to hope I possessed, accompanied by a thousand protestations, which she answered in very polite and pleasant terms, and in the most obliging manner imaginable. These two women at length took their leave, and I ordered a servant to follow them according to recommendation. As soon as they were gone, captain Herrera told me,

that the lady, with whom he was in conversation, came to request the favour of him to take charge of a letter to an officer, a relation of her's, in Flanders; but as for the other, he had not the honor of her acquaintance. This induced me to suspect some latent mystery. Be that as it may, I could not divest myself of the attachment which I had formed to this fair incognito, insomuch, that I even fancied she had visited me for the express purpose of inviting me to her house. Her tone of voice, her polite manners, her graceful figure, her elegant language, but, above all, the exquisite delicacy of her small white hand, altogether perfectly enchanted me, and I very impatiently sighed for the happy moment, when she was to receive me, to converse with me alone. That hour at length came; so early as the next morning I was conducted to her house by the servant who had followed her. I was received with much appearance of affection; in the very manner I could have desired. The house was very handsomely furnished, and the lady appeared to be about the age of thirty. I instantly recognized her, not only by the enchanting tone of her voice, and the exquisite beauty of her hand, but, by her dress, which was precisely the same, with all its ornaments tastefully displayed, as on the former day. She was not extremely beautiful, but sufficiently so to excite admiration

ind attachment. She expressed herself well in conversation, and gracefully: never was a more delightful assemblage of agreeable qualities; never a finer or handsomer exterior. I had a very long conversation with her; she dexterously asked me a great many questions, and omitted no means of obtaining full information respecting me; and, amongst other things, in an indirect covered manner, very particularly of what property I was possessed, and, in what that property consisted. To render myself the more acceptable, I calculated my wealth upon a very large scale, a great deal larger than I was justified in doing, as to what I really possessed; nay, I even pledged myself for a mountain of gold, and exhausted myself in corresponding protestations and promises; nor could I do less, determined as I was not to suffer the escape of this excellent opportunity of rendering myself happy for life. Every one must use such means as will best secure his end. I began to suspect, however, that she knew more of my history than I imagined, and I was, in fact, soon convinced of it. She told me, assuming a very reserved and modest air, that the language I held, with all its implied affection, could not influence her feelings and sentiments in the slightest manner, and she openly advised me to address myself to some person of more susceptibility, and less experience

than herself. All this I have since found was pure hypocrisy, but, at the time, it mortified me and enraged my very soul, as I could not help believing, that she spoke very sincerely, and imagined I was too great and rich a chief for her to dare to aspire to me. We remained exactly on this footing for four successive days, and I was much embarrassed, and did not know what to think of it. Her house was always open to me, I constantly found her alone, with her women servants, employed in useful and ornamental little works, and I never saw any face during these my visits, which could lead me to entertain the smallest suspicions of the correctness of her conduct. I never perceived any thing in her behaviour, that did not correspond with a good education; in a word, the more I saw of her, the more I was enchanted with her person, and the manner with which she spoke and conducted herself towards me. The affair, however, while on this footing, did not suit my impatience, and it was necessary that I should have a perfect clear *eclaircissement*. At the end of these four days, I told her that I must retire; that I must retire, and follow your advice, charming *Estaphania*, for so was she called, or, I must know, this very day, whether I have any place in your affections, and may flatter myself with one day *being united* to you. I address you, perhaps,

rather too dictatorially, added I, for which I ask a thousand pardons, but, I am most impatient to learn, and must know, whether I am to be the most happy, or the most miserable of men.

The well practised Estaphania, who, I am now well assured, was rejoiced to be thus pressed and importuned, nevertheless feigned to be exceedingly surprized at what I said to her, pretended to blush, and appeared for some time much confused, as if at a loss how, and what to answer, But, she suddenly exclaimed, since it is your urgent desire I should explain myself, I will do so, and speak to you openly and unreservedly. Since I am satisfied that you have no design to deceive me, neither will I deceive you; you shall judge from my candour and simplicity. If I told you that I was a perfect saint, I should belie myself, said she, casting down her eyes; I have had my predilections, and I continue them still, but, they do not affect character, they have not injured me; so true is this, that I still hold up my head in credit and affluence, as you behold. In this world, it depends entirely upon the manner of doing things, whether they shall produce discredit. After this avowal, which I was resolved to make, that you might have nothing wherewith to reproach either yourself or me

hereafter, I tell you, that I have no inheritance in property, either from my father or mother, or any relation; and every thing I have is now in this house, worth between three or four thousand crowns. You see it; this furniture is all good, and well assorted, on which you may raise the money this night or to-morrow; it is only formally necessary to expose it to public sale. With this wealth, trifling as it is, added Estaphania, I expect to obtain a good husband whom I will obey and strive to please. I will renounce all the pleasures in the world to devote myself to the study of my husband's wishes. I will exclusively study his interests. I will love him from the purest principle of duty as well as virtue, and leave nothing untried to render him as happy as I hope to be myself; that heaven, who knows my good intentions, may allot me an honorable and suitable partner. Whatever I may appear to you I am capable of doing every thing, and do so whenever necessary; it is not always my servants who perform the cooking; I very often attend to it entirely myself, and I venture to say, I thoroughly understand it. This linen, said she, shewing me some handkerchiefs, table cloths, and other household articles, has been manufactured with my own fingers; there is hardly any work of which I have not some *knowledge*, and in which I do not take delight;

but my greatest merit, on which I value myself the most, is, that I am steady in my pursuits, not given to change or contradiction, nor to scold my servants; and that, wherever I place my affection, I place it sincerely and unalterably. After what I have told you, if you still wish to espouse me, it must rest entirely with yourself. I will not subject myself to any intermeddler. You have told me a thousand times to-day, that I suit your taste, and on my part, I confess I am very well pleased with you; let us then be our own mediators.

I acknowledge, Piralte, said Campusano, sighing, that I allowed myself to be dazzled and too easily overcome by the discourse of this enchantress; really as imprudent as I felt myself wise, I rashly fell into the snare which she spread for me. Delighted with her conversation, and, in idea, already possessing in money, the valuable and rich furniture I saw, which I believed to be intrinsically worth a great deal more than the sum she stated, I threw myself on my knees, without the least reflection, and taking her hands between mine, I kissed them a thousand and a thousand times. I told her in a transport of joy, the husband whom you have so long sought you have now found, fair Estaphania, and I bless my fate for not having allowed me, till this moment, to

imagine I could meet with so much happiness as the being beloved by you. I told her, also, that, besides the golden chain which I wore, and some other valuables, I had, at the least, three thousand ducats, which, added to those in her possession, would form a provision more than sufficient to enable us to retire to a small town where I was born, where I possessed a little inheritance; that there she would be retired, and freed from the vicissitudes and troubles of the world, and I from the perilous chances of war, which had already begun to disgust me, because, in the army, they never acknowledged or knew how to appreciate and reward merit, and allowed base and sordid interest to prevail and drive real merit to the wall; in short, I assured her, that we could not meet with a more delightful and honorable retreat. Estaphania readily acquiesced in all I proposed, and, from this moment, we had nothing to think about but to celebrate our marriage. This was a point soon accomplished, as the parties were all perfectly agreed. We had our banns published, no one appeared to forbid them, and as soon as the publication was complete, we were married. I had two friends at the ceremony, and my bride had a relation present, at least some person whom she called a relation. I can safely say, I never *felt more happy* than on this occasion, but I did

not foresee, that there is no perfect happiness in the world, and that this woman, under the false exterior which had delusively captivated my understanding, was studiously preparing troubles and grievances which have reduced me to the miserable wretched condition in which you find me so sorely involved. As soon as we were married, I ordered my servant to carry every thing that I possessed, to the dwelling-house of Estaphania, which was very easily and soon done. In her presence I locked up my valuable gold chain in a small trunk, and let her see three or four other valuables, which, though they had not all the appearance of being equally rich, and of considerable price, were of exquisite workmanship. I also exhibited to her three or four beautiful military sashes of different sorts, my rich plumes, and different dresses; in short, I exposed the whole of my wardrobe; and, ostentatiously, put into her hands, *for present use*, the trifling advance of seven or eight hundred reals, which, to be candid, was all that I possessed. We passed the first seven or eight days with all possible harmony, not the least misunderstanding, no, not a word of difference. I walked upon turkey carpets; I slept in the finest holland sheets; I was illumined by none but silver candlesticks; I breakfasted in my bed; I did not rise before eleven o'clock; I dined at twelve, and regu-

larly went to sleep after dinner. Whenever Estaphania was not with me, she employed herself in cookery, making all sorts of rich sauces, delicious ragouts, and an endless variety of exquisite pastry. I never lived more luxuriously; in short, I was a king, and had a queen to attend me. The whiteness of my shirts, neckcloths, and pocket handkerchiefs, perfectly dazzled the sight; I was scented from head to foot with the essence of the iris and the orange; I was such a walking perfume that I rivetted the attention of all I met. These were, indeed, happy days! as you may fancy, but all rapidly vanished; those happy days flew past me as quickly as hours, on the comparative calculation and endless jurisdiction of time, and my destiny very soon became widely different from that upon which I had so recently, so confidently, and so vainly calculated.

One morning, about the hour of nine, whilst we were still in bed, for, I have already told you, we regularly slept away our mornings, we heard some very loud raps at the street door. One of the servants answered it, and immediately after presented herself at our room door, exclaiming, She is come to give us an agreeable surprize, although she did not say *one word* about in, in the last letter she wrote! *but, we must make her extremely welcome!*

Of whom do you speak? said I, hastily, to the servant. I speak, answered she, of Donna Clemenza Bueso, my mistress, who is just arrived, and has brought a great deal of good company. She has with her, Don Lopez Mendez d'Almendarez, Hortigoza, and several servants. Let us rise, my friend, then, said Estaphania; but, do not you be confounded by these grand visitors. In short, I have a very particular favor to ask of you, my dear, that you will not be surprized at any thing which may pass, and will not ask a single question, or make any comment on any thing they may say to me. And, what can they say, that can either offend or mortify you? replied I. Are they come on purpose to insult you in your own house? I am very unwilling to fancy it possible; it would be so extravagant that nothing but my own eyes and ears could induce me to believe it. But, tell me, Estaphania, who these great people are? because, you appear to me so very much distressed and confused, that you seem to be quite beside yourself. I have not time to answer your questions, said she: all I shall tell you, at present, is, that all you may see is but premeditated deception: we are going to play a *farce*, which will highly entertain you. I cannot say more, at present, patiently wait the solution of our riddle. While I was intent on answering, Donna Clemenza

entered the room, magnificently dressed like a queen. Her gown was flowered green satin, looped up with silver lace, and innumerable clasps of mixed silk and silver: she had, according to the custom of the country, a large scarf of the same materials, and a hat adorned with a beautiful plume of scarlet and white feathers, clasped by a magnificent diamond cross. Her face was covered with a gauze veil; but you perceived a very elegant, majestic, and dignified person: she was handed in by Don Lopez Mendez, a very handsome gentleman, whose dress was in the highest style of magnificence, followed by Hortigoza, and it was this Hortigoza, easily known to be the companion of Donna Clemenza, who interrupted their silence and consternation. What do I behold, said she, loudly exclaiming, I see madame's bed occupied! and occupied by a man! I do not know, whether I am asleep or awake, but, the circumstance is so very extraordinary, I have great difficulty in believing what I see even with my own eyes! Truly! added this female companion, with a very angry air, the unwarrantable freedom of Estaphania is intolerable!—this goes far beyond a jest, and deserves the severest censure! You are right, Hortigoza, said Donna Clemenza, I am not less surprized than you are at the conduct of Estaphania! To be sure, *a very pretty thing to find a man and a stranger*

in my bed! but, perhaps, I am not less to blame than Estaphania, added she, very severely; I ought not to have left her in charge of my house! another time, I shall know better how to manage vicious servants and correct their insolence!—She was proceeding further in her censures, but, Estaphania interrupted her. I very humbly beseech you, not to be angry, madam, said she:—what you behold is a mystery, in which there is nothing criminal. I will explain it all to you the moment you shall be pleased to afford me an hearing, fully persuaded, that, so far from blaming my conduct, it will meet with your warmest approbation.

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During this alarming scene, I continued to hurry my clothes on, and notwithstanding all my wife had said to me, as to this being merely a farce, I felt myself a silly spectator in my own dwelling, who, as you will readily suppose, made but a very sorry contemptible figure. I could not tell what to think of so singular an occurrence. Whilst fully employed in different perplexing thoughts on this subject, Estaphania made her appearance. She led me by the hand into another room, where she informed me, this lady was one of her very particular friends, whose design it was to delude *Don Lopez*, to whom she was contriving

to be united, and the cheatry by which she meant to promote her marriage, was, to make him believe, that our house and all its furniture belonged to her.

You may tell me, added Estaphania, that Donna Clemenza is playing a wicked part, and is sadly exposing herself: but there, you deceive yourself, my dear husband: Donna Clemenza has so much beauty, and Don Lopez so desperately loves her, that he will only laugh at this little artifice, whenever it shall be exposed: perhaps, he already knows, and is willing to wink at it. Be that as it may, as soon as ever they are married, she will give me back my house, and I feel myself bound in friendship to render her this small service. Certainly, what is passing between her and me is not strictly correct; I confess it; but, to entice and secure so great a match as Don Lopez, I think we never can be blamed for having employed this insignificant stratagem. Men know well how to practise such deceits upon us, when it suits them, and of their success they furnish daily examples: and, why should not women play the same deceitful devices against men, whenever a promising opportunity presents itself? But, my dear husband, do you keep quiet, and preserve confidence; all the mischief that can happen

to us will be, that we shall receive a very handsome present to indemnify us for the complaisance we have shewn, in having lent our house for a few days to a person, for whom you will feel as much affection as myself, whenever you become acquainted with her. I will believe any thing you please, said I, but I must tell you, it is carrying your complaisance to a very hazardous extent, to act in the manner you propose. God grant that it may not be productive of misfortune! Ah! misfortune! you must not dream of such a thing: before eight days have expired the marriage will be concluded, I will, then, expose the trick to Don Lopez, who will laugh most heartily, and carry his wife to one of his country seats, and we shall again take possession of our house, highly gratified with having rendered so essential a service to a friend, to whom I would readily sacrifice every thing I have in the world, as she would cheerfully do for me, if it would render me any service. The conduct for us to observe, for seven or eight days to come, is to go and lodge in the house of another of my friends, and, I think, you will not disapprove it. No, Estaphania, said I, I am willing to go wherever you wish; but, may I venture to tell you my thoughts on this occasion? Ha! my friend, said she, interrupting me, do not distrust any thing! Do you think I could be so

imprudent, or rather so mad, to do what I have done to-day, if attended with the least hazard? Could I be such an enemy to myself? Here is much to be gained, nothing to be lost! and, of this, in seven or eight days, you will be entirely convinced.

After this, and many similar suggestions, not necessary to relate, Estaphania quitted Donna Clemenza and Don Lopez. I immediately told my servant to take the trunk, in which I had placed my treasures, my linen, and my clothes, and to follow her: and I followed myself, without taking leave of any body; for, to say the truth, I hardly knew what I was about: you would; I am sure, have been equally embarrassed in a like distracting situation. Estaphonia stopped at the house of one of her friends, with whom she entered into a long conversation: I began to be impatient, when a sort of servant came out, and asked myself and my servant into the house. We were subsequently conducted into a very narrow room, in which were two beds so close to each other as to appear to be only one. We remained here six days, during which time, I suffered all the extremes of great mortification. The vows we had lately so unreservedly pledged to each other, which were to continue, *unimpaired*, to the grave, began to be for-

gotten and passed by, as idle and useless stagnant air: we quarrelled upon the smallest trifles; and all this, because, I sharply reproached her: dissatisfied with finding myself so very badly housed, I told her, she had been taken in, imposed on and deceived: that she had acted without either common sense, ordinary prudence or honesty, in giving possession of our house and all its valuable appendages to designing artful strangers, who might never be inclined to restore them: these reproaches, made with great asperity, shocked her; at least, she feigned to be shocked; and, then, every trifle in quarrels, as usual, between man and wife, became an inveterate grievance, and produced the most insulting revilings of each other. To dissipate my own ill humours, which it was impossible to conquer, whilst provoked and aggravated by the dismal sight of my sorry apartment, I quitted the house, and heedlessly walked about the town: but, the moment I returned to my little contemptible lodge, ill humour revived and again resumed her possession, and exhausted her whole malignant force upon—my wife,—Estaphania.

Hitherto, Estaphania had constantly stayed at home, with all the appearance of a submissive, obedient, accommodating wife; but, one day,

that she earnestly desired to go out, and visit Donna Clemenza, for the purpose of obtaining a very considerable present, which she expected in the way of gratuitous acknowledgment for the use of her house and furniture; during her absence, I learnt the most bitter and mortifying information; the woman with whom we lodged earnestly entreated me to inform her, what reasons induced me so often to lecture and quarrel with Estaphania, and what she could possibly have done to deserve such frequent and severe reproaches, applicable only to persons guilty of the most unpardonable offences. As this woman seemed earnestly to enter into my feelings, I related to her all that had passed, point by point; and when I had finished, she only grimaced and shrugged up her shoulders, and uttered exclamations, which excited very great uneasiness. Not explaining herself further, I entreated her to tell me, what reasons she had for being so very much surprised at what I had related. I dare not tell you, said she, again significantly raising her shoulders, and muttering between her teeth something which I could not understand. Speak out! said I, I beseech you, and do not leave me in this dreadful suspense. Since you require it, I will said she, shortly after: I feel that I owe it to the honest discharge of my troubled conscience, be the consequences what they may.

It is common charity not to leave you longer in ignorance so fatal to you. You have been wilfully and basely deceived; no man, perhaps, has ever been deceived so grossly! You fancied you had married a rich woman; but you are indeed, quite out of your reckoning. Donna Clemenza Bueso is the real owner of the house in which you espoused Estaphania, and all that wicked woman has said to you, is downright falsehood. She has neither house nor property; nor even any other clothes than those she carries on her back. Donna Clemenza had certainly some friendly disposition towards her: that lady was obliged, a little time back, to undertake a distant journey, and left the care of her house with Estaphania, and another servant, during her absence. Estaphania has certainly turned the opportunity to good account; she has made you believe, that the house and elegant furniture which you have seen, belonged to her; you unhesitatingly trusted her, and, on this belief, you married her; and thus she has made you dearly pay for your too ready credulity and hasty imprudence. I acknowledge, however, said the woman, every circumstance of your whole case, maturely weighed, that Estaphania is justifiable, in some measure, for having, so successfully, invented a skilful and feasible stratagem to obtain a husband of your great distinction,

merit, and promising appearance; and you, of all mankind, ought to be the first, not merely to pardon, but highly to applaud her, for the distinguished preference she gave you. Men are grown so proud, haughty, and imposing, in these days, that it is necessary to lay snares to entangle them. Since you have been thus caught, let me advise you to bear your misfortune calmly and patiently, like a devoted philosopher. "Marriages are made in heaven," before they are contracted on earth; this woman was intended to be your wife, therefore, you ought not to accuse her as the cause of your misfortunes, but to impute them, exclusively, to your own unhappy destiny.

To be sure, it is not to be denied, that these were very moral wholesome lessons; but, said Campusano, they did not suit me. I was in a complete fury with myself; I was in despair, at finding that I had been so treacherously and cruelly duped. I uttered a thousand imprecations and incoherences; a thousand times I condemned myself to death! and should have put an instantaneous end to my existence with my own hand, if returning reason, and a revived sense of religion, had not speedily flown to my support. Hurried away, however, *by passion*, I took up my sword and my cloak,

and sallied out, determined to avenge myself on Estaphania, if I chanced to meet her. I long vainly sought for her; happily for her, and, perhaps, no less so for myself, I did not find her. I turned into the church of St. Lawrence, and devoutly recommended myself to all the saints; but my invocation was useless, the saints were mute, and did not relieve me, and I did not become one bit less uneasy and restless. I stalked to the house of Donna Clemenza, with a view there to vent my complaints, but I found it so very comfortable, quiet, and undisturbed, that I did not dare to open my lips, so very sensibly was I distressed, and beside myself. I returned to my hideous lodgings. The woman at whose house I lodged, from whom I had learnt my misfortunes, said a thousand useful things to endeavour to divert me from my own gloomy thoughts; but my mind was so completely unsettled, I was incapable of listening to reason on any subject. At length she informed me, that Estaphania already knew her treason to be discovered. This woman said, she had apprized her, from the purest motives of charity, that I had gone forth, in extreme fury, in the hope of meeting her, for the express purpose of destroying her; and that Estaphania, dreadfully frightened, had, thereupon, taken leave, and carried away some of her goods. This prompted me, in-

stantly to fly to my strong box, and, to my still further misfortune, found, that she had carried away the whole of my property, except one single suit of useless field uniform.

These are terrible misfortunes, said Peralte, following so fast upon one another. What, Campusano, have you lost all your valuable chains, and your military sashes of gold? Yes, replied Campusano, I have lost them all; but, this loss grieves me but little; it is one of the least of my misfortunes; for, I can say exactly, what was said by that man who had married a woman with crooked shoulders: "My father-in-law fancies, said he, that he has taken me in, by marrying me to his hump-backed daughter; but it is I who have taken him in, having a larger hump myself," I do not exactly comprehend, said the licentiate, for what purpose you introduce that story, nor how you mean to apply it. To this effect, said Campusano, that my whole display of chains, sashes, and other gewgaws, are not altogether worth ten crowns. You are jesting, said Peralte; that chain alone which you wore on your breast, weighed, and was well worth two hundred ducats. It ought to have weighed, and would have been worth much more than that sum, if the reality had corresponded with appearances; but, as "all that glitters is not gold,"

so those chains, cords, and the rest of the baubles, were only a chymical composition of gilded copper, a metallic composition so beautifully burnished with gold, that the readiest and most skilful connoisseurs could not easily distinguish the difference, as it was decidedly proof against every thing but fire. According to this doctrine, said Peralte, you have mutually deceived each other, and you have now only to begin again. We have done it so completely, observed Campusano, we have now only to shuffle the cards afresh, and play them over again. But what vexes me the most is, that Estaphania can easily get rid of my false jewels, whereas I cannot get rid of her, as, after all, she is still my wife, and we cannot unmarry ourselves. Return thanks to heaven, said the licentiate, that this your wife has left you, and that you are not obliged to run yourself out of breath in search of her. I agree to all that, said Campusano; but she is always present to my imagination, although I do not seek her, and my disgrace is always uppermost in my thoughts. What will you do about that? said Peralte; you will not be wild enough to fight windmills! Your misfortune has no remedy, and I have nothing to say, and cannot say any thing on the subject, except to lament, while I repeat, that it is a misfortune without remedy, and to bring to your remem-

brance, as some little relief to your affliction, two excellent lines of Petrarch, where he says, with so much natural simplicity and truth, "*that those who study to deceive others, ought not to complain when they find themselves deceived.*"

I perfectly comprehend you Peralte, said Campusano; you mean to tell me, that I have been vanquished with my own arms. I acknowledge it, and that I acted wrong; the best digested stratagem will never be successful; and that it is always right, and the most profitable policy, to regulate our conduct by the direct course of righteous integrity, candour, and probity; but, as no one knows better than yourself, this is not the practice or fashion of the world, and we are but too frequently contaminated by the vicious examples of others.

Thus, I have finished my dismal narrative, said Campusano, which, I fear, has annoyed your patience. After all my description, *I only* can know what my sufferings have been; to such a deplorable ill state of health had they reduced me, that I was necessitated to obtain entrance into this hospital, for the benefit of the best advice and assistance it could afford me, and all which has been more than useless.

I have now left it, reduced and emaciated frightfully as you behold me, still a rheumatic cripple, suffering the most excruciating torture and agony. But, I have so far escaped, that life is left me, and, with that life, my sword; and I fervently confide, that that universal benevolent parent Providence, will take me under the wing of his all charitable protection, commiserate my sufferings, and kindly and humanely befriend me.

Peralte again tendered his purse to his old friend, saying, how much he was gratified by his interesting history, and how happy he should be to administer relief in the way most acceptable to himself. You are astonished and surprized at trifles, said Campusano; but, what I have related to you, are very trifles indeed, in comparison of the history which I have still to relate, of occurrences within the hospital. Many wonderful things have occurred to me in the course of life, but, what I am going to narrate far out-measures them all, in comparison of which they all dwindle into nothing: this history is, really, a miracle, something supernatural, surpassing imagination itself! While in the hospital, my torments were excruciating; but, I reckon them as small sacrifices only, because, they brought to my view and positive knowledge, the greatest possible prodigy, the semblance of which has

never before been known in the annals of time, and most likely never will be again. I perceive, already, that you are disposed to treat my relation as an idle vision: but, I conjure your patience to listen to *broad truths*, which my ears have heard, and my eyes have witnessed; at the same time, I shall not be at all surprized, that you should think all such supernatural things wholly incredible! So much laboured preamble, said the licentiate, whose attention had been excited to impatience, is quite unnecessary: impart to me this prodigy, as quickly as possible; but, take care, to protect your story against the imputation of the huge mountain in dreadful labour, that produced nothing but a little mouse. Suspect nothing on that score, said Campusano; you can never have heard or read of any thing more surprizing and wonderful, in all your life!

Undoubtedly, you have seen two dogs following the holy men of the hospital, when they proceed into the city to solicit alms. These dogs each carry a lanthorn, when these religious receivers are obliged to go by night. If alms are occasionally thrown out of the window, which sometimes happens, these dogs collect them together: they know perfectly well, every place, where donations are made, and, there,

they regularly stop, and place themselves in order, in expectation of receiving them. These dogs are as gentle and innocent as lambs, while on duty in the streets; but, in the hospital, of which they are the vigilant guardians, they are as wakeful and fierce, as lions of the forest when they hear the slightest noise in the dark. Never were guardians more watchful or more faithful than these two dogs. I know all *that*, said the licentiate, who was impatiently expecting some more interesting subject; there is nothing very miraculous in *that*. This is not what I have to tell you, replied Campusano; you will soon be full of astonishment and exclamations, and with ample reason; but, notwithstanding, I shall relate to you only, what is strictly true; what, as I have before asseverated, I have seen with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears, which never deceive me; [*here Peralte pulled Campusano's sleeve, and whispered*], have you, then, forgotten the successful and triumphant deceptions, so lately practised, upon those *unerring* eyes and ears, by the charming Estaphania? No—no—do not, returned Campusano, talk any more of that hateful woman. What! said Peralte, not a word of her *lilly white hand*, her *exquisite cookery*, her *rich sauces* and *delicious ragouts*? *turkey carpets*, *silver candlesticks*, and *holland sheets*? I entreat, Peralte,

exclaimed Campusano, that you will not mind me of such serious misfortunes, and that you will let me return to the more interesting subject of the two dogs, my companions in hospital! Very well, said Peralte, proceed only do not lose sight of dearly purchased lessons! Campusano went on. One night when I believed the whole hospital buried in sound sleep, and that I was the only person awake, kept so by my torments, I heard somebody talking on the sorry matting behind my bed. I did not, at first, pay much attention to it, believing, as I was very ill, that my imagination might deceive me: but, at length, convinced that I heard two distinct voices, I raised myself a little in my bed, to ascertain, who the two parties could be; and I perceived that the two hospital dogs conversing. Ah! a capital jest! You are now certainly inventing, exclaimed the licentiate, hastily rising from his chair, bursting into a loud fit of laughter, and stalking about the room! Until now, I have thought you had been talking seriously, while relating the history of your marriage; but I perceive, that you are still addicted to phantasmagoria, and that the whole narrative was only of your trite jests: exercise your wit and novels upon others! my dear Campusano: it is not to the pilgrims of St. James, that you are to converse on the subject of shells! Y

tales are too wonderful to be believed! I thank you kindly for your romance; but, you must thank me, in your turn, for having compassionated you, when you related your ingeniously feigned adventures with Estaphania!

I told you, Peralte, replied Campusano, with extreme gravity; I told you, that I should draw forth your exclamations: be now thoroughly convinced, Scipio and Bergance, for so these two dogs are called, most undoubtedly had very long conversations together. I perfectly well know, that, naturally, dogs are not gifted with the faculty of speech and reason; but, the miracle may occur. Magpies and parrots speak, but, they only articulate certain words which they learn by sound, and pronounce mechanically without understanding them: but, these two dogs, not only speak, but perfectly understand every word they say, and make the most refined and just answers which the strongest powers of the best instructed mind can dictate. At first, I fancied it was all a dream; and I puzzled and puzzled my brain, to be satisfied on this point: but, having thoroughly and repeatedly examined myself, from time to time, I was well satisfied, that I was not asleep, that it was not a dream, and indisputably was a reality. What completed my conviction, added he, that I, indubitably, over-

heard a conversation between Scipio and Bergance, was, that the subjects on which they conversed, were so excellent and profound, so far beyond my capacity, so far superior to my limited knowledge, that it was utterly impossible I could have imagined them. “ *It is not every one who travels to Corinth.*”

Pledge of my life, said Peralte, we are, here, returned to the fairy age, when pumpkins spoke, and gourds danced! You may believe as much as you please of what I have declared, interrupted Campusano, but, whether deceived, or whether a fiction, should you not be delighted, were I to shew you, *in writing*, the conversation of these two dogs? Provided, said the doubting licentiate, that you do not peremptorily insist on compelling me to believe, that animals, destitute of reason, can reason, I will most cheerfully and willingly read their pretended reasonings, which, I feel assured, before hand, must be judicious and instructive, because, I fancy, they are the invention of your own very ready and lively genius. You are at perfect liberty, to credit as much, or as little, as you please, said Campusano; but, I must preface it, by insisting, that Scipio and Bergance held these interesting and instructing conversations during the whole of *two successive nights*, in every branch of

which, you will find, “ *useful example, either to be imitated or avoided.*” The first night, Bergance related his history: Scipio communicated his, on the night following. I have only written the history of Bergance; but, I shall be able to put that of his companion also on paper, should you have the least desire to peruse it, *when you have finished that of Bergance.* They both contain so much of inestimable matter, that the impression which is fixed on my mind will only end with my life. Read, said he, to Peralte, presenting a large manuscript which he carried rolled up in his pocket: I will refresh myself with sleep, while you are occupied in perusing it. Peralte received the writing, with a smile, and casting his eyes over it, he saw it was a dialogue, and bore the following title:—

CONVERSATION

Between SCIPIO and BERGANCE,

Two Dogs belonging to the Hospital of the Resurrection, of Valladolid, generally called the Dogs of Mahudez.

SCIPIO.

Bergance, my friend, having for this night quitted the guard of this house, we are here in solitude, where we may unreservedly speak *without witnesses*; and since we have the pri-

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vilege of speech, let us profit by this favor which heaven has allotted to us.

BERGANCE.

I hear you speak, Scipio, and I feel convinced, that I am myself also gifted with the power of speech; though I have every difficulty in the world to believe it, such things appear to me so very extraordinary!

SCIPIO.

It is most extraordinary undoubtedly, and the more so, because we can not only speak but we can reason at the same time: although it is only man that is allowed to be a reasonable animal!

BERGANCE.

I comprehend every word you say, my dog Scipio; and when I reflect, that I do comprehend, I cannot sufficiently wonder at your metamorphosis, and at my own! I admit that naturally, we possess most wonderful instincts but instinct is not reason.

SCIPIO.

Yes, Bergance, our instinct creates extreme surprise, and produces subject for the deepest speculations of the wisest and most learned amongst men! We have memory, and m

cannot possibly contradict it. We have gratitude, and are capable of the most affectionate attachment ; and fidelity so universally acknowledged, that men are accustomed to paint us, as the symbols of Friendship and Fidelity. Have you never, at any time, entered a church? Have you never cast your eyes upon those superb monuments of marble and porphyry, where men are so superbly entombed? you must have perceived, that whenever a husband and wife are laid in the same grave, there is always the figure of a dog at their feet, an emblematical device to mark, that this couple, of whom you generally also see a representation, had strictly preserved through life, the most faithful and inviolable friendship.

BERGANCE.

I have observed it often ; I know, moreover, that there have been dogs so faithful, so attached, that they would throw themselves into the same grave, where their masters were interred. I know, that other instances also have been found, where they have given themselves up to perish of grief, on the same grave, without a possibility of drawing them from it, or of inducing them to take food ! I know, finally, that next to the elephant, our race possesses, amongst irrational animals, the greatest *sagacity*: but, this sagacity is, nevertheless,

nothing in comparison with the reason of men.

SCIPIO.

I am convinced of it. But, be that as it may, we have, this day, the power of reasoning, as you experience;—and, as we are perfectly agreed, that this is not our natural quality, let us acknowledge, that it is a *miracle*: and, if it be a miracle, the world must be threatened with some very heavy calamity, for surely, never was miracle so momentous and wonderful!

BERGANCE.

I know what is said of miracles;—that they are never experienced with impunity; and what confirms me in my opinion, that they never augur any benefit to mankind, is, an exclamation which I heard drop the other day, from a scholar, in his route from Alcala to Henarez.

SCIPIO.

And what exclamation was it?

BERGANCE.

It was this; that out of five thousand students who were studying the course of lectures for this year at that university, no less than *three thousand* of them were pursuing the study of *physic*.

SCIPIO.

What do you infer from thence? What is your interpretation?

BERGANCE.

I mean to say, that there must necessarily happen one of these two events; either, that these three thousand physicians must have patients in proportion, which will be a most serious misfortune to mankind, or that they must themselves perish from want:—But, surely, we are very ingenious in tormenting ourselves, about misfortunes, which must be endured, and, about the future, which cannot be averted. What is to happen, will happen:—what Fate has ordained, is irrevocable to man.

SCIPIO.

You reason well, Bergance. If what has happened to us this day, forebodes great misfortunes to mankind, they are misfortunes which we cannot prevent;—it will be better then, that, submitting all future events to the disposal of their all-wise Creator, and without daring to scan the secret views and designs of Providence, in gifting us with the power of speech and reason, we apply to the best advantage this delightful privilege this night, for we know not how soon we may be divested of it.

BERGANCE.

I agree with you, my dear Scipio, and it will give me indescribable pleasure. Ever since I have had strength to gnaw a bone, I have uniformly felt an earnest desire to speak,—to unload my mind of a multitude of extravagant things which I have seen and heard, and which merit to be eternally recorded. I believe with you, that the privilege with which, at this moment, we are endowed, of imparting our knowledge, is only a temporary privilege, otherwise, it would cease to be a miracle. Do not let us wait, until we shall be deprived of this rich and invaluable donation, by the great Being who has bestowed it: let us communicate, Scipio, and make the best use of the present moment, whilst we possess the benign faculty.

SCIPIO.

I am delighted, Bergance, to find you so readily coincide with me in my opinions. Well, then! since you have so many admirable things to impart, do you speak; I will attentively listen. Detail to me the adventures of your life; and, if in the evening of to-morrow, the privilege of speaking be still preserved to us, I will then relate mine.

BERGANCE.

I subscribe to what you propose ; but, first, of all, let us carefully examine around us, and ascertain that there is no person within hearing : no base spies, or hireling informers.

> SCIPIO.

There is not a soul :—all are profoundly asleep. A soldier is certainly lying in this very bed, who has been suffering under severe wounds for some time ; but I imagine, his strength is so completely exhausted, by his agonizing sufferings, that he must have been long asleep ; certainly it is so, for I hear him snoring.

BERGANCE.

Speak ! I can speak with unreserved boldness, even before spies and informers, because, I speak *innocently*. Listen ; and, if what I shall have to submit to you prove tiresome, you have only to impose silence.

SCIPIO.

Speak, my dear friend ; I shall be all ears, even should you continue to speak until to-morrow.

BERGANCE.

To begin with my origin.—I must tell you, *that I first saw the light in the butchers sham-*

bles, just without the gate of Seville; which induced me to believe, that I am a descendant of some of those great mastiffs trained by the butchers boys, although I have another opinion, which I shall state on a future occasion. My first master was a butcher, of the name of *Nicholas*. He was a stout, robust young man, with a forbidding countenance, very much addicted to anger; and as savagely revengeful, as people of this class generally are. The first thing *Nicholas* taught me, and several other little dogs, was to bark at passengers, particularly beggars and ragamuffins; and, unmercifully to pursue and annoy them. When there was any bull-baiting, he threw us into the midst of the mastiffs, that we might be compelled to imitate them. He excited us to fight by his voice, and still more effectually by a tremendous cudgel which he held in his hand; and I must do myself the justice to say, that though I did not always gain any advantage in these skirmishes, they taught me, in a very short time, to be so active, and so inured to fight, that I was not afraid of the most tremendous bull; and, as to passengers, beggars and ragamuffins, they were terribly afraid even of the sight of me. It is surprizing, in how short a time I became bold, impudent, peevish and *porose*, equal to the fiercest mastiff.

SCIPIO.

You call the acquisition of your mastiff accomplishments surprizing, Bergance; but it is not at all surprizing to me. Doubtless, nothing could be more wicked than what your master first taught you; but, remember, that nothing is so quickly learnt as wickedness, as we are naturally prone to evil; we are born with this unhappy tendency!

BERGANCE.

I acknowledge what you tell me to be true; but what good could possibly be learnt under the tuition of a most wicked man? I will describe to you those who were in the shambles, in which I have already told you I first saw the light. They are a class of men, who, from the lowest to the highest, are without education, wholly destitute of religion, and quite devoid of conscience; people addicted to the worst vices: they are actual robbers, who to support their infamy, unsparingly rob with both hands. Every morning, on feast days, you behold numbers of women, before the rising of the sun, come with their baskets empty, and carry them away full. I assure you it is the fact. There never is a beast killed but these people have free access, and

carry away the prime pieces, before any part of the animal is exposed for sale. Their masters are kind to them notwithstanding; not, to avoid being robbed, because they know that is inevitable; but that they should not make away with the whole of the best pieces. They pretend to know nothing of the matter, as the wisest line they can take. This is not, however, my dear Scipio, the most odious part of the conduct of these people; they are cruel and merciless; they would as soon cut the throat of a man, as kill as an ox; a stroke of the knife costs them nothing, and hardly a day passes, but they shed human blood with as much unconcern as they spill that of cattle; and, moreover, they persuade themselves, that such atrocities are not criminal. Notwithstanding, this miserable set of depraved wretches are literally devoted and abandoned to the most infamous vices, there is not one amongst them, who does not, almost every moment, plead for the protection of his guardian angel, or some patron saint, to whom he consecrates as offerings, on certain days of devotion, a participation of his stolen treasures. And, thus, they abuse and insult all that religion considers most sacred, by daring to suppose, that such acts of devotion will sanction their conduct, will pardon their crimes.

SCIPIO. *And then Bergance!*

Faith, Bergance! If you devote equal time in drawing the different characters of all the masters you have served, as you have bestowed on their unworthy servants at the shambles of Seville, we must pray to heaven, to extend to us the faculty of speech for a year at least; although I cannot fancy, that even then, you will have narrated one half of your interesting history. Look you, Bergance! nothing is so necessary to an *upright orator*, as to be concise. Honesty and wisdom uniformly preserve the straight line. Roguery and knavery, as uniformly, search the crooked circuit. The straight line—short speeches—convey honorable useful intelligence. The crooked circuit—long speeches—fatigue the mind, weary the attention, and destroy the comprehension; so that the commencement is not remembered, the conclusion not understood, and honest meaning basely perverted to gross imposition, characteristic of systematic roguery. Many sleep over a sermon, who would not have slept, had the crafty preacher at once honestly opened a straight line doctrine, and had not deceitfully indulged himself, by expatiating on irrelevant, bewildering, misleading matter; hence, senatorial debates become treacherous and fraudulent on the public mind, and church sermons

too tiresome and uninteresting to be instructive; and the members of state assemblies, and congregations of churches, as might be expected, naturally go to sleep. Let me earnestly enjoin you, dear Bergance, to preserve the honest, intelligible, straight line, inviolate.

BERGANCE.

I will strive to profit by your most excellent advice; but, I must forewarn you of this great truth, should I need indulgence, that, since I have had the use of speech, I have had a great, and, I fear, almost insatiable *inward gnawing* to speak. But, to continue my history. My master next taught me to carry a basket, and to defend myself against all attempts to take it from me. He taught me, also, the way to the house of a very pretty woman, with whom he associated, for the purpose of saving her maid servant the trouble of going to the shambles, as early in the morning I carried the stores reserved for her the preceding night. I was well trained in this service; nevertheless, I was inadvertently decoyed from my duty; one is not always discreet; and I did not mistrust any thing. Passing early one morning through a street, which I had frequently passed before, I heard somebody call me, from an upper window, by my own name. I raised my head as high as

I could, under an extraordinary heavy load with which I was charged that morning, and perceived a very handsome young woman, who made me a sign to stop; I was complaisant enough to obey; she came down to the door, and called me by my name again; I ran to learn her commands, and, suddenly, she changed the provisions I was conveying, for an old worn out clog, which she put into my basket, saying, "Return home, and tell Nicholas, your master, no longer to trust to brutes." I could easily have recovered the provisions this woman had taken from me; I could have torn her to pieces with my stout teeth, had I been willing, and have obliged her to relinquish the prey, but I thought her so very handsome; the hands with which she had robbed me were so white and delicate, and the divestiture was effected in so graceful a manner, that I was disarmed of resolution to shew the least resentment.

SCIPIO.

You did perfectly right, Bergance, and I applaud your conduct. Beauty ought always to be respected.

BERGANCE.

I respect it highly, ss you have just found by my conduct; but evil beset me in consequence, and this was the cause of my severe

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distance. I returned with the old worn clog in my basket: my master, who saw ~~enter~~, praised my diligence, as I perceived ~~his countenance~~: but soon discovering, on ~~one~~ hand, that I had been robbed of what I was conveying to his mistress, while, on ~~the~~ other, ~~the wags were insulting him for the~~ honest trick they had played; my sanguine and ferocious master uttered the most horrible ~~oaths~~, and having drawn one of his large ~~case~~ knives, darted it at me with such violence and fury, that had I not quickly turned away we should not have been conversing together this day. As I clearly saw my danger, I would not wait the repetition of his assault, which could not fail to follow, from the rage the sight of the old worn out clog continually revived. I flew off, swift as lightning, and taking road behind the church of St. Bernard, I rapidly made my way to the fields, without knowing whither I was going. "Fear creates wings," says the proverb. I travelled over a vast space of ground in a very short time. Darkness overtook me at last, and I passed the night under the simple covering of stars. On the morrow, I met, by chance, a flock of sheep, where I fancied I should immediately find the object I sought; for, it was the provident design of our race, to defend the weak and unarmed. This flock was under

disgrace. I returned with the old worn out clog in my basket; my master, who saw me enter, praised my diligence, as I perceived by his countenance; but soon discovering, on the one hand, that I had been robbed of what I was conveying to his mistress, while, on the other, *the wags were insulting him for the dishonest trick they had played*; my sanguinary and ferocious master uttered the most horrid oaths, and having drawn one of his large carcass knives, darted it at me with such violence and fury, that had I not quickly turned away, we should not have been conversing together this day. As I clearly saw my danger, I would not wait the repetition of his assault, which could not fail to follow, from the rage the sight of the old worn out clog continually revived. I flew off, swift as lightning, and taking the road behind the church of St. Bernard, I rapidly made my way to the fields, without knowing whither I was going. "*Fear creates wings*," says the proverb. I travelled over a vast space of ground in a very short time. Darkness overtook me at last, and I passed the night under the simple covering of the stars. On the morrow, I met, by chance, a flock of sheep, where I fancied I should immediately find the object I sought; for, it is the provident design of our race, to defend the *weak and unarmed*. This flock was under the

care of three shepherds, who no sooner perceived, than they called me. I went to them, putting down my head, and wagging my tail. One of the shepherds patted me on the back, examined my teeth and the roof of my mouth, and kindly caressed me. Judging by certain marks of my age, he told his companions, that, certainly, I was a dog of *excellent race*. Don't start at this description, my dear Scipio! you know, as well as I do, that there are thousands of men of high rank and fortune, coarse enough to set a higher value upon the race of dogs and horses, and bestow upon them more attention, and even greater affection, than on mankind in general, and often their own relatives;—nay, you must have heard of various instances of rich boobies, bartering wives and daughters for favorite horses, to enable them to gallop, like madmen, after an offensive fox, and to get beastly drunk in meritoriously celebrating the glorious achievement of his destruction. Whilst the shepherds were thus deciding on my merits, the owner of the flock joined them. He was mounted on a young grey colt, ambling like a sorry genet, and in such coarse garb, that he had more the appearance of one of the ragged excise guards of the coast against smugglers, than the owner of so large a flock of sheep. He instantly asked, whose dog I was, adding, that I had the appearance of being

a good one. You are not deceived, sir, said the shepherd; I have particularly examined him, and warrant him to be just the dog we want. He will grow large and handsome; at least his age and appearance so promise; we met him by chance about a quarter of an hour ago; I do not know to whom he may belong, but I am certain he does not belong to any one of the flocks of our neighbourhood. From the account you give, said the master, we will keep him; put on him Leoncille's collar (this was the name of a dog which had been dead some days), and give him the same portion of food as the other dogs; but, above all treat him kindly, *gain his affection*, and he will not run away. Having given this order, the master left us, and immediately afterwards they put round my neck an iron collar with pointed edges; they gave me enough to eat, and I was thence to be named *Bartin*. I found my situation with this second master, very comfortable, and liked my new office. I was very diligent and careful of my flock, and separated myself from them but seldom, never, but when my attendance was unnecessary. Sometimes I slept under the shade of a tree; sometimes at the foot of a rock; often in a shady valley, or on the bank of some murmuring rivulet; and, at such times as I could not sleep, I reflected deeply on the cruel conduct

and savage deportment of my first master. What strange anecdotes could I tell you of that man, and that woman with whom he associated ! but it would take up too much time, and besides, it is not always correct unnecessarily to expose the failings and crimes of others ; I will therefore quit that master, and resume the thread of my regular narrative. One of the reflections I made, in those restless hours when alone, was, my dear Scipio, that the pleasing and alluring accounts which authors give of the mode of pastoral living, and the manner in which shepherds delightfully pass their time, are all impositions, deceitful, and wholly devoid of truth. It has been asserted, by various authors, that shepherds pass their whole time in singing, and in playing on the flageolet, or on the bagpipes. My mistress, whom I often heard read, read various books depicting the lives of shepherds, very different, indeed, from those whom I served. I called to mind the shepherd Anfrisius, who was enamoured of the incomparable Belissarde, who sung from the rising to the going down of the sun, and the reign of sable night had taken full possession of our hemisphere ; and that there was not a single tree upon the mountains of Arcadia, upon the trunk of which Anfrisius did not seat himself, to chant the praises and beauty of his shepherdess, and to bewail her

insensibility and rigour. Then, again, came shepherd Elicio, possessed of far more action than courage. Next, the great shepherd Felicius, the only painter of one single picture in which he exhibited a better likeness than a pleasing painting! Then, we have also frightful swoons of Sirene; the dismal repugnance of Diana; and of the ingenious and malicious Felicia, who, with her enchanted wand, overcame numerous difficulties thought insurmountable! I could have recalled many other instances of shepherds and shepherdesses whose lives were different to those led by their masters, and the surrounding shepherds. Very true, they sang sometimes, but their songs were only trifling little tunes, devoid of refinement and wit. They sang also with hoarse and rough voices, and awkwardly adapted their songs to clownish and unconnected notions, wholly at variance with the science of music. Such were their tunes, badly regulated by the vibrating sounds of small bones, of dried pipe of wood, or of two small stones, struck in contact with each other, while placed between their fingers. These were their only instruments. The remainder of their time was generally allotted to the very lowest exercises and games. There were no shepherdesses, among them, who deserved to be named Phillis or Aryllis, Diana or Galatea; and, as to them-

they were only called by the names of John or James, and other names similar. There were no Aminta's amongst the shepherds, nor Thyrsis's nor Corydons; no Jacinths nor Risalets. This proves to me, that all the delusive coloring which historical writers give of the happy and enviable lives of shepherds and shepherdesses, are nothing but agreeable fictions, well written deceptions, calculated for the amusement of weak minds and idle habits, for whom, it is kind and liberal to think, because they are either incapable or unwilling to think for themselves. Were the fact otherwise, there would certainly remain, amongst the present race of shepherds, some traces of the happy life enjoyed by their predecessors. In those good olden times, there were vast extensive meadows, enamelled with a thousand different flowers, of which they formed garlands to ornament their shepherdesses; in those good olden times, they had none but consecrated forests; hanging woods of pines and oaks, upon the trunks of which they carved the names of their shepherdesses, so that these names and recollections should be perpetually commemorated with the growth of the trees. In those olden times, they had only enchanted gardens; rivulets, whose soft and gentle murmurings pleasingly mixed with the soothing melody of the sylvan genius of the woods;

nothing but crystal fountains. You heard only, amongst the ancient shepherds, innocent and instructive conversations, exciting the admiration of all who heard them, and even softening the trees and the rocks, to which they frequently poured out their complaints against the cruelty of their favorite shepherdesses, or of some other tragical adventures. Here, lay a shepherd in a swoon; there, a shepherdess carelessly extended on the grass, who did not dare to acknowledge her affection, heavily sighing, or wofully shedding tears. The spirit of the mountains was wholly employed in faithfully echoing the amorous airs which were sung to different pastoral instruments.

SCIPIO.

Your description is ample, Bergance: now return to the subject of your own history; look at your feet; leave off playing the peacock, and cease to strut in your borrowed plumes! I mean to tell you, that you must remember what you are; that you are only a poor animal, destitute of reason; and that you ought not to aspire, as you do, at brilliant superiority! Do not lose sight of the honest, straight line.

BERGANCE.

I know, Scipio, exactly what I am; but, perhaps, I am a great deal more than I think

myself; and, *hereupon*, I will relate to you the history of a famous sorceress, who learnt her witchcraft under the camache of Montilla, by which you shall form your better judgment.

SCIPIO.

I pray you favor me with this sorceress's history of you before all things.

BERGANCE.

Not yet: have a little patience: listen to my adventures in regular order; they will afford you much greater pleasure related in this simple way than any other, and you will acknowledge this truth, when you have heard them.

SCIPIO.

I will do so; but I conjure you, be concise: adhere to the straight line!

BERGANCE.

I was very well satisfied with my condition, as I have already informed you; because, my employment suited me, and I was able, with satisfaction to myself, to perform my duty. I here enjoyed comparative ease and comfort; I was never overstrained with labour, nor depressed with unreasonable hours: I easily earned my food by the labour of my body, and that

is what afforded me real satisfaction; for, after all, it is not just to live at the expence of a master, when you cannot serve him well and faithfully; or to eat the meat produced by the labours of others. If I reposed myself sometimes during the day, I slept not so much at night: no sooner had the sun deprived us of his light, to illuminate another hemisphere, than wolves gave us constant employment, which prevented the possibility of closing our eyes: the shepherds no sooner gave the alarm of the coming wolf, than, with all my might and main, I ran over hills and dales; but my scourgings, rapid and unsparing, were always useless. I returned the next morning to my flock, without perceiving any trace or footstep of wolves; weary, harrassed, panting, my feet torn by stones and thorns; my body lacerated in a thousand places; but, to my great surprize, I found, either a sheep dead, or a lamb strangled, and half devoured by the wolf. I was mortified and chagrined, that my ready will and constant labours produced such little advantage. The master of the flock, upon this loss, came to us, and the skin of the deceased animal was exhibited to him. He accused the shepherds of negligence, and ordered them, severely to punish the dogs, so that blows rained upon us, whilst the shepherds escaped with a trifling,

reprimand: One day that I had been very unjustly punished, seeing that my watchfulness, my activity, and my courage; that, in a word, all my great services were useless, I thought it high time, to change my method of service. I resolved, not to absent myself from my flock, as I had heretofore done, however loudly they should cry, "The wolf!" but constantly to watch the entrances of the fold. We had an alarm regularly every week; and one very dark night betrayed to me a scene, which I could not have suspected, nor have believed, had I not ocularly witnessed it. On the alarm, I let all the other dogs go to hunt the wolf, whilst I secreted myself under a bush, from whence I saw two of the shepherds select two of the largest and fattest sheep of the whole flock, kill them, and afterwards tear them in pieces, in such a manner, that every ignorant person must have concluded it, to be the work of the wolf. I confess to you, that the sight perplexed my honest feeling very much. As soon as daylight appeared, the shepherds sent the fleece and a portion of the flesh to their master, but neither the largest, nor the most select pieces. The master again was enraged, and the dogs were again severely beaten. I was sorely afflicted to find myself unqualified to discover this horrible and wicked conduct. Alas! said I to myself, in what age do we live, and in whom

can we place confidence, if *the guardian shepherds themselves become the wolves!*

SCIPIO.

Your reflections are excellent, Bergance! but, the evil of which you speak, with so much lively indignation, is an evil without remedy. The best shepherd that a master can possibly have, is, to guard his flocks himself; and thus, every master will be served well, because he will be his own servant. Let us leave the subject there, my dear Bergance; and, without amusing ourselves, by attempting to moralize to the end of the chapter, proceed with your own interesting history: I will attentively listen.

BERGANCE.

I yield. I tell you then, that finding myself constantly ill treated, without deserving it, I formed a design, like multitudes of great men, who cannot help it, to *resign*; to quit my sovereign shepherds, and search for another situation. I returned to Seville, and entered the service of a rich merchant.

SCIPIO.

And what means did you take, for so quickly finding new masters; for, it is generally a most difficult pursuit? once out of place, it is not *easy to get in again*.

BERGANCE.

You know Scipio, that *humility*, which is the base and foundation of all other virtues, overcomes the greatest difficulties. I practice this virtue when I search for service: no matter in what house, having first well considered, whether it is a house, that can afford to keep a great dog. I place myself at the door; and when any one enters, who appears to be a stranger, I bark loudly at him; but, when the master enters, I put down my head; I lick his shoes with my tongue, and pay a thousand little attentions, to mark, that I am at his disposal. If he kick me, I bear it; I even offer my caresses after that, so that, in a short time, my services are accepted. I serve honestly and faithfully: I have never yet had a master, who has not, for these reasons, liked and protected me; and I can safely say, *no one yet ever discharged me*; I voluntarily resigned, and quitted their service. To resume my narrative. I returned to Seville, as I have already mentioned. I went and placed myself before the door of the great house of a merchant: I payed my customary cringing attentions, and in two days, I became an inhabitant: they immediately made a courtier of me, by *putting a fine collar round my neck*; they placed me as a guard, behind the door in the day time, and at night, I was let loose. I fulfilled these duties

very faithfully, and, so satisfactorily to my master, that in a few days, he *promoted me*, and gave orders, that I should be unchained, and left at liberty, in the day as well as at night.

As I knew my master liked me, I was no sooner at liberty than I ran to him, with a grateful intention to caress him: I was on the point of affectionately putting my paw on his chin; but, I suddenly desisted, recollecting the ass in the fable, endeavouring to imitate the lap-dog, by caressing his master in the same manner, drew upon himself severe blows, as thick as a hail shower. All are not favourites alike! This apologue teaches us, that the same graces do not sit equally well upon all persons; moreover, every one ought to live, and to act according to the qualities of his disposition and his station in life: a buffoon mimicks witty things; a gipsy practises slight of hand; a morris dancer struts and gambols; a clown imitates the chirruping and whistling of birds, and the squeaking of young pigs:—very well, this is all in character! But, when a man of high rank in the state, and exalted dignity, prides himself on his skill in the performance of these foolcries, his conduct deserves a worse stricture than merely saying, it is absurd and out of character. He puts master, man and *beast*, on a level.

SCIPIO.

Enough, Bergance : you have made a right comparison, and drawn a just conclusion. Do the same with your own adventures, to which let us immediately return.

BERGANCE.

I wish, with all my heart, that all those lofty dignitaries of whom I speak, and to whom I allude, were present, and listening to me as you are ; it might lead to a wholesome alteration in their conduct and manners. When the higher classes of society set examples of morality, integrity and probity, becoming their birth and rank, their inferiors dare not trespass on those principles ; but, when the dignified archetypes of society study to ape buffoons, morris dancers, scaramouches and mountebanks, horse dealers and coach drivers ; human nature—daily observation, forbids you to doubt, that the lower orders will assiduously ape their masters and superiors, and, by applying only their idle hours, soon excel in coarse imitation and noisome practice : and the hereditary titles of Don, Seigneur, Chevalier, become lowered to the familiar level of Jean, Jacques, or Sancho ; while politeness of courts will be uprooted by clownish vulgarity, and the classic language of the schools be forgotten in the slang of the

stables, the pot-house, and the shambles. Surely, nothing can be so degrading to society, as to see a dignified Don playing the part of a festive juggler, and attempting to dance our celebrated *chaconne* as well as a hired, psofessed dancing master. Nay, I have known one of these Dons, who prided himself so much on his *capering*, that, at the request of the sexton of a certain church, he capered, till he cut out of paper, thirty-two flowers, with which to ornament the pall, prepared for a citizen's funeral; and so proud was this capering Don of his pre-eminent works, that he importuned his friends to admire them, with more eagerness than if they had been the standards and escutcheons designed on the monuments of his illustrious ancestors. This is reversing human nature, not by violent revolution, but by studied deliberate submission; and when masters perform the offices of servants and hirelings, they must be prepared to see servants and hirelings as deliberately and familiarly obtrude themselves into their rank and stations. A profane court is most dangerous to a king, and certain disgraceful humiliation to his kingdom. I will now quietly return to continue my history in the service of the great merchant. My master had two sons, the one about twelve, the other fourteen years of age; both of these youths *were students* at the college of Jesuits. They

went daily to the college in great state; that is to say, when the weather was fine, on beautiful horses; in a handsome covered carriage, when it rained. A tutor constantly attended them, and two or three well-liveried footmen followed, carrying their books. But, my great astonishment was, that the father of these boys did not assume the rank and style which he made them support; for, whenever he went out on his mercantile concerns, he was simply mounted on a little sorry mule, and attended only by one black Moorish servant.

SCIPIO.

This merchant's system ought not to surprise you: it is the custom of all the merchants of Seville, and even of all the little villages of Spain, to display their wealth, in the magnificence of their children. They will continue their ancient business habits, however abundant their riches, in order to acquire still greater wealth. And, it would be extremely absurd, whilst they followed commercial pursuits, were they attended by a regular suite, and frequented the exchange with equipages as splendid as the first rank of nobility, however better they could afford it. But, with respect to their children, as they are desirous, that they should rise higher than themselves, and as they generally purchase for them *estates* and titles, they ape at educat-

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ing them in the same style as the children of the nobility, and very often with greater eclat.

BERGANCE.

I do not so much object to *that* ; for, it is natural to a father to wish to see his children rise in rank and condition, particularly when it does not prejudice others.

SCIPIO.

Very true, Bergance ; but, be you convinced, that it is an uncommon thing in our country to see a merchant, without practising imposition upon those who deal with him, able to start up, so rapidly, as to obtain knighthood for his children, and purchase ennobling dignity, and rank, and estates, to support these purchases.

BERGANCE.

Scipio, Scipio, surely this is evil speaking !

SCIPIO.

Not so much evil speaking, as you suspect ; I fear you will find it but too true. But, this is a disagreeable subject ; let us drop it, and proceed with our history.

BERGANCE.

One day when the sons of the merchant were gone to the college, I perceived one of their

books, carelessly dropped in a passage through which they had passed. As I had learnt to carry, I immediately took the book, and followed the gentlemen. The footman, who had let it fall, no sooner saw it, than he tried to take it from me, under pretence that I should tear it; but I was not in a humour to surrender my charge; I ran towards the proper class in the school, entered, and presented it to the boy to whom it belonged. This created a general laugh throughout the school; the master himself, who was attentively reading, like all the rest, could not withstand this adventure, and considerably relaxed his austere gravity. This so delighted my young masters, that they required me, to repeat the same thing the next morning, when they prepared to return to the college. I did so, and they made me repeat it often afterwards; from which I experienced no misfortune. The scholars liked to be amused, and, seeing that I was full of merriment, they began to play with me; they threw about their hats and caps for me to fetch; I did so, and regularly delivered them back again: they made me leap and jump; they made me stand on my hind feet; the little ones were put on my back; in fine, whether well or ill, I played a thousand monkey tricks for their diversion; and they were so delighted with my various inventions and agilities, that they fed me with

all the niceties they had. I passed my time myself most pleasantly, and lived luxuriously ; but, this cloudless life was too pleasant to last. The school-master perceived, that the scholars lost too much time with me, and, in fact, that they were more attentive to my gambols than to their own books, and consequently, my young masters were forbidden to bring me to the college any more. That order was implicitly obeyed; I was condemned to watch the house; but what is worse, I lost my promotion; like a knight errant I was degraded, and again chained behind the door during the day, as I had been on the first day of my service, maugre all my manifold merits. Ah ! Scipio, my friend ! how difficult it is, to change from a life of happiness to a life of misery ! Nothing ever mortified me more than this, my late humiliation. There is nothing in being merely unhappy, when you have always been so ; all who are born poor, or slaves, endure their condition without complaining ; they bear their fetters without murmuring ; they never knew the value of riches or liberty ; habit reconciles all things, and custom becomes a second nature. Hence, so many beggars, and so many slaves, fat, contented, and happy. But, when adversity and misfortune displace prosperity, it is of all calamities, to which we can be exposed, the *most severe and insupportable*. This was a

severe trial, of which I am an example, and to which I have been obliged to submit. I silently returned to my original situation; but, instead of the delicacies with which I had been fed, I was obliged to content myself with fleshless bones, thrown to me by a female slave, belonging to the house; and even, of this scanty portion, they took away a part, to feed two great cats; who, besides being very nimble, were not tied up like myself, incapable of running farther than the length of my chain. Do not find fault with me, Scipio, and permit me to philosophize a little on this very serious subject.

SCIPIO.

Philosophize as much as you please, Bergance, but, take care, you do not fall into the same error with which you so lately reproached me; take care, that this desire to philosophize be not an ardent desire, to exercise an evil spirit. For, it is certain, that philosophers, whilst pretending to expose vice, incessantly, unfeelingly, and unmercifully slander.

BERGANCE.

I acknowledge, that all mankind, whether philosophers or not, have a great propensity to speak evil of others; such is the depraved disposition appertaining to human nature. But, I will strive hard to abstain; if, unfortunately, however

any expression should escape me in the course of my recitals, which shall *bite* the feelings of any one, as a punishment of myself, I will so severely *bite* my own tongue, that it shall serve as a perpetual remembrance of correction.

SCIPIO.

I admire your amusing resolution, Bergance, believe me; but, continue your recital.

BERGANCE.

Willingly, my dear Scipio; it is due to your unwearied attention; and I could wish, that even the most sensible part of mankind would take a useful lesson from your patient example. Much valuable precept is lost for want of sedate attention, and many important doctrines destroyed, by impatient interruptions. To continue:—As I was idle during the day, and all that I knew rushed into my mind, I recollected some Latin sentences, which I had heard pronounced when I accompanied the sons of my master to college. It occurred to me, while I ruminated on them, that they would somewhat console me for my disgrace; it struck me even, that I might derive advantage from them on appropriate occasions, full as much as if I had spoken them with perfect knowledge, and applied them technically, not *like many persons who mutter scraps of Latin*

every moment, in hopes of appearing learned, but who, notwithstanding, know not how to decline a noun.

SCIPIO.

Certainly, there are persons of this character; but I by no means find so much fault with them as with another class, who, in truth, understand the Latin tongue perfectly well, but who constantly profane it; that is to say, they abusively mix it in common discourse, even in ordinary communications, with laboring artisans; often too, with the servants of their own household. This last class is much more intolerant than the other; it would be just as proper to mix the barbarous language of Confucius, with the beautiful poetic sounds of Spanish, as to mix the language of the cannibal Africans with the Latin itself.

BERGANCE.

From what you say, then, it is to be concluded, that those who speak Latin, without understanding it, are not less ridiculous than those who understand Latin, and constantly use it before those who do not understand it.

SCIPIO.

They are equally ridiculous, no doubt, Bergance; but I must warn you of another thing, that there are persons very classically learned,

indisputably great scholars, but who are, nevertheless, and as indisputably, great asses.

BERGANCE.

You had only to apprise me of it; I am equally persuaded of the truth of the observation; it is not the Latin language which makes learned men; otherwise, you might insist, that all the ancient Romans were learned, because the Latin was their mother tongue; and we know very well, that there were abundance of asses, fools, and blockheads amongst them.

SCIPIO.

I feel now, Bergance, that we are scourging through a vast portion of the world. Let distant regions rest a little; day and night will successively visit them, without our interposition; and it would not be identifying the philosopher's stone, were we to waste the whole night in censuring faults and fooleries, the continued progress of which our discourse will not arrest; for asses will be asses, and fools will be fools still, in defiance of the Latin and Spanish languages, in spite of barbarism and cannibalism, and all their terrific atrocities. Begin, then, with your philosophy, for which you are so thirstily inclined.

BERGANCE.

Begin to philosophize! I have already done so.

SCIPIO.

In what?

BERGANCE.

In giving a hearty *gripe to pedants*, who, of all two-legged animals, are the most tiresome, disgusting and contemptible; baneful to society, and mischievous to themselves.

SCIPIO.

You, then, bring slander under the denomination of philosophy! Faith, give to evil speaking any fine name you please; if we continue in this strain we shall become real cynics. The denomination will exactly suit us: be silent then, Bergance, on this subject, I advise you, and go on with your history.

BERGANCE.

How can you expect me to proceed, and yet be silent?

SCIPIO.

I wish you to proceed without amusing yourself with useless digressions; keep the strait line! the strait line as long as you are honest!

BERGANCE.

I honor the strait line, and shall adopt your plan. The Moorish female slave, already mentioned, endeavoured to encrease the misery

of my life as much as possible, although I had already a sufficient load, by being chained behind the door. This hideous woman contrived to form an attachment to the Moorish servant, who, as well as herself, was also a slave in the house of this great merchant, my master. This black man slept in a small room between the street door and the door behind which I was chained; as they could not meet in the day time, they contrived it at night. The woman regularly descended the stairs every night; as she passed, she gave me a large piece of meat, to silence my barking, and went in search of her negro. This intercourse lasted a considerable time, during which I did not offer any interruptions, because it produced me advantage. But, finally, reflecting that I was fed with the provisions of a master whom I betrayed by my bribed silence, I felt that I ought to prefer his interest to my own, in arresting the further progress of this base corruption; and, in doing so, that I should only perform the ordinary duty of a good servant. My conscience smote me, and I could not help considering every boon that I received, beyond my master's allowance, to be nothing short of criminal contrivances to cover guilt.

SCIPIO.

This, indeed, my dear Bergance, may pass

for philosophy; and it really is so, unless corruption, bribery and robbery, are real virtues.

BERGANCE.

I am truly rejoiced at your admission. But, before we proceed to further philosophical discussion, I wish to learn from you, Scipio, if you can teach me, the exact signification of the term *philosophy*; for, to say the truth, though I often use it myself, I avow, that I do not know, what the term—*philosophy*—means; I only conjecture, that it means something *very great and very good*.

SCIPIO.

I will instruct you. Philosophy is a term composed of two *Greek* words, which joined together, signify, the *virtue of wisdom*.

BERGANCE.

You seem to know a great deal, more than I gave you credit for, Scipio! who taught you the meaning of these two *Greek* words?

SCIPIO.

Why! you are a downright simpleton, Bergance, to conclude that I am learned, because I know the meaning of two *Greek* words, known to every little school-boy, and taught in the lowest classes of every school: hence it is, there are so many ignorant persons, who

presume themselves to be good Grecians, because they know the etymology of a few *Greek* words in common use in the public schools.

BERGANCE.

I believe it, Scipio ; and I judge therefrom of the *sayings* of the Portuguese when they first trafficked to the coast of Guinea, although they knew no more of the Greek language than of the language of Japan ; they headlong threw into their dealings, at every instant, some barbarous Greek word, which so stupified and stultified the poor ignorant negroes, that they immediately submitted to any rules of traffick the Portuguese interestedly enjoined ; that is to say, under the darkness of this imposing jargon, and corporal infliction, they suffered themselves to be openly and ruinously cheated, and, subsequently, imprisoned and enslaved.

SCIPIO.

It is, at this very moment, Bergance, that conformity to your own pledge, you ought severely to *bite* your own tongue, and lay down your first memorandum for future recollection and adherence ! for, your slander is intolerable, and all your excuses inadmissible.

BERGANCE.

Nevertheless, I shall waive the *inconvenien*

ceremony. And, I call to my recollection, at his moment, the wise example of an ancient legislator. He had prohibited, upon pain of death, the entrance of any person into any assembly, armed with any kind of weapon. One day, he, thoughtlessly, entered the senate, forgetting that he had a sword on: it was pointed out to him, and, on the instant, he drew his sword, and run it through his own body, saying, I am the first to violate the law which I myself made, and it is but just, that I should submit to the penalty which I attached to it, and should, on the same righteous principle, have rigidly exacted from any other offender. This conduct was noble, my dear Scipio, undoubtedly, and worthy of past ages; but, this noble doctrine will not suit the present times. In this age, laws are solemnly made one day, and sportively broken the next. Men in power do not think it becoming, to regulate their conduct in conformity to established laws: the laws are idly fixed and obstinately stationary; say then our conduct is fluctuating momentarily varying and changing like the shades of the camelion, and therefore, we must; and they do make laws, justifiably, consonant to their conduct; and perhaps, it is necessary, that uncertain things should be so tolerated. Look to the result. To day, a sinner readily

abandons one vice; to-morrow, he voluntarily adopts another. It is one thing to eulogize discipline, another to conform to it: in a word, to use the common expression, from "*the saying*" "*to the doing, there is a long course to run, a great deal of ground to be covered.*" Let those bite their tongues who fancy it; for my part, sincerely philosophizing, I shall not be guilty of so unworthy a deed; I will not set the ignorant world so dastardly an example! I am resolutely determined, not to be such an idle conforming fool, as this ancient law giver's serious imitation of him, would be outrageous libel in me! besides, of what use could such a devoted praise-worthy action be to me? who, here, without witnesses, have, consequently, nobody to praise me!

SCIPIO.

On this reasoning, Bergance, were you a man, you would be a consummate hypocrite, since you, in fact, confess, that you would not perform any commendable action, without the prospect of being applauded for it.

BERGANCE.

I do not know, what I should do, then, if I were a man, as you suggest: but, I well know that, to day, I shall spare my tongue, for, I have

a great and laudable demand for it, having yet, solemnly to detail to you, many very interesting events of my life.

SCIPIO.

Well, my dear friend, let me hear them. You know, full well, the high value I set on benefiting by your experience.

BERGANCE.

To proceed. I will tell you, then, that growing weary of the shameful intercourse between the Moor man and Moorish woman, and the injuries menaced to my kind master, like a good and faithful servant, I resolved to break it. The Moorish woman descended every night, as I have already informed you, to join her sable companion; and she did so, without the least fear, presumptuously imagining, that what she had occasionally purloined, to bestow on me, would inevitably silence me, for the remainder of my whole life: in truth, to my reflecting shame, she had kept me silent for a very long time, for I was obliged to feel, that I had "*the ox upon my tongue.*"

SCIPIO.

What language do you speak to me, now? what do you mean by "*the ox upon your tongue?*"

BERGANCE.

My dear friend, I did not suspect, that you were so very ignorant: I only gingle a very old proverb in your ears, which, if you do not already, it is very necessary, you should well understand. The Athenians, whose scholastic maxims regulated all Europe, had *the figure of an ox* engraved on their coins; and, when a judge allowed himself to be corrupted by pecuniary presents, the common saying was, that he had "*the ox upon his tongue.*"

SCIPIO.

With what view do you introduce this proverb here?

BERGANCE.

With intent to shew you, that presents corrupt even the *best people*; and I am a living, avowed example. Whilst the black female slave gave me, in my famished condition, a larger quantity of food than ordinary, and, oftentimes, the very nicest pieces, I carefully avoided barking, and alarming the house, as became my watchful station and especial trust: so that I, corruptly, sacrificed my duty and my master's confidence, and countenanced her crime, by my forbearing connivance. Evidently, I had the "*ox upon my tongue.*"

SCIPIO.

The criminal power you assign to presents, is unquestionably correct, and poisonous; and, was I not apprehensive, of making too long a digression from your interesting and instructing history, I could confirm the serious and important truth, by a thousand instances of fiery mischiefs; but, I must reserve myself, if heaven continue to us the use of speech, until your invaluable narrative be finished, and I can opportunely relate my adventures: in the interim, I think the disclosure of the long list of facts, of corruption, venality, baseness, and consequent misfortunes and miseries, which have regularly come to my knowledge, will easily satisfy you, that they are only a very inferior part of a growing system of outrage and enormity, which, soon or late, will overturn the best founded states, and violently convulse the whole world, when every vestige of confidence between man and man will be obliterated, and brotherly attachment be reduced to a deceitful dream.

BERGANCE.

I hope you will be permitted to verify your intention: it will be a sacred debt due to me, when my narrative is concluded; and I shall, punctually, call upon you to do honour to your

pledge: in the mean time, attend to the regular termination of mine.

> One evening, when the Moorish slave came down stairs, as usual, I suddenly seized her, but did not bark, lest I should alarm the house. In my gripe, I not only tore her clothes, but I bit her so severely, that she was confined to her bed for eight days, and did not dare to speak of it, lest she should betray her own illicit nocturnal adventures. When recovered, she came another night, and I received her, in the same gracious and humane manner. As may be imagined, our battles were secretly and slyly fought, as both of us had crimes to hide, though I always came off conqueror. This, however just and true, in the end, made me the deadly sacrifice. This vindictive wrathful woman, whose department it was to feed me, suddenly deprived me of my ordinary pittance, and resolved to be revenged on me, by contriving, that I should die of famine. I was already become so thin and weak, that my evidently starved condition excited the pity of every body who came to the house; they wondered how any animal, under the roof of such a rich merchant, should be so pinched and neglected. But, this black tigress, by depriving me of all food, laid her account of killing me by inches,

the extent of her diabolical revenge, thus, embracing the additional cruelty of a lingering death; but, catching some chance bits and scraps, which the commiseration of visitors and passengers occasionally bestowed upon me, I was not so instantaneously put out of her way, as the pleasure of my implacable enemy had boldly calculated. She, therefore, formed other designs to expedite my death; and, for that purpose, when famished and sorely drooping for want, she threw before me, a sponge well fried in butter, concluding, that like one ravenously hungry, I should instantly seize and swallow it; but, I quickly perceived the snare laid for me, and, though so nearly exhausted with famine, I only cautiously sucked the sponge, carefully avoiding to swallow it. Thus embarrassed about my destiny, I was in the most distressing perplexity, for every thing is to be dreaded from offended revengeful woman. I was now fast approaching death. Suddenly, one day, by the greatest good fortune possible, I had the happiness to find myself unchained. Be assured, I did not foolishly hesitate, as to pause to consider the parol of honor, and neglect the proffered opportunity of escape, by formally taking leave. I speedily gained the street; sweet liberty invigorated me with competent strength, and I confidently availed myself of it; and happily, before I had proceeded many

hundred steps, I most unexpectedly found a new master. This was a serjeant, an intimate friend of my first master, Nicholas, the butcher. The serjeant readily recollected me, although reduced to skin and bone, and a perfect skeleton. He called me by my name: I joyfully ran to him, with my usual caresses, and followed him, with very great delight. Consider, Scipio, the chequered whimsicality of my life: I was in the service of a rich merchant, whose house furnished spare food in abundance, where I had served amongst other duties, during a term; as a diligent scholar, and was now so far fallen; as to be compelled suddenly to enlist, as a recruit in a marching regiment, like many a forlorn, desperate, wretched being, for the sake of food sufficient to preserve natural existence.

SCIPIO.

So wags the world, my dear Bergance! but you ought not to imagine, that it is a greater misfortune to serve one master than another: that ought to be a very immaterial consideration to all who are obliged to sustain a life of servitude. There are two sides to every question; and much to be considered on this occasion. I have no patience with the presumption of a certain class of people, who have never dared, or hoped, to aspire to a higher situation *a life than that of a stable boy, or serving*

man, and yet are full of grumblings and discontents, at the fancied hardship of their fate.

BERGANCE.

I understand you, Scipio; the whole world is but an irregular comedy, full of difficulties, uncertainties, ups and downs. Let us leave these discontented ungrateful hirelings to themselves, and proceed with my recital.

The serjeant, of whom I have spoken, was the intimate friend of an attorney, and this attorney and he associated with two pretty little women, full of cunning, art and intrigue; and of unparalleled effrontery. These two sporting women used these two happy male associates, as fish-hooks, to draw strangers and stragglers into their nets. Their manners, their dresses, and, particularly, their modes of adjusting them, clearly unmasked their characters. You saw them, daily, hunting strangers; and, whenever any one fell into their snares, they immediately sent to apprise, either the attorney, or the serjeant, who never failed to be, accidentally, forthcoming, for this regularly planned surprize, and to fleece the bird so ensnared into their cage, of its last feather.

Colinda—this was the name of the mistress of the serjeant, one day seduced a Breton into the

habitation of a woman, who kept a public house. My master had, by express, immediate intelligence of it, and accompanied by the attorney, two recruits, and myself, under pretence of, fortuitously, surprizing them, repaired to the house. The Breton was severely distressed; Colinda affected to be so; the serjeant, who pretended to be outrageously angry at the conduct in which he had detected them, told them, in stern language, that they must dress themselves, as quickly as possible, if they did not mean to be carried, without clothes, to prison. The Breton, confounded and perplexed, stood petrified: the attorney, pretending to commiserate his distress, persuasively interceded, and played his part so well, by successful solicitations to the outrageous and inflexible serjeant, that the serjeant, at length, allowed himself to be softened down, and yieldingly, consented to let the terrified Breton off, on the very reasonable condition of his *paying the trifle of one hundred reals*. The Breton, delighted at not being dragged to prison, and to get out of the scrape, on such easy terms, called for his breeches, which he had placed on a chair, at the foot of the bed, in the pocket of which was his money; the breeches were not to be found, and, simply, by this little accident. Half famished, when I entered the room, I smelt a most savoury odour, which quite regaled

me, and which, I soon found, proceeded from these breeches; it proved to be a delicious piece of ham, which the Breton had carefully stuffed into one of his pockets. As I could not draw the ham out, without being perceived, I quickly took breeches and all, and carried them into the street, where I instantly set at liberty as much of my prey as completely satisfied me, so that I contrived to make a most hearty meal. On my return to the room, I found the Breton, in his barbarous jargon, most loudly vociferating for the restoration of his breeches, in one of the pockets of which, he said, he had fifty golden crowns. The attorney imagined, that either Colinda, or the recruits, had taken the money, and the serjeant thought the same. They rigidly examined the parties separately, and insisted on knowing the truth. They all positively swore, *they knew nothing of the matter*; and, they might very safely do so, for, here, I knew them to be very correct. I returned, instantly, to the street, in search of the breeches, with which, my hunger relieved, I had nothing more to do, and had, therefore, left them. But somebody else had, for the breeches were unfortunately gone. The serjeant in despair, at finding the Breton's money all gone, and fearing, that he should not find a recompence for his trouble, now determined to *indemnify himself*, by extorting something from

the mistress of the house, and, with this intention, he summoned her to appear. She shortly did, but only half-dressed, and very angry, at beholding faces, which she would gladly have avoided at such an hour, and who were already beginning to dispose of every thing most valuable in her room. The serjeant, without preface, desired her to go and dress herself and follow them to prison, as she kept a disorderly house, and was in the habit of receiving improper company. The hostess, contemptuously, stared him in the face, and answered him, with a scoff, for daring to hold such defamatory language of her, and her house. Go, friend, said she, take yourself off, without further slander, if you do not mean, I should reveal a history, which it is much more your interest to keep perfectly concealed: I know you well; I know Colinda also; and I well know, that you have a perfect understanding, and a common interest together! Do not provoke me to further exposition, and immediately return, to this honest man, the money of which you have robbed him, in a most barefaced scandalous manner! As to myself, I would have you to know, that I am a woman of honour, and that however poor we may be, I have a husband, who has letters of nobility, with all its hereditary rights and privileges. Thank God! I gain my livelihood

in the best manner I can; but, I gain it, as a respectable woman; and I do not feel myself obliged to know, what passes in the apartments of my lodgers. My master and the attorney were very much astonished to find this hostess was so well acquainted with their characters and conduct. Yet aware, that it was from her only, they could now hope to draw any advantage, they endeavoured to frighten her, and pretended, that they should drag her to prison. It was shocking to hear the tremendous oaths of my master, in support of his threats! The hostess roared like a mad woman; the Breton continued to vociferate for his breeches; the attorney, in a storm of violent passion, upbraided Colinda, in the coarsest language, with having, in the customary manner of her scandalous way of living, picked the pockets of the Breton, and robbed him of fifty golden crowns, which, he clamorously insisted, were still in her possession. Colinda, passionately, retorted on the attorney, and, with a flood of tears, loudly maintained her innocence; the recruits swore, that, if the money was not produced, they would set fire to the house; and I, that I might not be the only silent, idle spectator, *barked with all my lungs and throat!* To be sure, there never was such a hell upon earth! In short, the uproar was so tremendous, that the magistrate of the division, then walking

by, insisted upon enquiring into the cause of it. The moment he entered, the hostess related every thing that had passed; she discovered to him, the system of conduct pursued by Colinda and the serjeant; and the constant schemes which they daily practiced, for decoying and robbing strangers: she protested, at the same time, her own perfect innocence, throughout this affair; and, loudly, extolling the high rank of her husband, ordered a servant maid, who had followed her into the room, to go and search for the letters of his nobility. You will, thence, judge, said she, whether a woman, of such high connexions, can be capable of rendering her dwelling-house discreditable! If I receive strangers to lodge in my house, it is, because, in these difficult times, when exaction and extortion are afloat, and a den of hungry avaricious tax-gatherers successively at the door, that I am compelled to do so, as the means of obtaining a livelihood, and keeping those odious and insolent marauders out of my house. Moreover, you well know, that all professions, however humble, are reputable, while honestly conducted, and especially, when sanctioned as honourable, by the state being *the chief and most interested copartner*. The commissary, tired with the distracting vociferation of this heavy-tongued woman, and, particularly, with *the reiterated gentility* of her husband, said to

her, I am willing to believe, that your husband is a gentleman, but you must also allow, that he is but a gentleman inn-keeper. I readily acknowledge it, hastily returned she, but, added fiercely, what, sir, do you mean to infer from thence? However they may pride themselves, and wish and contrive it to be thought otherwise, there is not a branch of nobility in the world, where you will not find some drawback of this kind, or, perhaps, venial and innocent connexions of far worse complexion: and particularly, as to the honourable and virtuous means by which they originally obtained their honours, titles and estates. I do not know, whether this magistrate, who piqued himself in his own personal nobility, was equally ready, and in unsuspected condition to exhibit his own proofs: be that as it may, the hostess's remark threw him into very ill humour. This point has been sufficiently discussed, said he to her, with a severe and angry air: I order you, instantly, to go and dress yourself, as you shall now go and discourse between four curious walls. The hostess now redoubled her cries and tears; and, in despair, threw herself at the feet of this irritated, austere, and determined magistrate; but, full of unbecoming anger, and a man of extraordinary severity, he shewed her no quarter. Colinda, the Breton, and the

hostess, were conducted to prison without commiseration. Some time afterwards, I heard, that the Breton never recovered his fifty crowns, that it cost him ten more, in fees, to get out of prison, and that the hostess was charged the same sum: but, as to the alluring Colinda, she had a number of friends in court, and her release did not, therefore, cost her a single sol. She even entrapped, in the very hour of her liberation, a thoughtless sailor, with more money than management, who amply recompensed her for the trouble and disappointment experienced from the Breton. You will allow me, my friend Scipio, said Bergance, now to speak in defence of myself, so far as to place in your recollection; that the refinement of my nose, the delicacy of my palate, and my ravenous appetite, though all very natural, perhaps, in my starving condition, imperatively commanding, in this case created a multitude of very unintentional evils, without, in righteous interpretation, subjecting me to the charge of criminality. Nearly famished, I instinctively, resorted to the nutritious means, so unexpectedly presented, to satisfy craving hunger, as I should have resorted to a public river to alleviate parching thirst: thus, the appropriate use of the Breton's piece of pocketed ham, surely, could not be a crime, punishable, *for the accidental creation of so many evils.*

SCIPIO.

Crime! no, Bergance; you intended no crime! Providentially, to preserve life, the trusted treasure of God, can never be a crime in the sight of God and nature, however, "*savage man, clothed in summary violence,*" may, most unfeelingly, and unnaturally, wilfully ordain otherwise. Seizing and appropriating the ham, under the acute influence of pinching want, to the relief of nature, was unquestionably natural! nature spoke within you, Bergance: nature imperatively dictated, and you, Bergance, imperatively obeyed the impulse of nature! Your prompt submission to all craving appetite, had no new merit, either in new discovery or new intention: there was nothing in it of originality; it derived its undeniable authority from the unquestioned custom and uniform practice of the old world; custom, as ancient as the creation and time itself: nothing of new conception and artificial fabrication; it was the venerated, happy straight line of old Time himself, as undeniable, as if he had presented his fatal scythe without the all-destructive blade. The Almighty Father of the Universe, on whose sacred fiat rest all things, never commanded life, for the support and protection of which, he did not coterminously, unboundedly provide. This is the celestial covenant of

enduring terrestrial purgatory; and nature, under high heaven's august and eternal decree, thus sanctions every living creature, in claiming maintenance, competent to the support, propagation and preservation of its species, to which it is not less entitled, than the most powerful tyrant man, surreptitiously possessing extensive territory, and, arbitrarily exercising lordly dominion. Mankind are equals by nature, and, all alike entitled freely to partake of the bountiful distributions of all prolific Providence! I repeat, Bergance! I hold you unreservedly absolved from all imputation of crime, for having, in your hunger, devoured the Breton's ham. There was merit in preserving the first work of the creation. Rather impute all the consequent evils, manifold as they were, which your natural meal of the ham produced, to the consummate knavery of your base predatory master, whose ordinary profligacy dragged the ham under the very inviting temptation of your irresistible famishing hunger.

BERGANCE.

Since you give to my master's conduct, the full and meritorious credit of *knavery*, I must relate many similar tricks of this serjeant.— I am loth to speak disrespectfully of *serjeants* and *attornies*; they are flinty, merciless *opponents*; corrupt and imposing, insolent and

vindictive, avaricious, extortionate, and unforbearing; insomuch, that if any one of these classes seizes the flap of your coat, the most prudent and safe defence against their professed friendly meaning, is either to cut off the flap, and leave that piece of *insolvency* in their hands, or throw off the whole coat, in the first instance of assault, and, thereby, surrender the last pennyless hope of gratifying their inordinate expectations. But, the character of an honest historian demands, that I should be unreserved in the universal cause of truth and justice.

SCIPIO.

You may safely be so, Bergance! In delineating the crimes of one serjeant, and of one attorney, you do not attach vice to whole tribes and professions, and there must be exceptions to every general rule.

BERGANCE.

In the conduct of serjeants and attorneys, generally speaking, I fear, there cannot be a great many exceptions. But, to confine myself to my master; he was a serjeant of a very singular character, and prided himself on his unparalleled *bravery*.

SCIPIO.

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loiteringly through the streets of the town, for the purpose of exhibiting himself; and, I, *formally* and *heroically* walked by his side. But, when the night set in, and darkness favoured his hidden designs, he cringingly sneaked and skulked through little narrow by-streets and allies, to a house, in the remote skirts of the town, and joined the company of (to my utter astonishment) the six robbers against whom he had made such a pompous parade of desperately fighting. We found them all undisguised, and without any weapons, carousing and making merry; and a great fat man, the host of the house, holding a large bottle in one hand, and a glass in the other, in an attitude, ale-house like, exciting them to drink copiously and freely. They no sooner perceived my master, than they, as if by inspiration, one and all, jumped up, and ran and scrambled, sedulous who should be the first to receive him with transports and expressions of joy, of which my tongue is not competent to convey a full description. They immediately drank six or seven rounds of bumpered glasses to his health, which my master accepted very familiarly and joyfully. Were I to recount all the different conversations held during their supper, which was truly magnificent, the good fortune and successes of which they boasted, the cunning and tricks for which they extolled

themselves: if I tried to furnish you with a list of their companions, every one of whom they mentioned by name, and to recite all the histories they furnished, of the infinite number of good people whom they had either robbed or duped, I should entangle myself in a labyrinth, from which I could never hope to be extricated. I soon ascertained, that the master of this house, whom they familiarly called by the name of *Monopodie*, was a regular associate, and kept his house for the reception of thieves, and that the desperate battle between this alguazil and his six stout companions, here festively assembled, was nothing more than a pre-concerted deception to impose on the public. In fine, this brave Rhodomont paid for all the broken swords of which his six opposing friends had been pugnatically disarmed, and all the expences, not trifling, of this their luxurious, costly entertainment, which had been regularly ordered. Their feast lasted till day-break. When my master retired from these, his sworn friends, they smothered him with embraces, and, to recompense him for this very handsome treat, they told him, that they had a wealthy capture to make in a particular place, which they accurately described to him. This was another chief robber, lately arrived from Flanders: they had discovered him, and schemed his destruction from envy, because, he had the

character of being more valiant than they; or, to speak plainly, he was a more determined and less scrupulous thief. My alguizil seized him the following night, unarmed, in his bed; and he was wise in thus regulating his movements by the old proverb, "*The early bird catcheth the worm;*" for, had this robber been prepared, and armed when attacked, I saw, by his morose and savage countenance, that he would not have quietly submitted to be taken. This new action certainly augmented my master's reputation for courage; though, to repeat the truth, he was a downright poltroon, and sustained his false renown, not by heroic bravery in battle, but by dint of feasting and entertaining this amicable and friendly trained band of pretended enemies, his associate followers, in which he exhausted all the gains and perquisites of his office as alguazil, or the illicit traffic, which I have already so fully detailed. I am afraid I weary you, Scipio; but, have patience, I have yet to relate to you another extraordinary event, which happened to him, from which you may be induced to conclude, that it is not very difficult, as another proverb insists,—"*to shave an egg.*"

Two thieves having stolen a very fine horse, at Antiquerra, led him to Seville, and, desirous of selling him, without being exposed to dan-

ger, to accomplish that end, they devised a very curious stratagem. They lodged themselves in two different hotels, and, on the same day, one of these thieves presented a memorial to the magistrate, in which he alleged, that Peter Lohada owed him four hundred reals, which he had lent to him, as appeared by a note of hand, signed by himself, which he exhibited. The judge directed it to be ascertained, whether the note of hand was valid; and, if it was, that the debtor, the thief, who had with him the stolen horse, should either discharge the debt by his goods, or in personal sacrifice. My master, and the attorney, his friend and copartner in the breeches adventure, as before stated, were employed in the speculative management of this arduous process, and they undoubtedly evinced ready and great diligence. They were conducted to the house of the pretended debtor, Lohada, who being officially interrogated, readily acknowledged, that he owed the sum written in the promissory note, the signature of which was in his hand-writing; and, as he also openly avowed, that he was not then able to pay the amount in money, the conspiring parties verified the old proverb, "*that a corrupt judge passes a quick sentence,*" and, without further ceremony, they seized the horse. Some days after, regular official process finished, the horse was exposed to public sale,

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and the unworthy soul of my master, has taken a great fancy to this fine animal, at the moment he first saw him, and who, by contrived artifices, was the only bidder at sale, became the purchaser for the sum of hundred reals, although the horse was undoubtedly worth three hundred crowns at the least. The thieves, like stationary furtive mice, with pilfering eyes aghast! said not one word, either the one or the other, because, it was of utmost consequence to their safety, that the horse should be quickly sold, no matter what the sum to be obtained. Thus, one of the two thieves received a sum of money to which he had no right, and the other, a formal acceptance, about which he was totally indifferent. My base master, the alguizil, on these terms, obtained the horse, which proved fatal to him as the famous horse *Sejanus Equus* had been to all his masters.

SCIPIO.

What is this horse *Sejanus Equus*, of which you speak?

BERGANCE.

In a few words, I will give you the history of this horse, *Sejanus*, of which you appear to be ignorant. *Sejanus* was a horse which belonged to a Roman general, named *Seius*. Historians assert, that *Sejanus* was of the race of horses

led by Hercules to Argos, after he had killed Diomedes, king of Thrace. By a certain fatality, *only to be attributed to this horse*, every one of his owners lost all his property, and every member of his family, and himself, ultimately, came to an untimely death. Seius himself, the first reputed owner, was condemned to public execution. The consul Dollabella, who purchased this horse, at the enormous price of two thousand three hundred and thirty crowns, being besieged at Laodicea, destroyed himself: Cassius, who besieged the city, and, after him, Anthony, both in turn possessed this horse, and both destroyed themselves. To return to my narrative; the plotting thieves, terrified at this foul transaction of the horse, as you may suppose, he was no sooner sold, than they speedily decamped from Seville. At the end of three short days, my master, proudly riding on this horse, which he had completely newly caparisoned, stopped in the square of St. Francis, made him perform a variety of fanciful curvettings and spirited prancings, in the presence of a great concourse of people assembled around him. In the midst of the applauses which the multitude showered upon him, and the deceitful gratification of his own self vanity, at the very moment that, with one voice, the multitude declared the horse to be as much worth one hundred and fifty ducats, as an egg

was worth a maravedi, two gentlemen suddenly came within the lines, one of whom instantly exclaimed, Faith! here is Ironfoot, my horse! Four servants, who accompanied him, said the same thing, uttering reiterated shouts of joy. Our insolent horseman was very much disconcerted and mortified; he wished to expostulate, but their louder expostulations overpowered him: in a word, the gentleman so clearly proved his right to the horse, that he obtained a decision in the unanimous voice of the multitude, and his horse, Ironfoot, was, with all proper order and ceremony, delivered up to him, by the delighted populace. The imposture was now discovered, and the whole city rejoiced, at the humiliating mortification of the overbearing, vulgar, marauding alguazil. His disgrace did not end here. The assessor, to whom he had so triumphantly carried the blades of the broken swords, being that evening on his tour of duty with the watch, had received intelligence, of some thieves who had assembled in the suburbs of the town; passing a cross road, he observed a man hastily running away; they ran after him; this was no less a personage than my formidable master. The assessor, who saw me, and knew me, seized me by my courtier's badge, my collar, and ordered me to run and catch the thief. Disgusted and provoked, by the wicked and infamous conduct of

this master, which exceeded all the blackest vices and treachery put together, that I had ever witnessed in all other services, I did not stand in need of a repetition of the order. I leaped upon him with such unsparing fury, that I threw him to the ground; and, if they had not forcibly taken me off, I should have torn him to pieces without mercy, so base, so black, so perfidious was his conduct and character. Wretched,*indeed, must man be, when *dogs feel outraged by their vices, and instinctively inflict punishment!* I joyfully seized this infamous limb of judicial authority, with the determined gripe dictated by a heart full of just resentment. This was the righteous dictate of nature herself, and the sincere spirit of true philosophy. The recruits forced me to let go my hold, and would have killed me with their clubs, had not the assessor interposed his official forbiddance, declaring, that nobody should dare to touch me, as I had obeyed his orders, like a faithful attendant of sacred magistracy. I cannot tell how this proceeding terminated, as, fearful of some untoward official interference, but too commonly visiting the virtuous honourable man who performs his duty in doubtful times, I made my escape through a cavity in the wall of the city, that very night; and, before day-light appeared, reached Marizez, distant about five leagues from Seville.

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My good stars readily again assisted me; I fell in with a company of soldiers, amongst whom were four of the robbers, the fighting friends of the poltroon serjeant, my late infamous master one of these four was a drummer; they all knew me, and treated me very kindly; but the drummer paid me the most attention; he was one of my cotemporary recruits, and therefore, knew me better than the others which induced him to caress me more than the rest. For this reason, I particularly attached myself to him; and, not knowing where to put my head, I determined to follow him, careless whether he went to Italy or to Flanders. For after all, notwithstanding the maxim the poet lays down, "*Who goes a fool to Rome returns a fool,*" I was well convinced there was nothing more advantageous than travelling. Travelling enlightens the understanding, and polishes manners; instils knowledge imperceptibly almost with our daily food; creates confidence, and teaches a thousand little useful customs and habits, of which we should be ignorant throughout life, if confined to a seat however easy, at the fire-side; or, in other words, "*making ourselves prisoners in our own country.*"

SCIPIO.

What you observe is perfectly true, and reminds me of what I have heard said, by—

master I once served, who was a man of strong mind and enlarged understanding: that the appellation of **THE SAGE** was given to the celebrated **Ulysses**, because he had travelled over a great part of the world, and carefully studied men, manners, and things, under different governments, in different climates, thereby qualifying himself to become an illustrious model, for the imitation of all mankind. I, therefore, cordially applaud your resolution to follow this drummer, even should he have led you to the end of the world.

BERGANCE.

This drummer was a skilful juggler, and, as he knew the extent of my capacity, fancied he could derive great profit from the exhibition of my talents, by running the *rig* of cheatery and imposition amongst those with whom he might have to deal. With this view, he taught me to dance, and to exhibit a thousand new monkey tricks, such as no other mind could ever have invented. The company moved by very short stages; we were under a commissary, who, not very rigid in his discipline, did not harass us by fatiguing marches. The officers were all inexperienced young men; the serjeants jolly, merry fellows; and, as the company was full of low coarse vagabonds, they committed innumerable insolent trespasses, in every village through which we marched. Here, I learnt.

from melancholy evidence, that war is a most dreadful scourge; and I seriously deplored the misfortune of those good princes, who are obliged to maintain troops at all times, for the defence of their territories against the uncertain invasion of neighbouring and ambitious powers, as generally speaking, and, indeed, it is but too often true, that such troops are infinitely more formidable to their fellow subjects, and to their own country, than to their enemies. To resume my regular subject.—

In the course of a fortnight, I had learnt a multitude of ingenious leaps and sprightly movements, which surprized and delighted, because performed skilfully and opportunely. I darted through the air with so much velocity, that they might have fairly taken me for a Neapolitan courser; I ambled and curvetted, like a Spanish genet, fit to carry a pope, or, most certainly, a cardinal. I performed, in short, all the new inventions the drummer had taught me, with so much light and airy agility, as to excite universal admiration. My master, this magical drummer, who gave me the just and appropriate name of the *learned dog*, no sooner arrived at the place of our bivouac destination, for the evening, than he paraded through the streets, beating his drum, to notify to the public, that, at a certain hour, in such a

house, and at such a price, (wisely regulating, by the wealth or poverty of the place); they might see a performance of all my various accomplishments, of which he displayed a long tremendous catalogue, apparently calculated to last a week instead of one evening. The inhabitants ran to us in crowds, and every one returned satisfied and wonder-struck. My master completely triumphed, and amassed such a mine of wealth, as enabled him to support *himself, six of his comrades, and me*, in the handsome style of princes. Remember, I was before a *collared courtier* : here came appanage.

As it is very easy to extend and improve our own inventions, my master, seeing how well I imitated the Neapolitan coursers, had a little saddle and a little bridle made for me ; he also had made a little figure of a man, bearing a lance in his hand, and, under universal acclamation, he mounted this little knight on my back, as if I had really been a little living horse ; and, having taught me to run direct at a ring placed between two cudgels, in a very short time, I became qualified to run the ring in a very pretty, entertaining, and praise-worthy manner. I was perfect in this new and fashionable accomplishment, when we arrived at Montilla, a town belonging to the celebrated *marquis de Priego*, chief of the house of Aguilar.

They quartered my master in the hospital, at his particular request. Having made his usual advertisement, as they had already heard of my great fame in this village, the whole yard and appendages of the hospital were filled with impatient spectators in less than an hour, all willing to swear, from appearances, that they were going to witness the most minute verification of all the magnified wonders they had heard. My master, like all public expectant managers, whether of a theatre, a fandango, a church, or a senate, was never happier, or in better spirits in his life; and, to say the truth, owing to the great benefits which my skill and accomplishments produced, he had very excellent and valuable reason to be so; the profits of this one evening alone, were so very considerable, that he began to fancy my feet contained nothing but Mexicos and Potosis; and that wherever I set foot on the ground, I deposited gold, silver, and diamonds, as plentifully as the fugitive ostrich scatters stones and sand.

The overture of the entertainment was generally opened by a few active exertions of agility, which he required me to perform within the boundary of a circle. Like all tactical commandants, he held a signal wand in his hand, *the wielding* of which was to regulate my

movements; when he lowered his wand, I leapt, and and capered, as instructed, according to my and previously agreed on; when he held it erect, I did not stir; I was still as an iron statue. Thout first directions he gave me this day, a memorafore ble day for me, if ever I had a memorable day, now were to this effect: Come, my friend, Gavellancal jump! for this old gentleman, whom you well know, is the whole day blackening his whiskers, to make him appear youthful; or, if you prefer, jump! for this newly married marchioness, who can now think or speak of nothing but her high rank, because she has been a chamber-maid all her life, until this exalted lift by marriage. I remained immovable and petrified as a stone. I see, said my master, these persons are not to your taste. Jump, then, for the bachelor, Passillas, who assures us, that he has the honor to be inducted a licentiate without ever having taken any one of the usual degrees of qualification! I kept still more reservedly and demurely fixed. How is it, said my master, whence comes it that you will not jump at all? Oh! I understand you, jump then for the wine of Esquivias, as famous as that of St. Martin and Rividavia! he then lowered the wand, and I, obedient, soldier-like, as that was the moving signal, and not the preparatory flam, regularly jumped. Very well, said he, addressing himself to the assembly; do the very sensible performances of this dog suit

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MEMBERS OF THE KLU KLUX KLAN IN THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI
DURING THE PERIOD FROM 1955 TO 1964. THE RESULTS OF THE
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ARE SET FORTH IN THE FOLLOWING REPORT.

of admission, and present failure laid the sure foundation of future success, on an augmented scale of profit in proportion to disappointed and increased curiosity. We postponed further performance till the next day, fixing the meeting at another hospital, promising to be free from similar interruptions. The spectators went away, very angry, indeed, with the old woman; but they saw no remedy for the disappointment which she had occasioned, except at the next appointed meeting. We preserved our accommodations, notwithstanding, very comfortably, in the hospital this night; and the old woman, who was not really angry, as you will finally see, meeting me alone in the street, said to me, smiling, Is it you, Montiel, my son? Is it you, Montiel, that by chance I meet? I raised my head, on hearing this address, and stedfastly gazed at her, which she no sooner observed, than she came to me, with tears in her eyes, fell upon my neck, and embraced me most affectionately. The meaning of all this I could not comprehend.

> What I now have to say to you, my dear Scipio, I ought to have related at first, as it will be manifest to you, that you ought not to be so much surprized as you otherwise might have been, at our having the use of speech and reason; and the following conversation with

this old woman, will afford you ample reasons for this opinion.

Listen, Montiel, my child, said the old woman to me; follow me, until I reach my chamber, that you may know the way hereafter; and contrive to see me, this night, quite alone; I will leave the door open for you, as I am anxious to reveal to you a number of extraordinary things, with which it is greatly your interest to be fully acquainted. I lowered my head, in token of obedience, which confirmed her in the opinion, that I was this very Montiel, whom she had so long anxiously sought, as she subsequently informed me. I waited, very impatiently, for the evening, burning with curiosity, to know what important matters she had to disclose; and, as I began to surmise, notwithstanding her professions to the contrary, that she was a sorceress, I certainly expected from her disclosure to make wonderful discoveries. The night at length arrived, and I found myself alone with her in her chamber, which was very narrow, very low, and lighted only by a small dim fading lamp. The old woman trimmed her lamp as soon as I appeared, and seated herself upon a little trunk. Then drawing me towards her, she embraced and caressed me, without uttering a single word. I have long prayed heaven to grant me this

favour, said she, that, before eternal sleep should close my eyes, I might see you once again, my son; and, now that I have had that happiness, death may come when he pleases; I shall not regret the loss of life. You ought to know, my son,—you ought to know, that in this town, there lived, not long ago, the most famous sorceress in the world; the inhabitants called her, Camache of Montielle, remarkable for “*having an oar in every one’s boat.*” She was so perfectly accomplished in her art, that the Circes and Medeas, of whom history vaunts so tremendously, were very inferior to her. La Camache froze the clouds at her pleasure; darkened the sun at will; and, when the whim seized her, she rendered the firmament of heaven serene, however previously obscured and covered with the darkest and thickest clouds. She transported men, in an instant, to the remotest parts of the world; she had a thousand remedies for broken-hearted damsels and forlorn widows; she could shew them any persons they desired to behold, whether dead or alive, in a basin full of spring water, or a clear looking-glass. These were trifling operations in comparison with the extensive refinement to which she carried her art of witchcraft. She had the fame of converting men into beasts, and of being constantly attended, for six years, by a sexton, whom she had transformed into an

ass. I allow these are incredible things, and difficult of comprehension; and it is, on this account, many people think, that the powers exercised by ancient magicians, of making similar metamorphoses, ought not to be strictly interpreted, and literally taken. They contend, that these famous magicians were very handsome, but very free; that they possessed the power of divesting men of their understanding, of converting them into brutes, and rendering them voluptuary slaves. All these may be very fine and amusing suggestions, I agree, said Montielle; but, you are a living instance of the truth of such powers being vested in us, and exercised, as it is indubitable, that you are a man, although now under the form of a dog.

All the doubts which can be thrown on the general doctrine are, that these transformations are not visible. Be that as it may, as all these metamorphoses can only be the effect of the most subtle magic, I must confess, to my very great mortification, that it is an art of which your mother and myself were wholly ignorant; although educated by the celebrated Camache, not from want of capacity in us, in which we were not deficient, but because, she never could tolerate the idea, that her subtle spirit should be equalled, and determined to retain over us her wonted superiority with all its manifesta-

advantages. Your mother, my son, called herself *La Montielle*, and she was the most famous sorceress next to *La Camache*. I dare contend, that with respect to the courage, which she displayed, in raising a legion of spirits, and shutting herself up amongst them, within a circle, she far surpassed her instructress, and bore away the palm of intrepidity. As to myself, I am called *La Cagnicarez*. I never soared so high as she; I contented myself with exercising the skill of my art, within the confines of the small jurisdiction of the region of air.

The only branch of our art, in which I could be said to excel, either your mother or *La Camache*, was in the preparation of the various magical unctions, with which we fortify and enthusiastically anoint ourselves: but, this is a small trifling knowledge, easily acquired. I will state, then, my child, to arrive step by step, at the knowledge which it is your interest to obtain: I will tell you, that, as I have felt for a considerable time past, my life is fast ebbing to a termination, I have entirely abandoned the magic art; but, I could not give up the practice of sorcery, which possesses the most delightful charms and enchanting powers. Your mother acted in the same manner: she abandoned many evil practices;

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be addressed. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

2. Next, it is important to gather relevant information and resources. This can include researching existing solutions, consulting with experts, and collecting data.

3. Once the information is gathered, the next step is to analyze it. This involves identifying the key factors and determining the most effective approach to solve the problem.

4. After analysis, a plan should be developed. This plan should outline the steps to be taken, the resources needed, and the timeline for completion.

5. The final step is to implement the plan. This involves executing the steps outlined in the plan and monitoring progress to ensure that the problem is solved effectively.

[illegible]

destiny, thus under her absolute disposal; for, who could possibly suppose, that we ought to feel any interest about two little dogs? La Camache, at length, died; but, previous to her death, she sent for your mother, and candidly confessed to her, that she had transformed her two children into two dogs, to satiate her revenge for some mortal pique she entertained against her. I do not make you this avowal, continued La Camache, with a view to increase your grief; but, my dear Montielle, to inform you, that this disappointment will not last for ever. Your two sons will re-assume their natural form; but, it will not be, "until by *" a powerful and mighty hand, the exalted shall be humbled, and the humble shall be exalted!"*" Your mother wrote down this prophecy, and I deeply engraved it on my memory, for the purpose of communicating it to you, upon a suitable opportunity, if ever that should present itself. There was my difficulty; but, this day has satisfied me, that a time will come for fulfilling all things, and that people, however afflicted and miserable, have only to wait with patience the result of time. The only resource left me, of relieving my mind, was to call every dog, that I should chance to see, by the name of your mother. This expedient succeeded; and when I called you, by this revered name, and you held up your head to gaze at me, I was

tain, that you really were one of the unfortunate children of La Montielle. It affords me extreme pleasure, my dear child, to instruct you the history of your birth; and, more pecially, as I can apprize you, at the same ne, of your prospect of resuming your natural m. I wish this was as easy for you, as it was r the *golden ass* of *Apuleius*, who had only to t roses for his restoration. But; if you amine the prophecy, you will previously have eat difficulties to surmount, because, your storation depends on the powerful and mighty nd of another, and not on any ~~merits or~~ ligence of your own. All you can do in this discouraging dilemma, is, frequently to recom-nd yourself to God, and to pray for the eedy fulfilment of this prediction. Yes, yes, will be, I am perfectly confident; and what one diminishes my great joy is, that I am proaching too quickly to my end, to foster y hopes of witnessing it. I have often tried ascertain, by applications to our head of the ack art, at what exact time, I ought to become e prey of death; perhaps, I shall not die so on as I fancy; and a little reflection satisfies e, that, whether sooner or later, it is of very tle consequence, either to myself or to the rld. His answers have always been ambi-ous; in no one instance decisive; and if he, by istake, or chance, tells us the truth, he always

filthily clothes it with a thousand hypothetical subterfuges, evasions, and lies. To tell you, what I really believe, the demon, all skilful, and wise, as he is represented to be, knows nothing of the future beyond blind conjecture, while, at the same time, he so completely and deceitfully enchants his devotees, by his subtleties, and delusive colourings, that they know not, how to shake him off. With such treacherous wiles does he envelope them, that he leaves his devotees destitute of peaceful respiration! Occasionally, we travel an immense distance to meet him; we assemble around him, in immense numbers, in the open plains, and there he compels us to perform such horrible deeds, that shame will not allow me to relate them. Many persons maintain, that it is only in our dreams, we find ourselves at these impious nocturnal assemblies, generally denominated "*The Dom Daniel's cavern.*" Others insist, that we really do, personally, attend them: I believe, that both these notions are correct, as the demon, certainly, violently seizes and transports our persons thither occasionally, and at other times, contents himself with impiously directing our imaginations, which he furnishes with numerous different wicked fancies; and influences us to believe them pure realities. The inquisitors, who have many opportunities of forming a

correct judgment, by sorcerers and sorceresses falling frequently under their power, and compelled to confession, are almost unanimously of this opinion; but, so surrounded with difficulties, is this question, that I have never yet been able, clearly and satisfactorily, to decide it for myself. Be the real truth as it may, I confess, that we commit the most frightful crimes, persuaded as I am, that we *offend God quite as much by wicked thoughts as by wicked actions.*

I abominate and detest the unhappy course of life in which I am involved: my present thoughts and feelings are worse than a purgatory; I dare not look into myself, so great is my horror; and I would, most willingly, if possible, run from it. Torment cannot be severer than mine: from a spirit of contrition, I have sought refuge in this hospital, where I am usefully employed, in assisting the poor, and humanely attending the sick; but, hitherto, my efforts of repentance have been of little avail. It is most certain, that I pray to God, but I pray only *in public*, and for the express purpose of being *conspicuously seen*; I never dare to address my Maker, *in private*, from any impulse of my own heart. Thus, it is much better, that I should play the consistent hypocrite, than be a declared sinner. My

hypocrisy implicates no one; it is confined to myself. Now, to resume the account of your mother: three days before she died, we were together, in a valley of the Pyrenean mountains; with uplifted hands she declared, that she never could forgive La Camache; and she died, with this feeling undiminished, notwithstanding all my repeated representations of the virtue of forgiveness.

You may easily conceive, my dear Scipio, that I was terribly shocked and frightened, at hearing all these extraordinary details. The incomprehensible things uttered by this wretched woman, when speaking of this Montielle, whom she wished to persuade me was my mother: the showers of words uttered by her disgusting mouth, were so many bloody daggers, with which she pierced my heart. I could hardly refrain from tearing her in pieces; and, if I was criminal for not actually destroying her, she was indebted to my conviction, that she really felt great affection for me; and reflection led me to hope, that God would, in time, grant her the blessing of sincere repentance. That moment was not, however, the one which God must prefer to operate this extraordinary miracle; for, she told me, she was resolved to go, that very night to the midnight meeting, to learn from her master, what was to

be my future destiny; and that she would immediately anoint herself for that purpose. If I had then, had the privilege of speaking, you may be well assured, I should have inquired, what were the ointments of which she made use, as I felt a most anxious wish to know. She appeared to have some presentiment, that such was my wish; deriving it, perhaps, from the eager intelligence of my eyes. These ointments, said she, are composed of the expressed essence of various plants of a poisonous nature, and not of the blood of suffocated children, as the vulgar, idly and wickedly suppose. Perhaps, you wish to know, what pleasure, or what profit, the demon could possibly derive, from obliging us to inflict death on these little innocents, who, having been baptized, and not having had the opportunity, either to do good, or to commit evil, would, assuredly, go direct to heaven; and most undoubtedly, it is a grievous and heavy punishment to him, to feel the certainty of a soul being received into Paradise. I can give you no satisfactory explanation, unless it be, that he cordially rejoices from these two motives: the one, that by destroying them, he plants deep affliction in the hearts of their parents, and thereby, leads them to murmur at the decrees of God; the other, that by it, he accustoms us to cruelty and barbarity. I must, moreover, tell you, Montiel, that God permits

us to commit these inhuman murders, to punish the sins of men; for, without His permission, the demon has not the power to crush a worm, or destroy an ant. This is so very true, that on my intreating him one day to destroy the vines of one of my detested enemies, he plainly told me, he could not injure one single leaf of them, as God would not permit him. By all this, you will know, against you resume your natural form of man, that all the evils which visit mankind, sudden deaths, shipwrecks, contagious disorders, the destruction of empires, and all the other innumerable misfortunes under which human nature suffers, cannot occur, without the express and immediate permission of the almighty and all powerful God. The only thing which originates with man, is sin, which God, so far from being the author, most sovereignly condemns. You will be surprized, continued the old woman, that, most willingly and unreservedly, approving and subscribing to these doctrines, I cannot repent: I own, that this ought to fill you with surprize; and, what will greatly increase it is, that I am still further unreservedly convinced, that the all merciful God is infinitely quicker in pardoning sins, than by suggesting or authorizing their commission. But know, my dear Montiel, that it is very difficult indeed, to *stop our progress*, when we are deeply engaged

in constant habits of vice, especially when the princes who have enslaved us, consult in the promotion and enhance the gratification of sensuality. The mind loses all jurisdiction over the body, from the moment those pernicious habits are formed; the body drags the mind into its irregular courses, and finally, subjects it to destruction; for this reason, voluptuousness is of all sins the most direful and deadly; and it is, on this account, that the demon chooses, and particularly patronizes this vice, as most fraught with dangers and snares, with which he feeds us, and by which he secures such crowds of proselytes, who once ensnared, he too vigilantly watches, to prevent the possibility of escape.

After this, and a great deal of other conversation on like subjects, which I shall pass over in silence; La Cagnicarez arose, took her lamp, and passed into another chamber, still smaller than that in which we were. I followed her, struggling under a thousand different reflections, wholly engrossed with the extraordinary events which she had related, and still more so with those I hoped to see. She hung her lamp against the wall, threw off her head-dress, and stripping herself to her under garments, took a glass jug, which stood in a corner of the room, into which she put her hand, and

anointed herself, from head to foot, muttering, between her teeth, some cabalistic expressions which I could not understand, but which, from her manner, appeared most execrable. Whilst ceremoniously anointing herself with her deleterious unctions, she said, so long as my body shall remain in this room, without animation, so long as my spirit shall be absent, be confident that you will have nothing to apprehend; but, you must patiently await its return until the morning, because, I shall then bring you full intelligence of whatever is to happen to you, until the time of your re-transformation into your original form of man. I promised to conform to her directions, and lowered my head, in token of obedience. Having finished her unctuous anointing, she extended her body upon the ground, soon became motionless, and to all appearance, lifeless.

I acknowledge to you, Scipio, that my courage was here put to a severe test. I was horror-struck at being shut up, in this miserable room, with this disgusting monster! It was appalling in the extreme. This woman, so extended on the floor, was more than seven feet in length; her body was a perfect skeleton, covered with a black and wrinkled skin; her eyes were starting out of her head; her immense long teeth closely locked together; I never, in the

whole course of my life, beheld any greater deformity, or more hideous object. I was very much inclined to bite her, in order to ascertain, whether she was alive; but I could not find a single spot on her whole body, which did not excite in me the greatest horror, and terrified me so much, that it was impossible I could touch her. Becoming emboldened by time, at length I seized hold of her side, and gradually drew the body to the verge of the hospital yard; while she was still motionless and inanimate. There, seeing myself at liberty, and looking up to heaven, my fearful apprehensions diminished, and I assumed courage to wait the return of day, to witness the termination of this horrible scene. I made deep reflections on the deplorable condition of this miserable woman, and upon all the intelligence, good and bad, which she had given me. The day at length dawned, and found us both in the middle of the court. She extended on the ground, perfectly motionless, and myself near to her, watching with my eyes immovably fixed upon her. The people of the hospital ran to behold this extraordinary spectacle. Some said, at first, alas! the very happy Cagnicarez is then dead! See, how her severe fastings and penitential devotions have disfigured her! Others felt her pulse, and, finding she was alive, concluded, that she was buried in a profound

trance. But, as assemblies are not always wholly composed of asses, there were some who stumbled upon the truth, and exclaimed, that she was a sorceress, that she was annointed for the purpose of attending the demon's assembly in the den Daniel cave. For, certainly, said they, the saints themselves are never half so fortunate as to be lost in religious extacy. Nor would God permit his saints to be seen in such an indecent posture, so shocking to all modesty! Some amongst them there were who prodigally pierced her flesh with pins; but even that did not arouse her, and she did not return to herself till towards seven o'clock in the morning, when she began to feel the piercings of the pins, and my bites. She was very much surprized and confounded, as you will readily believe; and, as she doubted not, that it was I who had dragged her into the court she flew at me, and attacked me like a fury and seizing me by the throat, endeavoured to strangle me, calling me cowardly and ungrateful, and declaring, that she would be largely revenged for my dastardly and base conduct. Finding myself in danger of perishing between the griping talons of this desperate shrew, I made an effort to disengage myself, and seized her with such powerful and violent grasp, that she soon became no less terrified than I had been. La Cagnicarez, sensible of

her imminent danger, cried out for help, desiring them to release her from the fangs of an *infernal spirit*! The assembly believed, that I really was one of those malignant demons, whose only pleasure consists in tormenting saints. Some flew to the holy water; others incessantly crossed themselves; but not one dared to attack me; some cried, that the evil spirit must be exorcised; never was there such a scene of terror and disorder; the sorceress continued to scream incessantly, and vehemently gnashed her teeth. My master, attracted by the noise, now made his appearance, and was lost in despair, when he fancied, that *I was a spirit lately escaped from hell*. Others, who laughed at the cant of exorcisms, had recourse to a bundle of clubs, with which they exorcised me, in a decisive manner, at no time palatable or agreeable to dog or man. Their sport displeased me; they bastinadoed me with all their strength, like persons deaf to all appeal for mercy, and dead to every feeling of commiseration; so that I thought it advisable to take myself off, and put an end to all further intercourse with my impolite opponents. Inspired by this protecting determination, I made but two jumps to the street, and very soon gained the fields, followed by a multitude of children, screaming out, “*that I was either mad, or an*

evil spirit, in the form of a dog." What confirmed the inhabitants of the city in their opinion, that I really was an evil spirit, was, the extreme velocity with which I flew from my numerous pursuers, which led them to believe that I vanished suddenly, and, consequently, that I must be a supernatural being. In this, they were not altogether wrong; for, I had traversed over more than twelve leagues in less than six hours, and arrived on the frontiers of Grenada, where I fell in with a company of gipsies. There I breathed a little after my incessant exertions. There were several gipsies who knew me, and received me with joy. They hid me in a cavern, to prevent my flight from them, pretending that they did so, to preserve me from the sight of my pursuers.

I remained with these gipsy friends twenty days, in which time I learnt a great number of their customs and traits of conduct, which are so very remarkable, that they are well worth your studying.

SCIPIO.

I shall be very glad of your communication, which, I am confident, will contain much instruction and valuable information; but, before we speak of this subject, I must tell you, that the history of this Montielle mortifies me extremely.

BERGANCE.

I am, indeed, mortified also, and unreservedly declare, that I eternally renounce this woman, as my mother, if she really was the author of our existence.

SCIPIO.

Let us talk no longer on that horrid subject, I beseech you. I will more cheerfully attend to all you have to relate respecting the Egyptians, than to any reflections which you can make to console both me and yourself, for a parental connection so very unworthy.

BERGANCE.

You know that there are very great numbers of gipsies in Spain; they are almost incredible; they are spread every where throughout the kingdom; they all know one another, and all traffic together; their commerce consists in barter or exchange with the world, of articles which they have purloined; so that the parties, to whom they belong, have no possible opportunity of reclaiming them, because, they are transported and sold, at a great distance from the places where the articles were stolen. They acknowledge a chief, to whom they pay greater attention and obedience, than to a king. They treat him as a *count*, and supply him with an illustrious house of descent; not that he is

descended from that illustrious house, which is one of the most ancient of Estramadura, but, in honor of the page of a knight; of the first knight who ever bore that local title of count. This page became enamoured of a young gipsy girl, a very celebrated beauty. The gipsy girl would not listen to his addresses, but, on express condition, that he should marry her, and previously become himself a gipsy. The page consented, he became a gipsy, and made himself so beloved by the other gipsies, that they elected him for their governor, and took the oaths of allegiance. All who have succeeded this first chief are called by the same name, and take the same title; and to him the gipsies take the same oaths; and, in whatever country they may find him, they present him, as a token of their homage and obeisance, a participation of all that is most valuable and magnificent amongst their innumerable thefts. As to the gipsy women, they are all wise and independent women; they can do everything for themselves; and, in like manner, accustom their children to every hardship from their infancy. They train them to bear every severity of weather; hence it is, that you find all gipsies strong and robust, nimble runners, and good leapers, capable of supporting every species of inconvenience. All their skill and address consists in the *refined art of thieving*, and to learn to thieve dexter-

busly; and, in this spirit, when out of active occupation, they assemble together, and their whole conversation is confined to the relation and discussion of the different tricks and artifices, which they have been able successfully to display, for the special purpose of instructing and training the young and inexperienced of their profession. I will here communicate one of these singular entertainments, the subject of which arose out of a very laughable piece of cheatery, which one of them practised on a neighbouring labourer. The gipsy had an ass without a tail; but he found the ready means of so adjusting one, that it appeared to be natural. He led this ass to the market place, and sold it to this labourer. The gipsy had no sooner received the price of his ass, than he told the labourer, that he had another ass, almost exactly like the one he had sold to him, but much younger and stronger, and he would let him have it at a lower price, by taking off two ducats. The labourer, flattering himself with a cheap bargain, said, he had only to go and seek for it, as no doubt they should agree as to the purchase; and, whilst he was gone, he would lead the ass, which he had already purchased and paid for, home to his stable. The labourer led his ass home. The gipsy followed him at a distance, and at last found the means of robbing the labourer of his purchased ass.

The first thing the gipsy did, was to slip off the false tail, and to change his saddle; then, without losing time, he again went in search of the labourer. He found him, before the labourer had discovered the theft; and the good man was actually taken in to buy twice over the same ass. As soon as the bargain was complete, the labourer returned with the gipsy to his own house, to count out the purchase money, and he then found, that the first ass had been stolen. He strongly suspected, that the gipsy had played him this trick; indeed, he plainly told him so, and that he would not pay for the second ass, certain as he was, that this pretended second ass was the same ass which he had before bought and paid for; but of which the gipsy had robbed him. But, the gipsy brought forward so many witnesses, amongst others an apostate serjeant, to prove, that the first ass which he had sold him possessed a tail, and that it was, therefore, impossible this second ass could be the same, as it had no tail. The poor labourer lost his suit. The magistrate decided against him.

I could relate to you, a thousand histories of the same dishonest bearing; but, this single instance is quite sufficient to exhibit the general character of these people. I resided amongst these gipsies, Scipio, twenty days, as I have

already informed you; but, as I could not accustom myself to their habits of life, I withdrew from them, at Grenada, without taking leave. The same day, I strolled through the garden of a Moor, who perceiving me, took great pains to induce me to stay. I remained with him somewhat longer than a month, and I must truly say, that I never fared worse than in his service. This man, like all his fellow Moors, practised avarice, in the most grinding parsimonious way that can be conceived. He was very rich, as are the major part of the Moors; but, he would not be at the trouble of personally profiting by his money; he locked it all up, and supported himself by scraps and scraps, wherever he could find them. Judge, then, if I, *his dog, had any chance of being luxuriously fed!* I continued, nevertheless, very well satisfied with my place, because my life was quiet and easy; and I had no intention of growing old in his service. His garden was a delightful resort of amusement, in which a great many persons had liberty to walk; some, even at all hours; and I particularly watched the conduct of one of these constant visitors, who came there regularly every morning before sun-rise, and seated himself under a thick, bushy pomegranate tree, on the branches of which they had formed several seats. This was a young man, whom I took for a student;

for, his coat, which had once been black, was now become so perfectly thread-bare, that the very sight of it would even have driven away thieves; and it decisively served him as an indisputable protection against all depredators. Never did I behold manners and conduct so apparently wild and extravagant as his; from time to time, he struck his forehead with violent blows of his hand; then, he madly stamped his feet, scratched his head, bit his nails, bent his head to the ground, and, suddenly, raised it again up to heaven; sometimes he fell into such very profound reveries, that he neither moved his feet nor his hands, nor even his eyelids; and, it was to be concluded, that he was either lost in exalted sublimity or in humble trance. One day that I approached him, without his perceiving me, I heard him muttering some unintelligible sentences between his teeth; and, in the very next moment, he poured forth a loud exclamation, saying, ah! the happy, happy thought! never did I compose a better verse in my life! and, snatching up a book, which he had laid on one of the chairs, with a writing-desk, he entered some lines in it. Hence, I divined two things; the first, that this young man was certainly a poet; and the second, no less certain, that he was very proud, and immeasurably gratified with this fruitful issue of his own conceited imagination!

In the midst of this amusing soliloquy, I saw another young man enter the garden; his appearance was much in his favour, and he was well dressed; he gave himself great airs; occasionally read aloud from a paper which he held in his hand, ruminating on what he read, as if learning sentences by heart. He went direct to the pomegranate tree, and addressing himself to the poet, well! said he, good sir, have you yet completed your first act? I have just finished it, returned the poet, and in the happiest style possible. May I inquire how? said the new comer. Here it is, sir, delightedly, replied the poet; peruse it, and judge for yourself. The pope, into whose mouth I have put some most admirable verses, will appear dressed in all his pontifical robes, accompanied by a dozen cardinals, clothed in *violet*-coloured canonicals. You are surprized, said he, at the colour of their eminence's canonicals; but this is appropriate to the time of the representation; and I have drawn that period of time, when the cardinals would be out of the applicable costume, clothed in *scarlet*. This fortunate HIT will gain me more fame, than you can possibly imagine; because, the learned will be convinced, that I not only am competent to compose good poetry, but, that I am intimately versed in the roman ceremonials. That is not a bad idea, said the young man; but, where do

you suppose, that vagrant comedians, who are to perform your piece, are to find twelve sets of violet robes, in which your twelve substitute cardinals are to perform their parts? They may find them where they please, replied the poet, that is not my concern; but, I know, they must provide them, even should they be obliged to send express to Rome for them. Can it be supposed, that, for the sole purpose of gratifying the avarice, and indulging the extravagant humours of the performers, I will submit to cripple my composition, and deprive the public of the grandest, most magnificent, and splendid spectacle that ever was invented, or attempted to be exhibited. Could it be possible to imagine any thing more decidedly grand and magnificent, and more dignified, in a dramatic poem, than to introduce upon the stage, a sovereign pontiff, surrounded by twelve cardinals, all decorated with their robes of state, accompanied by all their respective ministers, with their multitude of official attendants?

I perceived, my dear Scipio, from their conversation, that this young man was a comedian; but, as is too often the case, and proves the destruction of many valuable compositions, with a view to save his own money, and to lessen his own trouble, in the performance, he would not consent to the introduction

of so many robed dignitaries, with their expensive pageantry, and therefore advised this too sanguine author, to strike out a considerable portion of them, for the purpose, as the comedian pretended, of rendering the representation practicable. To this, the poet would not for an instant listen; the proposition enraged him; he thought his composition, already, too much lowered by curtailment; for, said he, you may think yourselves very fortunate, that I have not introduced the whole conclave, which was my original intention, in order to preserve, more strictly, the fidelity of history; and, if I have not closely adhered to my first impulse, I have only availed myself of that poet's licence, which my brother professors always practise, and therefore, will readily pardon. The comedian burst out into a horse laugh, and left the disappointed, mortified poet to the extensive range of his own fertile imagination, without further impediment.

Doubtless, my dear Scipio, you will imagine, that the conduct of the comedian greatly mortified the poet; no such thing; he immediately returned to his composition, which he extended by the addition of further fancies, as if no objection had been offered. This finished, he drew from his pocket several dry crusts of bread, and some bunches of raisins, which he

readily devoured with a travelling appetite. Whether I profited by this repast, and to what extent, you must oppress your imagination to discover. Fancy to yourself, a poet half famished, and his provisions scanty, as you have seen; neither sufficient for a man, nor proper for a dog: if he was deficient, I was hopeless; nevertheless, I caught my share; some of his crusts grown rusty in his pocket, were so excessively stale and hard, that he could not possibly swallow them; so that he tossed them to me. "*The cat must be hungry when a crust contents her.*" When this delicious and plentiful repast was ended, we both, that is, the half famished poet, and the half famished dog, accompanied each other, to regale ourselves at a prolific fountain. This description, my dear Scipio, will instruct you, that the profession of a poet is not the most thriving in the world, with respect to the comforts and conveniences of life. Their privations are great, generally speaking; but mine were more severe and alarming, as I was obliged to live upon what this, the poorest of all poor and necessitous poets, threw away. What an excellent subject for refined reflections, were we wise enough to take advantage of it! Never was any person yet so unhappy, but, if he would exert himself to look around him, he might find others *infinitely* more so! True philosophy teaches

the unhappy, not to compare their situation with those who have better provision, and fewer cares than themselves; but, to examine into the situation of those who are more destitute, and have a larger portion of care and trouble! In short, to look down for comparative consolation; not to look up for enviable dejection and mortification. Providence has wisely ordained, that “*every man’s shoulders shall be competent to bear his own burdens* ;” and, when otherwise, it must be the fault of man himself. Every one has his trials, and it is to be feared, that, too often, “*a smiling countenance covers an aching heart.*”

The poet, at length, satisfactorily finished his play, and, from that time, he no longer visited the garden; and I, heartily tired of the long penance I had undergone, entered the city with a view to select a more liberal master. I had not proceeded many paces through the first street I traversed, before I perceived my poet coming out of the monastery of St. Jerome. The moment he saw me, he approached me: on my side, I hastily ran direct to him, and never before had he bestowed on me so many caresses. He instantly drew two or three pieces of bread from his pocket, and presented them to me; I devoured them very ravenously. I then followed him, and having walked on

immense distance, we arrived at the house of the manager of a company of comedians, into whose hands my poet had entrusted one of his productions, for expected representation. This was the day appointed for the first rehearsal. We proceeded to the house of one of the performers, who had assembled a large company, to canvass its merits. The actors began; but, the first act was barely finished, when the whole of the company disappeared. The play was generally hissed; the whole audience went away, one after the other; and, to my poet's great consternation and dismay, we, that is to say, the manager, the poet, and myself, remained quite alone. I confess, my dear Scipio, that I am not conversant in poetry, but I was of the general opinion of the assembled audience: I found the piece insupportable: the performers were enraged at its folly; they approached the poet with fury; and, if the manager had not prevented it, the actors would have seized the disappointed poet, and tossed him in a blanket. Their bread, they said, was equally at stake with his. I much admired the patience, indifference, and resignation of this wretched author. Since this very interesting production does not fall in with your weak judgment and fanciful prejudices, said he, I suppose I must submit to the injuries which you impose upon me, in condemning my piece, like

many other meritorious authors, who will not deign to solicit individual interests, and scorn to purchase them. Your rejection does not put me out of conceit with the merits of my composition, as I know full well, from long observation and experience, that, had it been introduced for performance, as the composition of any one of your company, in the professional spirit of exclusion and monopoly, it would have been patronized, sanctioned and successful. But, as the want of interest among the profession, by being a composer, and not a performer, precludes me from all hope of justice being done, to my valuable work by you, return it to me. People of superior judgment and better taste, will know how to appreciate, and will be sure to protect it. Though through professional neglect and prejudice, it has failed with you, it must be approved and successful every where else! With this declaration, the poet indignantly retired. It is possible you, my dear Scipio, may here censure me, for ingratitude. This poet had been kind to me, in the midst of his own pinching distress; but, I did not dare to follow him; and moreover, to tell you the truth, I felt as much mortified and ashamed, as he could be; as if the disgraceful rejected work had been my own. I remained with the comedians, who left no pains untried, to keep me amongst them, clearly seeing, that I might

become useful and profitable to them. I was not wrong in my conjecture; they employed me in their interludes, and intermediately, between the acts of other performances; not only for the amusement of the ignorant, during these intervals, but to keep in awe intruders into the theatre, and those who insulted the performers. It is very true, that I, occasionally, received very unmerciful kicks and blows; and this disgusted me with the performance of these theatrical duties. The most terrible treatment I ever received in my life, was in this city of Valladolid, to which I had followed these actors. I had a quarrel with a brute, who struck me with all his might, and had nearly laid me dead on the spot. I had neither bit him, nor torn him; for, on this very day, I was muzzled, and I had only assumed the menacing appearance of biting, in the performance of my duty, to make him remove from the benches, on which he had climbed up, in defiance of my prohibition, and in contravention of the positive orders of my masters. But, this human brute did not comprehend forbearing jocularly; and had I, incereemoniously knocked him down, in the first instance, as he did me, his conduct evinced, that it would have been nothing more than the treatment he expected and felt he richly deserved. Like all insolent bullies, this *human brute* was a consummate coward. Short-

ly after my battle with this brute, destitute as I was, I readily, and unreluctantly, bid adieu to this collection of vagrants. Independent of such depraved vagabonds not being suitable to my taste, I utterly abominated their vulgar habits, and detested their vicious way of life. Their theatre was not a school for moral doctrine and the exposition of crime; for the promotion of poetic literature, and the encouragement of genius: it was every thing the contrary. The individual vices, base intrigues and profligacy, vulgar manners and coarse conduct, false dealings and fraudulent devices of the performers, male and female, degraded their institution to the lowest ebb of prostitution and infamy, and lamentably levelled it with the execrated midnight assemblies of the pestiferous, contaminating, infernal dom Daniel's cavern. My dear Scipio, I experienced manifold dreadful difficulties, after I quitted my place in this company of vagrants. For three or four succeeding days, I knew not, where to lay my head, or to obtain a morsel; yet, I would sooner have embraced the vile iniquities of the shambles of Seville, or planted myself in the midst of the miscreant beggars of Zahara—all virtue itself, in comparison with this sink of theatrical infamy; than have continued to associate with these mountebank impostors.

Thus, destitute, wandering, miserable, and nearly famished, I saw you, one night, with that most excellent man, *Mahudez*, carrying his lanthorn, and I acknowledge that beholding you in this sanctified occupation, I first felt envious of your superior and happy condition, compared with the wretchedness of my own. As you recollect, I approached, gravely placed myself, and very demurely walked by your side. I thus pleased the holy man, who, struck with my steady deportment, did not for a moment hesitate to take me as your companion, and, you know, he brought me with you into this hospital. All that has occurred, since I arrived in this house, has been so important, as to require much time to relate; but, I will confine myself to a conversation I overheard one day between four invalids, lying in four different beds, placed close to each other. Pardon me, my dear Scipio; but what I have to relate is extremely well worth hearing, and I will preserve the straight line, by rendering it as concise as possible.

SCIPIO.

I can pardon you willingly; but be as concise as you have promised, for I already smell the approach of day; and never was adherence to the straight line of communication more necessary.

BERGANCE.

In one of these four beds, quite at the extremity of this hospital, was a chemist; in the second bed, a poet; in the next, a mathematician; in the fourth, an adviser, or one who gives advice!

SCIPIO.

I perfectly remember having seen them.

BERGANCE.

The first of these invalids, who offered his sentiments, was the poet. I happened to be reposing under one of their beds, to be cool in the shade, as the heat of the sun was become very oppressive; and I distinctly heard the following arguments. I never before heard such very heavy moaning in all my life, so very loud, accompanied by such very heavy sighs, and bitter exclamations. How comes it, said the mathematician, that you complain so very heavily? I complain of fortune, answered the poet; with great truth it has been said, that she is blind; and she has certainly proved herself to be so with respect to me. Those were bold people who asserted, that any person possessing merit could command her; they deceived themselves. It is true, fortune hectors and domineers; and, if she sometimes brings to light the most hidden and secret things, she as

often throws obscurity over those things which are most brilliant and dazzling. I am a melancholy proof of the truth of this position. Who would not complain, who would not groan, under a destiny like mine? You shall judge for yourselves. I have observed, with the strictest particularity and attention, every rule laid down by Horace in his Art of Poesy. This celebrated master lays down as a precept, to all the children of Parnassus, to all the nurslings of Phœbus, "*never to bring to light any work which has not been finished and thoroughly digested for six years.*" I have done a great deal more: I composed a work, which I have since laboured at for *twenty* years; the subject is sublime, the invention perfectly novel, the episodes are admirable, and the versification incomparable and wonderful! It is an heroic poem, which greatly surpasses all that have ever yet appeared. It is a master-piece, and completely throws into the shade all the *iliads* and *eneids* which have ever been written; and yet, "O tempora! O mores!" I have never been able to find, until the present moment a prince, whom I esteem worthy of the dedication; I mean, a prince, who is a friend of the muses, and who, at the same time, unites liberality, learning and science, to qualify him to value them. Here has been my difficulty. I perfectly understand you, said the chemist

but, tell me, I beseech you, what is the subject of this magnificent poem? It is, replied the poet, a long and ample supplement to the life of king Actus, composed by the archbishop Turpin. Mine are additional anecdotes, which beautifully illustrate the life of this great prince, who reigned in Great Britain. It relates all the adventures which this king had with the fairy of the Isle of Avalon, to which he was conveyed after the battle fought with the sons of Lothus, king of the Picts, in which he was dangerously wounded. You must understand, that besides the vast utility which this piece affords, there is no particle of deficiency in the engaging and delightful. Utility and delight ought uniformly to be the decided objects of every learned author, intending to promote public good; and you will find this piece most satisfactorily realizes that end. I might have performed this brilliant and useful work in prose; but, my head and heart gave the decided preference to the language of the gods! Prose is cold, insipid, defective, and incompetent to exalted and sublime composition; very ill calculated, in a word, to describe the marvellous and wonderful. On the other hand, poetry is of itself sublime; it is the compound language of the most learned bramins of the east, as well as of the gods, and affords immeasurable compass for the poet's *licence*, the exercise of which

would be ridiculous, and inadmissible in the mouth of the most eloquent orator. To speak more simply and concisely; it is the exclusive province of poetry to support sublimity, by noble and dignified, appropriate expression. I am not conversant in this style of writing, observed the chemist; and, therefore, it is impossible for me to judge of the heavy misfortune of which you so bitterly complain. I will admit that your misfortune is very heavy; for, I do not attach much faith to what is generally said of poets, that the greatest number of them are complete visionaries, and only deceive and mislead mankind. But, what I have to say to you, continued the chemist, heaving a very deep sigh, is, that if any human being has reason to arraign the fickleness of fortune, and is licensed to maintain, that there is not a liberal prince in the world, sufficiently wise and competent to understand his own real interest, *it is me, and me only*. I might have possessed more wealth than Cræsus, and have made gold and silver as plentiful as pebble stones, as Solomon did before me, without any greater secret, art, and power than myself; still, I am as wretched, poor, and as much in want, I will not say, as you, who are a poet of great fame and high reputation, but, as the most paltry and trifling jingler of rhymes. "*Out of nothing, nothing can come*:" this is one

of the first principles of chemistry. To make gold, gold is necessary; and, when you are possessed of every material, except instruments and furnaces, who does not know, that the operator of this great work is necessarily subjected to provide for very heavy expences, too lamentably the fatal extinguisher of real talents and industry, in a country assessed up to the very chin? and, to this hour, I have never been able to find either a prince, or a private individual, *wise enough* to risk the advancement of a very moderate sum, on the certain prospect of amassing millions. Have you made many trials, said the mathematician, of converting other metals into gold? I have not yet, answered the chemist; but I know that it is practicable, and not a deceitful chimera, as the ignorant generally suppose. I know, that there is a chemical powder, called the "*powder of projection*," which, thrown upon any quantity of base metal, such as lead or copper, will instantly transmute it into the most refined metals, such as gold or silver. I am certain, that in the course of another two months, I should have discovered the philosopher's stone, with the touch of which even stones and sand may be converted into gold and silver. You have both greatly over-rated your misfortunes, said the mathematician; one of you has a book to dedicate, and cannot find a *Mæcenas* worthy

of the honor: the ether could effect the most wonderful transmutations within the reach of chemistry, but cannot find any well-endowed prince or man of wealth possessed of sufficient faith to hazard the trifling expence of the operation. Such are your misfortunes; but what will you say to mine? It is now two-and-twenty years that I have studiously pursued the search of the quadrature of a circle; that is to say, the dimensions of a square, of which the surface shall be precisely equal to the surface of a circle. I cannot tell, whether you rightly understand me: a thousand times have I believed that I had obtained my object; but, at the very moment that I began to congratulate myself on the result of my long perseverance, and to applaud myself, and to rejoice in the accomplishment, I found myself as widely and discouragingly distant, as the very first day in which I began to study the elements of geometry. This reminds me of those inaccessible isles, which navigators constantly fancy they can quickly reach, but on which they never land. Thus, my torment is as great as that of Tantalus, who died of famine, in the midst of abundance of fruit, and of thirst, in the midst of surrounding waters. All I can say is, that I have been unhappily pursuing a phantom; that I have consumed the best of my days in thought and meditation; and after

having exhausted my wits and my brain in an unobtainable object, I have found, that I wanted capacity for it, and was reduced to the very verge of indigence. The fourth invalid, who had been all attention and profound silence hitherto, now offered his sentiments. I am entirely of your opinion, said he, addressing the mathematician; the profession which does not afford a livelihood, is a bad one, and I bless heaven for not having made me, either a poet, or a mathematician, or a chemist; for, without meaning any thing disrespectful towards any one of you, looking first at one, and then at the others, these are three professions, which certainly appear to me to have been devised for the express purpose of starving to death all who ever pursued them. The flower of youth is consumed in the composition of verses or romances; in search of certain objects, such as the longitude; and in actually transmuting their gold into charcoal; that is to say, they neglect the essential of attaching themselves to some profession which will afford them a maintenance; and, in the end, they find themselves grown old and poor together; and, like the stork in the fable, without having any thing to *crunch*. As to myself, said he, I have a better profession than you have; at the same time, I must tell you, that I am not one particle happier, or better off. I can safely say, that I have been *in* *shed*

by the very means which load fortunes upon others; but every thing has its advantages and disadvantages, and "*Every one is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth.*" It is neither the defect of the art, nor the negligence of the artist, that has caused my extreme poverty and distress; it is the pernicious blast of my genius, supported by the whimsical caprice of dame Fortune, under whose sports, you, one and all, seem to have suffered so very severely, I to authorize the expression of your complaint with such acute asperity. I can safely say that no person in the world has been visited with greater injuries by her injustice than myself, and no one can possibly have greater cause of complaint. And, pray sir, interposed the chemist, what is your art? I am a man who gives advice; one who is consulted for advice and readily gives it, answered this last invalid. You are all acquainted with this profession; there is not one more lucrative, and it requires no capital; witness the immense number of persons who began with nothing, but by obtruding impudence and falsehood, trampling on the rights, effecting the ruin of the people, and inflicting wounds on their country, have advanced themselves to the top of the wheel, and obtained great stations of trust, productive of wealth and title. I speak of persons, who always have been scrambling upwards, without regard to

sacrifice, whether of principle, honor, or consistency; and, having arrived at the height of their pernicious ambition, and acquired money and place, title and estate, they disdain to cast an eye *downward* on the mischief they have committed, and plume themselves in a continuation of their system of iniquity, lest, a change of conduct should, constructively, convict them of their former successful atrocities. The ladder is thrown down which raised them to their zenith, and the wheel of oppression is put in rapid motion, to grind, mutilate, and suffocate the voice of their original supporters, and all their natural grievances. Hence, the impoverishment of the people, the cause of convulsion, the fall of states; when, by such a system of inordinate misrule, the political pyramid is thrown on its apex, revolution inevitably follows! Yes, I do not hesitate to say, that I give advice; nay, I repeat, that, at various times, I have been applied to, and have gratuitously given my advice at court, for the benefit of the king, and, in no instance, to the prejudice of the kingdom; but, I have never had the good fortune *to be listened to*. Thanks to courtiers and ministers, whom I found it impossible to please; not, because my advice was not good, but, by reason, that it went too far, in exposing the ignorance, imbecility, and private *interest* of those mystical classes of people, ~~who~~

fill a court, for the selfish purposes of promotion and pecuniary acquisition, at the expence of the people and the country; and, consequently, whose crooked policy it is, to drive from court, and keep at a distance, every person who has more knowledge, discernment and penetration than themselves. These courtiers, who, like death, keep no calendar, dread the loss of power as the forerunner of the forfeiture of honor and character, if not of life. This day I obtain the means of vengeance, continued this giver of advice, smiling; I will no longer apply to perfidious ministers; I will disdain them, and *proceed direct to the fountain head!* I have already prepared a petition which I will myself present to the king; conspicuously opening to his view, the certain means of liquidating all the debts under the burden of which the nation is groaning, and which all our mines, rich and prolific as they are, are not competent to relieve. Those debts are immense and overwhelming, to be sure, as you all well know; no matter for that; the greater their amount, the greater will be my merit, the more insignificant all our Mexicos: I shall be sooner listened to, and with readier facility carry my plan into successful execution; inevitably obtain the immediate applause of the king, and the perpetual gratitude of the virtuous abused country, *at present in the deplorable condition of a*

sickly consumptive man, mercilessly scourged to accelerate his speed in the race, while, destitute of nourishment, his arms and feet overburthened, and his head bent down with the weight of fetters. Certainly, this is a most important plan, and will rejoice every inhabitant of the dilapidated kingdom, from the king, with his royal sceptre, on the throne, to the chimney-sweeper, wielding his chimney sceptre at the top of the house; in every country, where freedom is valued, and industry protected; where pure and unsuspected justice reigns paramount, and is dispensed under the canopy of the golden rule, "*Do as you would be done by.*" I judge by your countenances, gentlemen, that you cordially applaud my plan, and that your curiosity is anxiously expecting, that I will expose it to you. I will, confidently persuaded as I am, that you will not divulge it, and that you will admire my brilliant genius, and compliment the depth of my enlightened understanding. I will propose to the king, that he shall issue an order, to all his subjects, from the age of fourteen to sixty, of all ranks and qualities, that they shall fast, one day in every month, on bread and water; he may fix upon any day he pleases; and all the expences which would have been laid out on that day, on more substantial food, shall be paid in and counted out to his majesty in 8

this scheme, I contend, and it cannot be denied, that, in less than twenty years, the nation will not be in debt a single maravedi. I have calculated it, and the calculation is not difficult. There are in Spain, more than three millions of persons of the ages I have fixed; every one of these individuals, upon an average, expends not less than a real and a half, daily; I consent to take this average at only one real, and rest my calculation on that rate only; for the poorest person, if he lived on dry bread only, could not live cheaper than that. Do not you think, it would be a very happy thing to receive the sum of three millions of reals every month? And this, continued he, would be infinitely more advantageous to the subjects of his majesty, than you can imagine, because, at the very moment they are thus rendering service to their king, they are making themselves more acceptable to God, by *fasting*, and are, so far, working out their own salvation! The expedient is admirable, as you appear to admit. The profit to the king is evident and indubitable; the people are not wronged; and the money may be realized by different parishes, without the necessity of employing myriads of harpies, collectors or receivers, those real blood-suckers and perfect pests of the kingdom, whose oppressions and insolences are a greater terror and curse to the subject and the country.

than the exaction of the money itself! This giver of advice had no sooner concluded the exposition of his magnificent plan, than they all laughed immoderately, not less at the intended advice to the king, than at the author himself. Even he, with all his starch singularity, could not avoid joining in it, from the proud conceit which he entertained of the vast importance and value of his own whimsical thoughts. As to myself, my dear Scipio, I was more than surprized at this conversation, and, not less so, at learning, that the end of people of such extraordinary characters as these, should be, to die quietly in an hospital.

SCIPIO.

I am as much surprized as yourself, Bergance, Have you any thing further to impart to me?

BERGANCE.

I have only a few words to add, with which I shall finish, for I think day is beginning to dawn. One day I accompanied Mahudez to the governor of the city, who is a perfect gentleman, and a man of considerable property. We found him alone; after having bestowed a large contribution on this charity, according to his benevolent general custom, they entered into an interesting conversation, on the subject of *unfortunate women*, who applied for relief at

the hospital, but, whose cases were so desperate, that they frequently fell a sacrifice to the best remedies it could afford. Their sufferings, said the governor, are only preludes to the still greater punishments which will be their portion in the next world; for, God severely punishes impurities; but, it would be a good thing to remedy these frightful irregularities: I have often applied the whole force of my mind, to find an efficacious remedy for so great an evil; but, added he, sorrowfully, I fear the evil is incurable, and is one of the horrible misfortunes peculiar to the present age. A few days before, I had heard the same subject discussed, by an old invalid in the hospital, who did not feel so much embarrassed as the governor about the remedy, and directly pointed out one. I was half mad, that I could not participate in the conversation, and my zeal carried me away: without reflecting that I did not possess the power of speech, I put myself into the attitude for speaking; but, instead of articulating words, and uttering my thoughts, I barked so loudly, and with such violent impetuosity, that the governor became frightened, and called to the servants to turn me out of the room, by the use of their clubs, fancying, that I was suddenly become mad. A servant, who, unfortunately for me, was not deaf, stepped forward, and having caught up a large piece of wood, struck

BERGANCE.

I am, indeed, mortified also, and unreservedly declare, that I eternally renounce this woman, as my mother, if she really was the author of our existence.

SCIPIO.

Let us talk no longer on that horrid subject, I beseech you. I will more cheerfully attend to all you have to relate respecting the Egyptians, than to any reflections which you can make to console both me and yourself, for a parental connection so very unworthy.

BERGANCE.

You know that there are very great numbers of gipsies in Spain; they are almost incredible; they are spread every where throughout the kingdom; they all know one another, and all traffic together; their commerce consists in barter or exchange with the world, of articles which they have purloined; so that the parties, to whom they belong, have no possible opportunity of reclaiming them, because, they are transported and sold, at a great distance from the places where the articles were stolen. They acknowledge a chief, to whom they pay greater attention and obedience, than to a king. They treat him as a *count*, and supply him with an illustrious house of descent; not that he is

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taken: moreover, the poor ought never to interfere with the counsels of the great, because, the great idly fancy, they know every thing; and how can they do otherwise than deceitfully believe it, when surrounding base, corrupt flatterers, impudently maintain the insulting imposition to their faces?

BERGANCE.

You are right, Scipio. I entered, on another evening, the house of a lady of high condition, who carried, under her arm, a little dog, that, when frightened, retreated into her sleeve. This little monkey no sooner saw me, than he jumped from the arms of his mistress, and ran directly to bark at me, and did not stop, until it bit my leg. I turned towards it, with great contempt; but, not daring to touch it, contented myself with thinking, "If I could only meet you in the street, contemptible little animal, I would make few bones of you; I would settle you, for ever, with one gripe of my teeth!" This made me reflect, that persons in favour, and power, are always insolent, although it too often happens, that they have no other merit than, having, by some act of base prostration, accidentally pleased some prince, or great man; that is to say, princes, nobility, ministers and officers of state, seldom or ever raise those to great situations, dignities

and employments, who are the most worthy, and best qualified. At courts, they keep no almanacks; caprice regulates every thing; virtue itself has not the precedence! thence, it comes, undoubtedly, that a favourite has no right to complain, when he loses his power and falls into disgrace. I could carry this reflection against abused power, and place insolence, much further; the subject is noble and plentiful; but, it is time to finish, as you see it is already broad day.

SCIPIO,

It is true; let us break up our conversation, until the approaching evening, when I will relate my adventures.

As soon as the licentiate had read this conversation, he roused Campusano, whose ill state of health kept him still asleep. Although I must continue to fancy, that this dialogue is fictitious, said the licentiate, I have derived infinite pleasure from reading it. I like the invention and the artifice, and I shall be impatient for the remainder, confident, from the character which Scipio has opened, by occasional observations and criticisms in the course of Bergance's narrative, that he has not less wit and humour than the other, and that his detail of events and things will not be either less

The first thing the gipsy did, was to slip off the false tail, and to change his saddle; then, without losing time, he again went in search of the labourer. He found him, before the labourer had discovered the theft; and the good man was actually taken in to buy twice over the same ass. As soon as the bargain was complete, the labourer returned with the gipsy to his own house, to count out the purchase money, and he then found, that the first ass had been stolen. He strongly suspected, that the gipsy had played him this trick; indeed, he plainly told him so, and that he would not pay for the second ass, certain as he was, that this pretended second ass was the same ass which he had before bought and paid for; but of which the gipsy had robbed him. But, the gipsy brought forward so many witnesses, amongst others an apostate serjeant, to prove, that the first ass which he had sold him possessed a tail, and that it was, therefore, impossible this second ass could be the same, as it had no tail. The poor labourer lost his suit. The magistrate decided against him.

I could relate to you, a thousand histories of the same dishonest bearing; but, this single instance is quite sufficient to exhibit the general character of these people. I resided amongst *these gipsies*, Scipio, twenty days, as I have

already informed you; but, as I could not accustom myself to their habits of life, I withdrew from them, at Grenada, without taking leave. The same day, I strolled through the garden of a Moor, who perceiving me, took great pains to induce me to stay. I remained with him somewhat longer than a month, and I must truly say, that I never fared worse than in his service. This man, like all his fellow Moors, practised avarice, in the most grinding parsimonious way that can be conceived. He was very rich, as are the major part of the Moors; but, he would not be at the trouble of personally profiting by his money; he locked it all up, and supported himself by scraps and scraps, wherever he could find them. Judge, then, if I, *his dog, had any chance of being luxuriously fed!* I continued, nevertheless, very well satisfied with my place, because my life was quiet and easy; and I had no intention of growing old in his service. His garden was a delightful resort of amusement, in which a great many persons had liberty to walk; some, even at all hours; and I particularly watched the conduct of one of these constant visitors, who came there regularly every morning before sun-rise, and seated himself under a thick, bushy pomegranate tree, on the branches of which they had formed several seats. This was a young man, whom I took for a student;

for, his coat, which had once been black, was now become so perfectly thread-bare, that the very sight of it would even have driven away thieves; and it decisively served him as an indisputable protection against all depredators. Never did I behold manners and conduct so apparently wild and extravagant as his; from time to time, he struck his forehead with violent blows of his hand; then, he madly stamped his feet, scratched his head, bit his nails, bent his head to the ground, and, suddenly, raised it again up to heaven; sometimes he fell into such very profound reveries, that he neither moved his feet nor his hands, nor even his eyelids; and, it was to be concluded, that he was either lost in exalted sublimity or in humble trance. One day that I approached him, without his perceiving me, I heard him muttering some unintelligible sentences between his teeth; and, in the very next moment, he poured forth a loud exclamation, saying, ah! the happy, happy thought! never did I compose a better verse in my life! and, snatching up a book, which he had laid on one of the chairs, with a writing-desk, he entered some lines in it. Hence, I divined two things; the first, that this young man was certainly a poet; and the second, no less certain, that he was very proud, and immeasurably gratified with this fruitful issue of his own conceited imagination!

In the midst of this amusing soliloquy, I saw another young man enter the garden; his appearance was much in his favour, and he was well dressed; he gave himself great airs; occasionally read aloud from a paper which he held in his hand, ruminating on what he read, as if learning sentences by heart. He went direct to the pomegranate tree, and addressing himself to the poet, well! said he, good sir, have you yet completed your first act? I have just finished it, returned the poet, and in the happiest style possible. May I inquire how? said the new comer. Here it is, sir, delightedly, replied the poet; peruse it, and judge for yourself. The pope, into whose mouth I have put some most admirable verses, will appear dressed in all his pontifical robes, accompanied by a dozen cardinals, clothed in *violet*-coloured canonicals. You are surprized, said he, at the colour of their eminence's canonicals; but this is appropriate to the time of the representation; and I have drawn that period of time, when the cardinals would be out of the applicable costume, clothed in *scarlet*. This fortunate HIT will gain me more fame, than you can possibly imagine; because, the learned will be convinced, that I not only am competent to compose good poetry, but, that I am intimately versed in the roman ceremonials. That is not a bad idea, said the young man

you suppose, that vagrant comedians, who are to perform your piece, are to find twelve sets of *violet robes*, in which your twelve substitute cardinals are to perform their parts? They may find them where they please, replied the poet, that is not my concern; but, I know, they must provide them, even should they be obliged to send express to Rome for them. Can it be supposed, that, for the sole purpose of gratifying the avarice, and indulging the extravagant humours of the performers, I will submit to cripple my composition, and deprive the public of the grandest, most magnificent, and splendid spectacle that ever was invented, or attempted to be exhibited. Could it be possible to imagine any thing more decidedly grand and magnificent, and more dignified, in a dramatic poem, than to introduce upon the stage, a sovereign pontiff, surrounded by twelve cardinals, all decorated with their robes of state, accompanied by all their respective ministers, with their multitude of official attendants?

I perceived, my dear Scipio, from their conversation, that this young man was a comedian; but, as is too often the case, and proves the destruction of many valuable compositions, with a view to save his own money, and to lessen his own trouble, in the performance, he would not consent to the introduction

of so many robed dignitaries, with their expensive pageantry, and therefore advised this too sanguine author, to strike out a considerable portion of them, for the purpose, as the comedian pretended, of rendering the representation practicable. To this, the poet would not for an instant listen; the proposition enraged him; he thought his composition, already, too much lowered by curtailment; for, said he, you may think yourselves very fortunate, that I have not introduced the whole conclave, which was my original intention, in order to preserve, more strictly, the fidelity of history; and, if I have not closely adhered to my first impulse, I have only availed myself of that poet's licence, which my brother professors always practise, and therefore, will readily pardon. The comedian burst out into a horse laugh, and left the disappointed, mortified poet to the extensive range of his own fertile imagination, without further impediment.

Doubtless, my dear Scipio, you will imagine, that the conduct of the comedian greatly mortified the poet; no such thing; he immediately returned to his composition, which he extended by the addition of further fancies, as if no objection had been offered. This finished, he drew from his pocket several dry crusts of bread, and some bunches of raisins, which he

readily devoured with a travelling appetite. Whether I profited by this repast, and to what extent, you must oppress your imagination to discover. Fancy to yourself, a poet half famished, and his provisions scanty, as you have seen; neither sufficient for a man, nor proper for a dog: if he was deficient, I was hopeless; nevertheless, I caught my share; some of his crusts grown rusty in his pocket, were so excessively stale and hard, that he could not possibly swallow them; so that he tossed them to me. "*The cat must be hungry when a crust contents her.*" When this delicious and plentiful repast was ended, we both, that is, the half famished poet, and the half famished dog, accompanied each other, to regale ourselves at a prolific fountain. This description, my dear Scipio, will instruct you, that the profession of a poet is not the most thriving in the world, with respect to the comforts and conveniences of life. Their privations are great, generally speaking; but mine were more severe and alarming, as I was obliged to live upon what this, the poorest of all poor and necessitous poets, threw away. What an excellent subject for refined reflections, were we wise enough to take advantage of it! Never was any person yet so unhappy, but, if he would exert himself to look around him, he might find others *infinitely* more so! True philosophy teaches

the unhappy, not to compare their situation with those who have better provision, and fewer cares than themselves; but, to examine into the situation of those who are more destitute, and have a larger portion of care and trouble! In short, to look down for comparative consolation; not to look up for enviable dejection and mortification. Providence has wisely ordained, that "*every man's shoulders shall be competent to bear his own burdens*;" and, when otherwise, it must be the fault of man himself. Every one has his trials, and it is to be feared, that, too often, "*a smiling countenance covers an aching heart*."

The poet, at length, satisfactorily finished his play, and, from that time, he no longer visited the garden; and I, heartily tired of the long penance I had undergone, entered the city with a view to select a more liberal master. I had not proceeded many paces through the first street I traversed, before I perceived my poet coming out of the monastery of St. Jerome. The moment he saw me, he approached me: on my side, I hastily ran direct to him, and never before had he bestowed on me so many caresses. He instantly drew two or three pieces of bread from his pocket, and presented them to me; I devoured them very ravenously. I then followed him, and having walked an

immense distance, we arrived at the house of the manager of a company of comedians, into whose hands my poet had entrusted one of his productions, for expected representation. This was the day appointed for the first rehearsal. We proceeded to the house of one of the performers, who had assembled a large company, to canvass its merits. The actors began; but, the first act was barely finished, when the whole of the company disappeared. The play was generally hissed; the whole audience went away, one after the other; and, to my poet's great consternation and dismay, we, that is to say, the manager, the poet, and myself, remained quite alone. I confess, my dear Scipio, that I am not conversant in poetry, but I was of the general opinion of the assembled audience: I found the piece insupportable: the performers were enraged at its folly; they approached the poet with fury; and, if the manager had not prevented it, the actors would have seized the disappointed poet, and tossed him in a blanket. Their bread, they said, was equally at stake with his. I much admired the patience, indifference, and resignation of this wretched author. Since this very interesting production does not fall in with your weak judgment and fanciful prejudices, said he, I suppose I must submit to the injuries which you *impose* upon me, in condemning my piece, like

many other meritorious authors, who will not deign to solicit individual interests, and scorn to purchase them. Your rejection does not put me out of conceit with the merits of my composition, as I know full well, from long observation and experience, that, had it been introduced for performance, as the composition of any one of your company, in the professional spirit of exclusion and monopoly, it would have been patronized, sanctioned and successful. But, as the want of interest among the profession, by being a composer, and not a performer, precludes me from all hope of justice being done, to my valuable work by you, return it to me. People of superior judgment and better taste, will know how to appreciate, and will be sure to protect it. Though through professional neglect and prejudice, it has failed with you, it must be approved and successful every where else! With this declaration, the poet indignantly retired. It is possible you, my dear Scipio, may here censure me, for ingratitude. This poet had been kind to me, in the midst of his own pinching distress; but, I did not dare to follow him; and moreover, to tell you the truth, I felt as much mortified and ashamed, as he could be; as if the disgraceful rejected work had been my own. I remained with the comedians, who left no pains untried, to keep me amongst them, clearly seeing, that I might

become useful and profitable to them. I was not wrong in my conjecture; they employed me in their interludes, and intermediately, between the acts of other performances; not only for the amusement of the ignorant, during these intervals, but to keep in awe intruders into the theatre, and those who insulted the performers. It is very true, that I, occasionally, received very unmerciful kicks and blows; and this disgusted me with the performance of these theatrical duties. The most terrible treatment I ever received in my life, was in this city of Valladolid, to which I had followed these actors. I had a quarrel with a brute, who struck me with all his might, and had nearly laid me dead on the spot. I had neither bit him, nor torn him; for, on this very day, I was muzzled, and I had only assumed the menacing appearance of biting, in the performance of my duty, to make him remove from the benches, on which he had climbed up, in defiance of my prohibition, and in contravention of the positive orders of my masters. But, this human brute did not comprehend forbearing jocularly; and had I, incereemoniously knocked him down, in the first instance, as he did me, his conduct evinced, that it would have been nothing more than the treatment he expected and felt he richly deserved. Like all insolent bullies, this *human brute* was a consummate coward. Short-

ly after my battle with this brute, destitute as I was, I readily, and unreluctantly, bid adieu to this collection of vagrants. Independent of such depraved vagabonds not being suitable to my taste, I utterly abominated their vulgar habits, and detested their vicious way of life. Their theatre was not a school for moral doctrine and the exposition of crime; for the promotion of poetic literature, and the encouragement of genius: it was every thing the contrary. The individual vices, base intrigues and profligacy, vulgar manners and coarse conduct, false dealings and fraudulent devices of the performers, male and female, degraded their institution to the lowest ebb of prostitution and infamy, and lamentably levelled it with the execrated midnight assemblies of the pestiferous, contaminating, infernal dom Daniel's cavern. My dear Scipio, I experienced manifold dreadful difficulties, after I quitted my place in this company of vagrants. For three or four succeeding days, I knew not, where to lay my head, or to obtain a morsel; yet, I would sooner have embraced the vile iniquities of the shambles of Seville, or planted myself in the midst of the miscreant beggars of Zahara—all virtue itself, in comparison with this sink of theatrical infamy; than have continued to associate with these mountebank impostors.

Thus, destitute, wandering, miserable, and nearly famished, I saw you, one night, with that most excellent man, *Mahudez*, carrying his lanthorn, and I acknowledge that beholding you in this sanctified occupation, I first felt envious of your superior and happy condition, compared with the wretchedness of my own. As you recollect, I approached, gravely placed myself, and very demurely walked by your side. I thus pleased the holy man, who, struck with my steady deportment, did not for a moment hesitate to take me as your companion, and, you know, he brought me with you into this hospital. All that has occurred, since I arrived in this house, has been so important, as to require much time to relate; but, I will confine myself to a conversation I overheard one day between four invalids, lying in four different beds, placed close to each other. Pardon me, my dear Scipio; but what I have to relate is extremely well worth hearing, and I will preserve the straight line, by rendering it as concise as possible.

SCIPIO.

I can pardon you willingly; but be as concise as you have promised, for I already smell the approach of day; and never was adherence to the straight line of communication more necessary.

BERGANCE.

In one of these four beds, quite at the extremity of this hospital, was a chemist; in the second bed, a poet; in the next, a mathematician; in the fourth, an adviser, or one who gives advice!

SCIPIO.

I perfectly remember having seen them.

BERGANCE.

The first of these invalids, who offered his sentiments, was the poet. I happened to be lying under one of their beds, to be cool in shade, as the heat of the sun was become very oppressive; and I distinctly heard the flowing arguments. I never before heard such a heavy moaning in all my life, so very loud, accompanied by such very heavy sighs, and bitter exclamations. How comes it, said the mathematician, that you complain so very easily? I complain of fortune, answered the poet; with great truth it has been said, that she is blind; and she has certainly proved herself to be so with respect to me. Those were bold people who asserted, that any person possessing wit could command her; they deceived themselves. It is true, fortune hectors and misleads; and, if she sometimes brings to light the most hidden and secret things, she as

often throws obscurity over those things which are most brilliant and dazzling. I am a melancholy proof of the truth of this position. Who would not complain, who would not groan, under a destiny like mine? You shall judge for yourselves. I have observed, with the strictest particularity and attention, every rule laid down by Horace in his Art of Poesy. This celebrated master lays down as a precept, to all the children of Parnassus, to all the nurslings of Phœbus, "*never to bring to light any work which has not been finished and thoroughly digested for six years.*" I have done a great deal more: I composed a work, which I have since laboured at for *twenty* years; the subject is sublime, the invention perfectly novel, the episodes are admirable, and the versification incomparable and wonderful! It is an heroic poem, which greatly surpasses all that have ever yet appeared. It is a master-piece, and completely throws into the shade all the iliads and eneids which have ever been written; and yet, "O tempora! O mores!" I have never been able to find, until the present moment, a prince, whom I esteem worthy of the dedication; I mean, a prince, who is a friend of the muses, and who, at the same time, unites liberality, learning and science, to qualify him to value them. Here has been my difficulty: *I perfectly understand you, said the chemist;*

at, tell me, I beseech you, what is the subject
 of this magnificent poem? It is, replied the
 poet, a long and ample supplement to the life
 of king Actus, composed by the archbishop
 Turpin. Mine are additional anecdotes, which
 beautifully illustrate the life of this great prince,
 who reigned in Great Britain. It relates all
 the adventures which this king had with the
 fairy of the Isle of Avalon, to which he was
 conveyed after the battle fought with the sons
 of Lothus, king of the Picts, in which he was
 dangerously wounded. You must understand,
 that besides the vast utility which this piece
 affords, there is no particle of deficiency in the
 engaging and delightful. Utility and delight
 ought uniformly to be the decided objects of
 every learned author, intending to promote
 public good; and you will find this piece most
 satisfactorily realizes that end. I might have
 performed this brilliant and useful work in
 prose; but, my head and heart gave the decided
 preference to the language of the gods! Prose
 is cold, insipid, defective, and incompetent
 to exalted and sublime composition; very ill
 calculated, in a word, to describe the marvel-
 lous and wonderful. On the other hand, poetry
 is of itself sublime; it is the compound language
 of the most learned bramins of the east, as well
 as of the gods, and affords immeasurable com-
 pass for the poet's *licence*, the exercise of which

would be ridiculous, and inadmissible in the mouth of the most eloquent orator. To speak more simply and concisely; it is the exclusive province of poetry to support sublimity, by noble and dignified, appropriate expression. I am not conversant in this style of writing, observed the chemist, and, therefore, it is impossible for me to judge of the heavy misfortune of which you so bitterly complain. I will admit that your misfortune is very heavy; for, I do not attach much faith to what is generally said of poets, that the greatest number of them are complete visionaries, and only deceive and mislead mankind. But, what I have to say to you, continued the chemist, heaving a very deep sigh, is, that if any human being has reason to arraign the fickleness of fortune, and is licensed to maintain, that there is not a liberal prince in the world, sufficiently wise and competent to understand his own real interest, *it is me, and me only*. I might have possessed more wealth than Cræsus, and have made gold and silver as plentiful as pebble stones, as Solomon did before me, without any greater secret, art, and power than myself; still, I am as wretched, poor, and as much in want, I will not say, as you, who are a poet of great fame and high reputation, but, as the most paltry and trifling jingler of rhymes. "*Out of nothing, nothing can come:*" this is one

the first principles of chemistry. To make gold, gold is necessary; and, when you are assessed of every material, except instruments and furnaces, who does not know, that the creator of this great work is necessarily subverted to provide for very heavy expences, too lamentably the fatal extinguisher of real talents and industry, in a country assessed up to the very chin? and, to this hour, I have never been able to find either a prince, or a private individual, *wise enough* to risk the advancement of a very moderate sum, on the certain prospect of amassing millions. Have you made many attempts; said the mathematician, of converting base metals into gold? I have not yet, answered the chemist; but I know that it is practicable, and not a deceitful chimera, as the ignorant generally suppose. I know, that there is a chemical powder, called the "*powder of projection*," which, thrown upon any quantity of base metal, such as lead or copper, will instantly transmute it into the most refined metals, such as gold or silver. I am certain, that in the course of another two months, I should have discovered the philosopher's stone, with the aid of which even stones and sand may be converted into gold and silver. You have then greatly over-rated your misfortunes, said the mathematician; one of you has a book to dedicate, and cannot find a Mæcenas worthy

of the honor : the ether could effect the most wonderful transmutations within the reach of chemistry, but cannot find any well-endowed prince or man of wealth possessed of sufficient faith to hazard the trifling expence of the operation. Such are your misfortunes ; but what will you say to mine ? It is now two-and-twenty years that I have studiously pursued the search of the quadrature of a circle ; that is to say, the dimensions of a square, of which the surface shall be precisely equal to the surface of a circle. I cannot tell, whether you rightly understand me : a thousand times have I believed that I had obtained my object ; but, at the very moment that I began to congratulate myself on the result of my long perseverance, and to applaud myself, and to rejoice in the accomplishment, I found myself as widely and discouragingly distant, as the very first day in which I began to study the elements of geometry. This reminds me of those inaccessible isles, which navigators constantly fancy they can quickly reach, but on which they never land. Thus, my torment is as great as that of Tantalus, who died of famine, in the midst of abundance of fruit, and of thirst, in the midst of surrounding waters. All I can say is, that I have been unhappily pursuing a phantom ; that I have consumed the best of my days in thought and meditation ; and after

having exhausted my wits and my brain in an unobtainable object, I have found, that I wanted capacity for it, and was reduced to the very verge of indigence. The fourth invalid, who had been all attention and profound silence hitherto, now offered his sentiments. I am entirely of your opinion, said he, addressing the mathematician; the profession which does not afford a livelihood, is a bad one, and I bless heaven for not having made me, either a poet, or a mathematician, or a chemist; for, without meaning anything disrespectful towards any one of you, looking first at one, and then at the others, these are three professions, which certainly appear to me to have been devised for the express purpose of starving to death all who ever pursued them. The flower of youth is consumed in the composition of verses or romances; in search of certain objects, such as the longitude; and in actually transmuting their gold into charcoal; that is to say, they neglect the essential of attaching themselves to some profession which will afford them a maintenance; and, in the end, they find themselves grown old and poor together; and, like the stork in the fable, without having any thing to *crunch*. As to myself, said he, I have a better profession than you have; at the same time, I must tell you, that I am not one particle happier, or better off. I can safely say, that I have been impoverished

by the very means which load fortunes on others ; but every thing has its advantages and disadvantages, and “ *Every one is not born a silver spoon in his mouth.*” It is neither defect of the art, nor the negligence of artist, that has caused my extreme poverty and distress ; it is the pernicious blast of my genius, supported by the whimsical capricious dame Fortune, under whose sports, you, one and all, seem to have suffered so very severely. I cannot but authorize the expression of your complaint with such acute asperity. I can safely say that no person in the world has been visited with greater injuries by her injustice than myself, and no one can possibly have greater cause of complaint. And, pray sir, interposed the chemist, what is your art ? I am a man who gives advice ; one who is consulted for advice and readily gives it, answered this last invalid. You are all acquainted with this profession, there is not one more lucrative, and it requires little capital ; witness the immense number of persons who began with nothing, but by obtruding impudence and falsehood, trampling on the rights of justice, effecting the ruin of the people, and inflicting wounds on their country, have advanced themselves to the top of the wheel, and obtained great stations of trust, productive of wealth and title. I speak of persons, who always have been *scrambling upwards*, without regard

sacrifice, whether of principle, honor, or consistency; and, having arrived at the height of their pernicious ambition, and acquired money and place, title and estate, they disdain to cast an eye *downward* on the mischief they have committed, and plume themselves in a continuation of their system of iniquity, lest, a change of conduct should, constructively, convict them of their former successful atrocities. The ladder is thrown down which raised them to their zenith, and the wheel of oppression is put in rapid motion, to grind, mutilate, and suffocate the voice of their original supporters, and all their natural grievances. Hence, the impoverishment of the people, the cause of convulsion, the fall of states; when, by such a system of inordinate misrule, the political pyramid is thrown on its apex, revolution inevitably follows! Yes, I do not hesitate to say, that I give advice; nay, I repeat, that, at various times, I have been applied to, and have gratuitously given my advice at court, for the benefit of the king, and, in no instance, to the prejudice of the kingdom; but, I have never had the good fortune *to be listened to*. Thanks to courtiers and ministers, whom I found it impossible to please; not, because my advice was not good, but, by reason, that it went too far, in exposing the ignorance, imbecility, and private interest of those mystical classes of people, who

fill a court, for the selfish purposes of promotion and pecuniary acquisition, at the expence of the people and the country ; and, consequently, whose crooked policy it is, to drive from court, and keep at a distance, every person who has more knowledge, discernment and penetration than themselves. These courtiers, who, like death, keep no calendar, dread the loss of power as the forerunner of the forfeiture of honor and character, if not of life. This day I obtain the means of vengeance, continued this giver of advice, smiling ; I will no longer apply to perfidious ministers ; I will disdain them, and *proceed direct to the fountain head!* I have already prepared a petition which I will myself present to the king ; conspicuously opening to his view, the certain means of liquidating all the debts under the burden of which the nation is groaning, and which all our mines, rich and prolific as they are, are not competent to relieve. Those debts are immense and overwhelming, to be sure, as you all well know ; no matter for that ; the greater their amount, the greater will be my merit, the more insignificant all our Mexicos : I shall be sooner listened to, and with readier facility carry my plan into successful execution ; inevitably obtain the immediate applause of the king, and the perpetual gratitude of the virtuous abused country, at present in the deplorable condition of a

sickly consumptive man, mercilessly scourged to accelerate his speed in the race, while, destitute of nourishment, his arms and feet overburthened, and his head bent down with the weight of fetters. Certainly, this is a most important plan, and will rejoice every inhabitant of the dilapidated kingdom, from the king, with his royal sceptre, on the throne, to the chimney-sweeper, wielding his chimney sceptre at the top of the house; in every country, where freedom is valued, and industry protected; where pure and unsuspected justice reigns paramount, and is dispensed under the canopy of the golden rule, "*Do as you would be done by.*" I judge by your countenances, gentlemen, that you cordially applaud my plan, and that your curiosity is anxiously expecting, that I will expose it to you. I will, confidently persuaded as I am, that you will not divulge it, and that you will admire my brilliant genius, and compliment the depth of my enlightened understanding. I will propose to the king, that he shall issue an order, to all his subjects, from the age of fourteen to sixty, of all ranks and qualities, that they shall fast, one day in every month, on bread and water; he may fix upon any day he pleases; and all the expences which would have been laid out on that day, on more substantial food, shall be paid in money, and counted out to his majesty in fiscal. By

this scheme, I contend, and it cannot be denied, that, in less than twenty years, the nation will not be in debt a single maravedi. I have calculated it, and the calculation is not difficult. There are in Spain, more than three millions of persons of the ages I have fixed; every one of these individuals, upon an average, expends not less than a real and a half, daily; I consent to take this average at only one real, and rest my calculation on that rate only; for the poorest person, if he lived on dry bread only, could not live cheaper than that. Do not you think, it would be a very happy thing to receive the sum of three millions of reals every month? And this, continued he, would be infinitely more advantageous to the subjects of his majesty, than you can imagine, because, at the very moment they are thus rendering service to their king, they are making themselves more acceptable to God, by *fasting*, and are, so far, working out their own salvation! The expedient is admirable, as you appear to admit. The profit to the king is evident and indubitable; the people are not wronged; and the money may be realized by different parishes, without the necessity of employing myriads of harpies, collectors or receivers, those real blood-suckers and perfect pests of the kingdom, whose oppressions and insolences are a greater terror and curse to the subject and the country.

than the exaction of the money itself! This giver of advice had no sooner concluded the exposition of his magnificent plan, than they all laughed immoderately, not less at the intended advice to the king, than at the author himself. Even he, with all his starch singularity, could not avoid joining in it, from the proud conceit which he entertained of the vast importance and value of his own whimsical thoughts. As to myself, my dear Scipio, I was more than surprized at this conversation, and, not less so, at learning, that the end of people of such extraordinary characters as these, should be, to die quietly in an hospital.

SCIPIO.

I am as much surprized as yourself, Bergance, Have you any thing further to impart to me?

BERGANCE.

I have only a few words to add, with which I shall finish, for I think day is beginning to dawn. One day I accompanied Mahudez to the governor of the city, who is a perfect gentleman, and a man of considerable property. We found him alone; after having bestowed a large contribution on this charity, according to his benevolent general custom, they entered into an interesting conversation, on the subject of *unfortunate* women, who applied for relief at

the hospital, but, whose cases were so desperate, that they frequently fell a sacrifice to the best remedies it could afford. Their sufferings, said the governor, are only preludes to the still greater punishments which will be their portion in the next world; for, God severely punishes impurities; but, it would be a good thing to remedy these frightful irregularities: I have often applied the whole force of my mind, to find an efficacious remedy for so great an evil; but, added he, sorrowfully, I fear the evil is incurable, and is one of the horrible misfortunes peculiar to the present age. A few days before, I had heard the same subject discussed, by an old invalid in the hospital, who did not feel so much embarrassed as the governor about the remedy, and directly pointed out one. I was half mad, that I could not participate in the conversation, and my zeal carried me away: without reflecting that I did not possess the power of speech, I put myself into the attitude for speaking; but, instead of articulating words, and uttering my thoughts, I barked so loudly, and with such violent impetuosity, that the governor became frightened, and called to the servants to turn me out of the room, by the use of their clubs, fancying, that I was suddenly become mad. A servant, who, unfortunately for me, was not deaf, stepped forward, and *having* caught up a large piece of wood, struck

me so violently, that I reeled and staggered under the blow, and think I almost feel it now, at this great distance of time; but you see, I idly acted on the impulse of the moment, and had not consulted the old proverb, "*Be not a baker if your head be made of butter.*"

SCIPIO.

Did your butter head complain of it?

BERGANCE.

I sent forth lamentable cries, but I might have saved myself the trouble; for, the unfeeling servant only laughed at my cries, and would have repeated his soft humane dealing, had I not got out of the way; and, sure I am, my poor butter head would have been quite dissolved by another such fiery blow.

SCIPIO.

This is a good lesson for you, Bergance! for although your intention was good, you never-the less did wrong. We ought never to intrude advice, when it is not asked; besides, you ought to have remembered, that Mahudez and you went to the governor's house, on the footing of mendicants; you were both there clothed in the beggar's garb of *poverty*, and you must know, that the advice of the poor, however *useful* and *salutary* it may be, is never

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taken: moreover, the poor ought never to interfere with the counsels of the great, because, the great idly fancy, they know every thing; and how can they do otherwise than deceitfully believe it, when surrounding base, corrupt flatterers, impudently maintain the insulting imposition to their faces?

BERGANCE.

You are right, Scipio. I entered, on another evening, the house of a lady of high condition, who carried, under her arm, a little dog, that, when frightened, retreated into her sleeve. This little monkey no sooner saw me, than he jumped from the arms of his mistress, and ran directly to bark at me, and did not stop, until it bit my leg. I turned towards it, with great contempt; but, not daring to touch it, contented myself with thinking, "If I could only meet you in the street, contemptible little animal, I would make few bones of you; I would settle you, for ever, with one gripe of my teeth!" This made me reflect, that persons in favour, and power, are always insolent, although it too often happens, that they have no other merit than, having, by some act of base prostration, accidentally pleased some prince, or great man; that is to say, princes, nobility, ministers and officers of state, seldom or ever raise those to great situations, dignities

and employments, who are the most worthy, and best qualified. At courts, they keep no almanacks; caprice regulates every thing; virtue itself has not the precedence! thence, it comes, undoubtedly, that a favourite has no right to complain, when he loses his power and falls into disgrace. I could carry this reflection against abused power, and place insolence, much further; the subject is noble and plentiful; but, it is time to finish, as you see it is already broad day.

SCIPIO.

It is true; let us break up our conversation, until the approaching evening, when I will relate my adventures.

As soon as the licentiate had read this conversation, he roused Campusano, whose ill state of health kept him still asleep. Although I must continue to fancy, that this dialogue is fictitious, said the licentiate, I have derived infinite pleasure from reading it. I like the invention and the artifice, and I shall be impatient for the remainder, confident, from the character which Scipio has opened, by occasional observations and criticisms in the course of Bergance's narrative, that he has not less wit and humour than the other, and that his detail of events and things will not be either less

instructive or entertaining. I am very happy, that I have pleased you, replied Campusano; for the same end, I will endeavour to impress upon my memory the second conversation of these two friends, Bergance and Scipio, and I will commit it to writing! in the mean time let us hope, to find men as virtuous and liberal in their conduct towards mankind, and as well instructed in the affairs of the world, as these two learned dogs of Mahudez are supposed to be: and while I am preparing the enlightened institutes of Scipio, which will require some time, I recommend for your intermediate amusement, the perusal of the following interesting history, and the adventures of a princess of the Molucca Islands, in which you will find a little love produced far greater evils than those innocently resulting from the conduct of Bergance, in making free use of the Breton's ham, though so tremendously mischievous.

HISTORY OF RUIS DIAS,

A PORTUGUESE,

AND QUIXAIRE,

*A Princess of the Moluccas, called the
Spice or Clove Islands.*

WHOEVER attributes wicked actions to the force of love, because, some dastardly souls render themselves contemptible slaves to this delectable passion, seem less reasonable than the nurse of Medea, who, instead of arraiging the perfidy of Jason, and his infidelity, uttered bitter complaints against a mountain of Greece, for having produced the trees, with which they built the famous ship, that first ventured on the bosom of the ocean, and boldly defied the inconstancy of the waves. Superior powers regulate their elementary mandates by the peculiar object of action, and distribute their relative attributes proportionately. The sun, arrayed in all his majestic splendour, is one of the great causes of the nativity of men, the most noble of the whole animal race of nature, and, at the same time, of the prolific production of noxious insects, the scornful contempt, if we

may use the expression, of parent nature herself. All results share the import of the original subject, and are governed by its inherent qualities. Those only, who are blinded by prejudice, or wilfully reject the superior light of reason, can contest the irresistible virtue of this principle, or throw any doubt upon it. Whether love produces bad effects, by accident, or because this passion, like all others, is seldom intrinsic, mankind may convince themselves, by paying attention to the extraordinary events narrated in the following little interesting history, which affords all the elucidation and conviction the foregoing principles can require, even to the mind of the most obstinate sceptic.

The inhabitants of the five islands, situated under the equinox, which modern historians denominate *the Moluccas*, are not so barbarous and uncultivated, as the too credulous world have been misled to imagine. The enthusiastic adoration they pay to false gods, may, possibly, have brought upon them this imputation; but, it does not thence follow, that these islands have not given birth to illustrious persons, whose heroic actions have attached honor and renown to their country, at least equal to the fame of the *simple fact* of this being the only region in the world, producing that *beautiful and wonderful bird*, said to live and

die in the air, and, from never touching the ground, and being in a perpetual state of buoyancy, between heaven and earth, has acquired the celebrated name of the "*bird of paradise*."

The two principal kings of these isles, are the king of Tidor, and the king of Ternate.

The fable which tells us, that the children of Leda were produced from swans eggs, in other ages, received throughout Greece, not only as a true history, but as a sacred fact, has been traditionally handed down to the Moluccas: the inhabitants maintain, as a solemn truth, not to be disputed, without committing a crime, that "*their kings are the descendants of these eggs, found on a mountain of fire, in these islands, nearly resembling our Mount Etna*." The brilliant actions of one of their kings, confirmed the credit of this story, and so deeply impressed the belief of this doctrine on the minds of the inhabitants of the Moluccas, that they conclude, and positively maintain, as a sacred truth, "*that their kings are descended from the divinity, and that they are bound, in duty, always to be ready to be prodigal of their blood, and their lives, for the defence of their sovereigns, unless they mean to offend the celestial powers*."

These two islands of Tidor and Ternate, are separated only by a small rivulet. Their immediate vicinity very soon engendered great dissensions between their two rival kings, which soon grew into formidable wars, that have inveterately continued, without intermission, almost ever since; because, they do not conduct their wars like us, by firing and regularly disciplining great armies, acquiring knowledge of making themselves masters of the interior country, and besieging towns, in order to possess the infallible means of holding in terrific thralldom, the people, whom they have subjected, to their dominion. Their manner of carrying on war, is to form small contemptible predatory surprizes, to lay in concealed ambush, from whence, it is not difficult to escape danger by flight, a species of conduct, however dastardly, not by them at all considered disgraceful, provided, they reserve to themselves the opportunity of obliterating such occasional cowardly conduct, by gloriously distinguishing themselves in future actions. The two kings of Tidor and Ternate, were become so bitterly inimical to each other, that they especially bequeathed their implacable hatred as a sacred inheritance to their children, and this hereditary hatred had existed and arrived at such a height of barbarity and cruelty towards each other, that

when the Portuguese forces, arrived on their shores, they became an easy and immediate conquest, and instead of attempting to repel these foreigners, as became the safety and interest of both, each of these kings entered into negociations of alliance with the Portuguese, that each might be more formidable against the other. The king of Tidor was the most active and diligent in this pursuit; he immediately deputed ambassadors to the Portuguese; he received them into his kingdom; he permitted them to build fortresses, and even to become masters of his ports. The king of Ternate, dismayed and in despair, at this success of his rival, dealt out to the Portuguese still greater advantages, determined to exceed the credit and confidence which he fancied his rival had obtained. But, these two hated rivals soon found, to their cost, that they had both done wrong, in suffering the introduction amongst them, of an alien and foreign people, whom they soon discovered to have come for the purpose of establishing absolute dominion over them, to plunder them of their wealth, to destroy their sovereignty, and to divest them of their territorial dominions. Common sense and mutual danger now dictated to these two kings, the folly of their rival hatred, the necessity of healing and dropping their individual animosities; and of forming a strict league and

covenant of reciprocity against the common enemy. Sultan Bahu, king of Ternate, was the author and projector of this league, and roused, animated and inspired all the islanders, to the active and determined defence of their common country.

On the death of Bahu, Zaide, who succeeded to his throne, invited the king of Tidor to witness his coronation, under pretext of renewing their treaties of alliance for common protection. The king accepted the invitation, and appeared at the court of Zaide, under the sacred sanction of public faith; but, Zaide, most cruelly assassinated the king and all his followers, as the means of preserving the friendship of the Chinese, who had, on some late occasions, evinced a strong distrust of him, and a strong disposition to warfare. The treacherous Zaide, as might be expected, followed up this base action, by attacking the king of Tidor's possessions; but, the brother of the king, so inhumanly murdered, aided by the Portuguese, resolutely and decidedly repelled him, and preserved, to the children of his murdered brother, the kingdom, which the perfidious Zaide had attempted to wrest from them. Mole, the son of the deceased king, as soon as he arrived at an age capable of carrying arms, *took the field*, with heroic ardour, to revenge

the cruel death of his father; but, as good fortune does not always accompany virtue, as she does not always espouse the righteous cause, this young hero was unfortunately taken prisoner by his enemy, in a desperate naval engagement, because, in the impatience of revenge, and the natural ardour of filial affection, he commenced the engagement before the succours from India, promised by the Portuguese, had arrived. His enemy traversed the whole of the island of Tidor, exhibiting this young prince, as his prisoner, in chains, expecting, that the sight of him in that deplorable situation, as a king lost to them, would induce his subjects to revolt; but, this spectacle failing to shake their fidelity, Zaide returned to Ternate, better loaded with the spoils of furtive war than glory. The subjects of this triumphant king, Zaide, flocked to the sea side, to behold their victorious sovereign; they first beheld his ships of war, and no sight was ever more horrible. By the king's order, they had fixed, on the masts and on the yards of the ship, the heads of all their opponents who had fallen in the engagement, and the other vessels were loaded with heaps of mangled bodies and limbs of these unfortunate combatants. Such are the trophies which these unfeeling tyrants are accustomed to erect in pompous exhibition of victory! The unfortunate king of Tidor was

stationed on the deck of the last ship, loaded with chains. The illustrious captive appeared perfectly tranquil, and resigned to the fate which awaited him, certain, from the cruel and sanguinary disposition of his enemy, he had nothing to expect, but torture and death, or perpetual imprisonment; he often said as much to himself, and made no mystery of it to the savage guards stationed in charge of him; but, at a period when this royal prisoner had the least to hope relief, the chains with which the fascinations of his sister had bound the heart of a Portuguese officer, ultimately severed his, and gloriously restored him to liberty, and to his throne.

Mole had an only sister, named Quixaire, on whom nature seemed to have exhausted her choicest gifts; never were so many charms assembled in one person; all that benevolent heaven could spare of grace and elegance to a mortal, was lavishly bestowed on this princess. She possessed no attraction of the body, no endowment of the mind, but in the highest degree of perfection; partial mediocrity could no where be found: in a word, she was a most perfect princess. She was equally the object of the admiration and the vows of all the neighbouring kings. The sovereigns of *Bashian*, of Siam, and even Zaide himself, the

cruel and mortal enemy of their house, were one and all so desperately in love with her, that they, one and all, made repeated offers of their hearts and their crowns. She had even captivated the most distinguished of their subjects, and several eminent foreigners, of high birth and great wealth, but who, not being princes, and, for that reason, not daring to hope they could possibly attach her, had taken the wise resolution of stifling their passion, and withholding all communication of it, except to inanimate trees and murmuring fountains. The princess Quixaire had a great deal of penetration, and quickly discovered the attachment of these several classes of people. She distinctly read in their eyes, all that invisibly passed in their hearts; and, although she felt no particular partiality for any one, far from being irritated at the affection, which she saw they could not command, anxious to attach them, as friends to her interest, by this new tie, she dissemblingly buoyed them up, by looks and courtesies, with that kind of hope, which indifferent persons consider, as of no consequence, but which increases and cherishes the feelings of those already entangled in love's trammels. The time at length arrived, for Quixaire herself to feel the influence of attachment; for, however managed, her heart was not formed of stone or rock, nor for ever doomed to remain unaffected.

On the day, when they celebrate the feast of saint John, the ice of this hardened heart of Quixaire began to melt. It had been customary, with the Portuguese, to celebrate this day, as the anniversary of their first introduction into the Molucca Islands, by which they laid the foundation of that tyranny and insolence in the government, which the Spaniards afterwards so extravagantly improved and established, by a general review of all the troops, within the city of Tidor. Ruis Dias, who commanded the Portuguese forces, was a descendant of one of the most illustrious houses in Portugal, a young warrior, of elegant appearance, of approved courage, and acknowledged merit; never had any individual greater qualifications in his profession, nor better personal accomplishments, to draw the attention of the fair sex. At the break of day, he put the whole army in order of review; and, desirous of dazzling the eyes of all spectators, with the grandeur and magnificence of his country, he spared no pains, and omitted nothing, that could possibly conduce to that end. Never did an army appear in better order, either in well polished arms, in richer or handsomer uniforms. As to himself, he had carefully and studiously furnished himself with the most splendid arms, and dressed himself in the most magnificent apparel; so extraordinary rich and brilliant was

his appearance that day, that every one believed he only studied to be *personally* admired and distinguished ; but, neither his deportment or his good looks stood in need of these ornaments, and, it was evident, that it was his wish, on this occasion, that every one should think, he was not less the object of commendation in his own person, than by the dignity of the station with which he was invested by his sovereign. Quixaire wished to see this review ; and as, on her behalf, she was determined to show to a nation, who considered all others so very far inferior to themselves, that the inhabitants of the Moluecas were equal to them in every thing, she decorated herself in a superb style, studiously calculated to set off, and give every assistance to her own natural charms. Dias appeared at the head of his officers and soldiers, with so much splendor, that the princess was absolutely dazzled. She felt as if this Portuguese had violently torn from her something beyond ordinary admiration ; she felt, in one word, that she could no longer withhold her affections from a stranger, who was ranged amongst her adorers, for she had felt a thousand instances of his partiality, although he never had dared to reveal his love, or declare his passion, by any other than indirect and circuitous communication. What the individual merits of Dias, what all his attentions and

devoted assiduities could not effect, during the whole of his long residence at Tidor, the extreme splendor of his appearance, this single day, fully accomplished. Love took complete possession of the heart of Quixaire, and even with so much violence, that, she was no longer mistress of herself, to conceal it. She even accused herself of cruelty and ingratitude. She loaded herself with a thousand reproaches, for having been so long *cold*; and, forsaking all ordinary rule, she resolved on making herself an open declaration to Dias, of the entire empire which he had gained over her heart; and, if this resolution was sudden, the execution of it was not less so. The very next day, she pretended to visit one of her aunts, named Quixaire, at whose house the Portuguese general lodged. She so well contrived her plans, that she found him alone with her aunt; and, having, artfully turned the conversation on a subject, on which, hitherto, she had pretended to be remarkably reserved and circumspect, she told him, without concealment, she had discovered in him so many excellent qualities, and such extraordinary merit, that she was obliged to acknowledge, he was the only person who ever yet could interest her heart. This avowal, an unexpected surprize to Dias, she accompanied with a thousand transports. She even assured him, she was so devoted to him,

she had formed an intention of changing her religion and of adopting his. Dias, continued the amorous princess, I prefer you to all the great kings, who have sought me with long and great importunities ! but, you must not take advantage of my weakness ! I give you a heart, replete with attachment, and you shall possess it for ever ; but, before I bestow it on you, by public acknowledgment, you must ask any countenance or attention that can possibly tarnish my reputation, or render me unworthy of my high birth, which pre-eminently distinguishes me from all the other princesses of the kingdom ; since you know, that I am directly descended from the divinity ! From that day forward, Dias frequently visited the princess Quixaire ; but, she conducted herself with so much correctness and prudence, that a few of her subjects could possibly conjecture or suspect the resolution she had formed, in behalf of this stranger. The beginning of their connexion was auspiciously happy ; the end, so dismally fatal. Whilst Dias and Quixaire were employed in manifold innocent pleasures and amusements, whilst they reciprocally consulted the best measures to be adopted to accomplish their union, they received the mournful intelligence of the defeat of Mole, and of his confinement in the prison of Ternate. Quixaire was thrown into the deepest distress and mourning ;

for, she most affectionately loved the imprisoned king; and she was the more sensibly afflicted, because, the high reputation which her royal brother had acquired, as a warrior, in various battles, had filled her, and the whole island, with the certain confidence of his signally revenging the murder of their father. The late intelligence destroyed all these hopes, and she was seized with the most direful despair; she abandoned herself to grief; and, so bitter were her lamentations, that every alleviation, tendered with a view to console her, only rendered them the more poignant. Her afflictions were little short of distraction. Dias did not visit her on the day on which the news of the king's defeat and imprisonment arrived. He held a council of war, which detained him the whole day; besides, he did not think it right, to interrupt that relief of nature, which tears generally afford; but to leave nature to her full course, before he should open to Quixaire the propositions he had to make, for relieving her from the difficulties, in which the late disaster had involved her. He generally saw her only at the house of Quixaire, her aunt; but, to have a good pretext for an interview, at the palace, he assembled all his principal officers on the following morning, and suggested to them, the political necessity of offering their services, and that of their forces, to the princess, and to

concert with her, the most prompt and effectual means, not only to preserve the kingdom to their ally, her brother, but also to release him from captivity. Dias lost no time in acquainting Quixaire with his design, and the intention of a deputation to court. The princess fixed a day, and hour, for their reception, and summoned the most distinguished ladies of the court, in order to receive the generous stranger and his officers, with all possible magnificence; on the occasion of offering their military services on this most important conjuncture; but, this was not Quixaire's only object. Dias presented himself at the palace, with all his officers. They were introduced into the presence chamber of the princess, whom they found employed in drying up her tears, strong traces of which still remained on her face; but, as the sun appears more brilliant after a heavy shower of rain, so these tears had added to the lustre of the princess's eyes. Never had Dias before witnessed such enchanting beauty, and he was so overcome, that he knew not how to commence, what he had been expressly authorized to communicate, as to the offers of the services of the army under his command. At length, he found courage to express the wrathful resentment they all entertained against the enemies of the king, her brother, and made an unreserved offer of his sword and his life, in

her service; and all the officers who accompanied him made like protestations, and similar offers. The princess made her acknowledgments in the most obliging and gratifying terms; and, in order to give her lover an opportunity of speaking to her alone, she first accosted the officers, held a short conversation with them, and having skilfully applauded them all, one after the other, on the generosity and valour of their nation, and their own individual merits, she left them amongst the ladies of the court, who surrounded her, without appearing to design it, and turned towards Dias, whom she gradually drew on one side, out of the court circle. The Portuguese was not long before he thus addressed her: Had it pleased the gods, that, with my blood, I could have averted the tears you have shed, no happiness could have exceeded mine; but, those tears which I had not power to prevent, those tears, with which your face is still impressed, make me consider myself as the most unfortunate man in the world; for, they convince me, that I am not possessed of your confidence. You doubt me, princess; you doubt, alas! either my fidelity, or my courage, otherwise you would not have abandoned yourself to such an excess of grief. Rely upon it, I will humble your enemies, even, should the whole Chinese army come to their assistance. I will release the

king of Tidor! nothing is impossible to real affection. Had I not believed my life dear and valuable to you, as you have often declared, I should long ago have been struggling, arm and arm, against the perfidious prince, who has occasioned you so much misery; but, as it has been your pleasure, that I should be careful to preserve life for your sake, and, besides, as I have not the liberty to dispose of the services of my officers and troops, without the permission of the viceroy of India, which, on my application, will not be withheld, we must wait patiently for this permission; when it reaches us, I shall follow the dictates of my affection, and my duty; in the mean time, I shall contrive to surmount all intervening difficulties. He would have said a great deal more, but the approach of the company prevented it. They instantly turned the conversation, in which, the princess very ingeniously intermingled the answer she had prepared for Dias, assuring him, that his offer of assistance, in preserving the throne, and releasing her brother, banished all future apprehension, and inspired her with the expectation of confident success. I should wrong you, and do injustice to your well earned reputation, said she, if I felt otherwise. Let us wait, then, patiently, for the orders of your viceroy. The night, which generally produces the best counsels, because our minds are undig-

turbed by the various objects which divert our eyes during the day-light, acts with greater freedom in silence and obscurity ; the night, I repeat, inspired the princess with a resolution, which, while it fostered the secret agitations of her mind, on the attachment of Dias, led her to be confident, that she should attain the highest revenge against the king of Ternate. Two impediments prevented a marriage from taking place between Quixaire and Dias ; the one, difference of religion ; the other, a law of the kingdom, hitherto preserved inviolate, which prohibited their princesses marrying strangers. Quixaire believed, that the present critical conjuncture, was very auspicious to the abolition of both these customs ; and, availing herself of the consternation into which the people were thrown, by the late events, she formed the design of publishing throughout the kingdom, a solemn and royal decree, that she would give her hand in marriage to whomsoever should release her brother from captivity ; be his religion, his rank, or his country whatever it might ! The view of this adroit princess, is very evident ; she doubted not, that even those who were most attached to the laws and customs of their country, could not fail to applaud and admire her disinterestedness ; and that it was Dias alone, who could liberate the king of Tidor ; the other royal personages and powers

of the islands being comparatively too weak and insignificant to venture on the undertaking. The design which the princess had thus projected, was carried into execution the next day. She assembled all the principal persons of the island ; and, after a long address, dwelling and expatiating upon the misfortunes of her brother, with a view to his relief, she proposed the measure, before resolved on, insinuating, that it was only an expedient which she submitted to their wise and mature examination, of which she must be the sacrifice. The expedient was adopted ; it was highly applauded ; in one word, the notification of it was solemnly published, and the intelligence soon spread throughout the neighbouring islands. The kings of Siam and Bachian were highly delighted with this information ; as both of them had long been humble suitors, desperately in love with the princess. The king of Siam was young ; was a good looking man, and had given many proofs of personal bravery. The king of Bachian possessed immense wealth, and could bring a very numerous army into the field ; few princes were more powerful than him. These two kings, inspired by the same feeling, now formed great hopes of obtaining the hand of this princess. They even persuaded themselves to believe, that heaven had only suffered the defeat and downfall of Mole, by which, as a

prisoner, he lost his throne, for the purpose of facilitating a conquest, which they had so long vainly endeavoured to obtain. They felt no longer any difficulty; and, calculating upon the entire destruction of the king of Ternate, they immediately deputed ambassadors to Quixaire, who arrived at Tidor, that very same day. These ambassadors were empowered by their respective sovereigns to declare to the princess, that they were sensibly affected at the misfortunes of the king, her brother; that her unparalleled generosity, of which no precedent could be found, pledging to those, who should deliver this illustrious king, a reward, which the gods only could merit, they would lose no time in taking to arms, in assembling all their forces; and they ventured to promise, that the princess should very shortly see her brother, the king of Tidor, at liberty, and Zaide, the vile enemy of her house, loaded with fetters. This was the substance of the messages of these two ambassadors, as respectively delivered, one after the other.

These ambassadors had hardly retired from the presence, when others arrived, from the king of Ternate. Quixaire was not disposed to give them an audience; but the members of her council suggesting to her the impropriety of sending them away, without knowing what

they had to say, or what propositions they had to make, they were reluctantly admitted. These ambassadors now publicly announced the orders of their sovereign, and the object of their embassy. "The king of Ternate, said they, is one of the most powerful princes of these isles; of this, illustrious princess! you cannot be uninformed; his conquests and victories have justly acquired the title of "great and invincible;" but these are titles which he will trample under foot, and glory only in that of being your slave. That, which all the forces of the world united, has not been able to accomplish, you have, in one moment, effected, by the promised invaluable recompence of your hand, to whomsoever shall be fortunate enough to release the king your brother. Zaide, who has always been devoted to you, blesses the day which enabled him to subdue Mole, since it is that happy triumph, which now permits him to hope for the superior happiness of espousing you, so long the first object of his heart, and the constant theme of his daily prayers. We come, incomparable princess, to offer you the liberty of the king of Tidor, and to lay at your feet the crown of Ternate. If this crown be not, in itself, of ample estimation, the eminent qualities of Zaide renders it equal in value to the empire of the whole universe. Speak, divine princess! command! all is at

your sovereign disposal! accelerate the joy of the subjects of the king, your brother; restore tranquillity to his kingdom, and disdain not a royal sceptre, which the most exalted princesses of the universe would joyfully accept, and think themselves highly honored in wearing." Whilst this exposition was making, disgust and impatience plainly manifested themselves in the countenance of Quixaire; she could not hear these vicious and impudent eulogies of the king of Ternate, from whose recent crimes she was so deplorably suffering, without most extreme irritation; and felt that king's offer as a studied insult, and an additional crime. I know not, haughtily and proudly, answered the princess, what sentiments Zaide may entertain for me; but, I do know, and I earnestly desire he may be told so, that I shall eternally be his most inveterate enemy; I only desire to live, for the sole purpose of nobly revenging his perfidy. Can he, as a king, who ought to be the example of virtue, honor and morality, dare to imagine, that I can ever obliterate from my mind, with what cowardly treachery he outraged public faith, by the inhuman murder of my father? I shall have lived long enough, when the gods have avenged me, and they are infinitely too just, to suffer Zaide long to escape their execration, and the full measure of the punishment due to such a despicable criminal!

He offers his crown and sceptre, as an atonement for cruelty and murder! Can crowns and sceptres, worn by such royal wretches as Zaide, extort veneration and respect from the lowest refuse of mankind? Can ought, short of abomination and desolation, be the issue of such a source of royal pollution? Tell the regicide, Zaide, with all this, that his crimes pestiferously contaminate the people, over whom he unhappily rules; and the very land they occupy reproaches the world with his base, corrupt and murderous iniquities! Tell him, despicable wretch as he is, that he shall not long possess, either his throne or his life; that his extirpation from his polluted kingdom, may be some exemplary purification of stained royalty. Tell this perfidious Zaide, withal, that Mole shall not long groan under his fetters. He has the effrontery to say, that all the united forces of the universe cannot accomplish, what I will shortly accomplish, with my own individual means; of which he shall be soon convinced. And, added she, with a high spirited menacing air, if you, his ambassadors, place any value on your lives, never dare to mention before me again the hateful name of Zaide, the most wicked, and the vilest criminal, that ever polluted a nation, and ignominiously disgraced a crown. With the aid of the gods, whose severest justice awaits him, I will make

an example of him, as some intermediate means of rescuing royalty from degradation.

The ambassadors withdrew, full of confusion and astonishment, at the determined courage of Quixaire. Zaide waited, with great impatience, the answer of this princess, and he was so staggered, irritated and maddened, when he was informed of the disdain and contempt with which his magnificent offers had been rejected; that he nearly lost his senses, and knew not, either where he was, or what he did. Somewhat recovered, his pretended love was metamorphosed into malicious hatred and wild fury; he thought and spoke of nothing but revenge; and as he could not wreak his madness, personally, on this princess, he redoubled the chains of her brother, the king; had the prison, in which he was confined, surrounded with a strong additional force of his armed desperadoes, and ordered additional bolts and bars to every door and window of the prison; he even had them daily examined, and daily multiplied all these securities, until the release of this unfortunate monarch appeared absolutely impossible.

Whilst the kings of Siam and Bashian were making preparations for war; whilst the wisest reflecting inhabitants of Ternate, apprehended *that the beauty of Quixaire might, like a second*

Helen, prove fatal to all the kingdoms of Asia ; whilst the attached subjects of Tidor feared it would be in vain to attempt the delivery of their king ; a single individual, without other means than his own personal courage, under the impulse of secret affection for the princess, silently and privately undertook, and gloriously and unexpectedly accomplished it.

At the court of Tidor, was a young nobleman, called Cuchiz Salama, a near relation of the imprisoned king, whose conduct in several preceding wars, had established his reputation for great personal courage and singular intrepidity. He had been brought up with the royal family ; and, from his earliest infancy, his heart was devoted to Quixaire ; he desperately loved her ; but, lively and strong as his attachment was, he had never disclosed it, either feeling it useless, or that his passion was as respectful as it was strong and sincere. Even in public, he did not expose the slightest intimation of it, when he heard that Quixaire openly declared, she would publicly give her hand to him, who should deliver her brother, be his quality what it might. He studiously suppressed all the high toned feelings of his soul. But, now filled with hope, and relying wholly on his own courage and conduct, resolved to attempt the difficult conquest.

which he had never before aspired, but which, the strength of his love now made him consider an easy one. His resolution was no sooner formed than put into execution; and as his design was to employ stratagem, as the only promising means of success, he did not require much preparation. He armed a small skiff, in which he embarked with five soldiers, on whose fidelity and bravery he could implicitly rely, and was wafted with so favorable a wind, that he made the island a little before day-break. He contrived to conceal his skiff at the sea side; and measured all his proceedings so completely, as to appear in Ternate at the highest hour of the market day. It was near this market place, where the king of Tidor was so closely imprisoned. Salama mixed amongst the busy and anxious traders, and having entered into an hotel with some purchases, which he had politically made, he set it on fire, whilst one of his men did the same by a house at the other end of the town. The structure and materials of these houses were very favourable to his enterprize; in equinoxial climes, they build their dwellings entirely of wood, and have nothing to defend the interior of them against the inclemency of excessive heat and heavy rain, but leaves of the palmira tree and long grass woven and cemented together for roofs. A slight wind

blew from the sea, under the influence of which the whole town was instantly in a general state of conflagration. The alarm spread, and all ran to assist in extinguishing the violence of the fire; never was greater disorder, and more general dismay. Salama opportunely profiting by the confusion of the inhabitants of the town, went to his skiff, beat the drum to create the diversion of a false alarm: he had taken the precaution to take four or five drums with him. By force of his oars, and the exertions of his faithful few, he contrived to bring his little vessel to the side of the town in which the king of Tidor was imprisoned; and all this he fully accomplished unperceived by the inhabitants. He again landed, with three of his men, and went to the prison, while all the prison guards were dispersed, some to assist in stopping the flames of the devouring element, and others to the place at which the false alarm had been created by the drums. Salama forced open the prison doors, and found Mole, bending under the weight of his chains, thinking of nothing less, at that moment, than his deliverance. The king, all consternation, knew not whether he was awake or asleep, and all he could say in his astonishment was, to ask Salama, whether Tidor was quite destroyed? I will answer all such questions another time, said Salama; the only thing you have to do, at present, is to

follow me, as quickly as possible. We have no time for useless conversation. The prince, whose amazement would not allow him to comprehend his good fortune, made great difficulty in quitting the prison; and Salama, in an agony of despair, lest his enterprize should fail, could not help severely threatening the prince; he even made use of very harsh expressions; and seizing the chains of the king, and dragging him with one hand, and, with the other, holding his scymetar, he cut down all who opposed his retreat from the prison. In the streets, he met the soldiers who were returning from the fire; these soldiers attempted to arrest him, but rapid and dextrous decapitation by his scymetar, assisted only by his three men, he contrived to reach his skiff, laying prostrate to the right and to the left, all who dared to oppose them. Thus did fortune nobly give her support to the most difficult, forbidding, and bravest enterprize ever projected by love. They were no sooner placed in the skiff, than they all seized the oars, of which they made skilful use, and arrived at Tidor, before the soldiers of Ternate, who closely pursued, could overtake them. The fame of this wonderful rescue soon spread throughout the island; the inhabitants assembled in crowds, and nothing was heard, in all quarters, but the loudest acclamations, and

broad roars of rejoicing. The concourse of people in the streets was so immense, that it was next to impossible to pass; all thronged to behold their late unfortunate, now happily restored monarch, whom Salama had so heroically released from the enemy's prison: the populace were unbounded in their admiration and applause, of the conduct of this noble liberator; the islanders called him the saviour of their common father, the shield and buckler of Tidor. And, if this heroic victory of Salama, was not celebrated with all the tumultuous magnificence and blandishments of a Roman triumph, it was, nevertheless, entitled to its superiority. The emperors exposed the chains of their captive kings and prisoners with ostentatious display before the public, apparently, as the prominent feature of their proud exhibitions: Salama sought privacy; struggled to keep out of sight the ponderous chains, which had so ignominiously lacerated his sovereign, as if they were the criminal offenders; and when compelled to exhibit them, to gratify the devouring curiosity of the people, such was his modest and unassuming deportment, that from his silence, it might have been concluded, he had either had no share in the achievement, or that he wished it to be forgotten, that his single valour and personal intrepidity had broken those chains, and delivered his sovereign from the

loathsome prison, the relentless persecution, and despotic power of his unfeeling barbarous enemy. But, the public voice did not long suffer Salma's modesty and delicacy to conceal his unexampled merits. They prepared for him a most splendid and superb dress, suitable to the commemoration of the heroic occasion, and well calculated for the furtherance of his justly acquired claim to the heart of the princess. This dress was composed of amaranth and blue satin; his turban was entirely covered with bird of paradise plumes; both in imitation of the Roman costume; but the whole was nearly concealed by a rich mantle, fastened at the shoulders, with a scarf of scarlet, amaranth and blue. The scymetar with which he opened his passage through the streets of Ternate, was suspended from a golden chain, in the middle of which hung a medal, with a portrait of the princess, holding in her hand a net, as the emblem in which she had caught a great number of hearts: in one hand Salama held his scymetar; in the other, the chains which had loaded his sovereign. In this condition, Salama proceeded with the king, followed by an immense concourse of people, to the royal palace, at the entrance of which, the princess, Quixaire, his sister, was waiting to receive them. Salama threw himself on his knees, before the princess: madam, said he, *behold the king, your brother, whom you have*

rawn from the prison of Ternate; his deliver-
 nce is the work of your hands; for my
 chievement has been to render myself worthy
 f the splendid recompence which, under
 ublic approbation and applause, you have
 olemnly attached to it. - Love has commise-
 ated my long sufferings in attachment to you;
 nd the more painful, because secret and
 ndisclosed, and which would still have been
 ept unrevealed; but for the present occasion,
 hich now authorizes me to assert, that this
 od has but done me justice, in selecting me
 s the instrument to unfetter the king of Tidor;
 or, my attachment to you, has been as devoted
 s respectful; and hence, my silent endurance!
 Quixaire listened to Salama with cold indiffer-
 nce; all the answer she made was, every thing
 as its appropriate season; and then, turned
 rom Salama to embrace her brother. And
 eaving the chains with Salama, she conducted
 he king to his throne, with every appearance
 f assumed joy, but obviously, feeling, in her
 heart, the most oppressive grief, at evident
 disappointment. The ceremonies and forma-
 ities of this restoration of the king concluded,
 the court broke up, and the princess retired to
 her apartment, signifying to her attendants,
 that she wished to be alone. The princess was
 no sooner alone, than she gave free relief to her
 harassed mind, and indulged the grief which

she had been constrained to stifle during the observances of the court ceremonies. Sighs and tears were succeeded by bitter lamentations. Oh! ye gods! said she, for what destiny have you reserved such a wretched being as myself! I have wearied you, holy divinities, with supplications and prayers: it is true, I have promised you a thousand sacrifices to obtain the release of the king, my brother, and you have granted my petition; but, alas! the boon which you have granted me, is attended with so fatal a condition, that I prefer death to life, if compelled to fulfil it; that Mole should return to his imprisonment and slavery; that his enemy should possess his kingdom, and that I should be subject, for the remainder of my life, to the severest miseries to which a princess could be doomed, provided I should not be compelled to conform to your afflicting and mortal decree. But, oh! just gods! I wrongfully accuse you! you never can be unjust! I have only to accuse myself! yes, it is myself only who have drawn down all my miseries! I alone am the author of all my misfortunes! Oh! Dias, the most cowardly of all mankind! added she, I this day find, for my punishment, that all men are alike vain and deceitful, and that those of your proud and insolent nation are infinitely worse than all others! Showers of tears suspended her

complaints; the deluge which she had shed, exhausted her so much, that wearied with the oppression of grief and fatigue, she dropt asleep. This sleep refreshed her, and restored her looks; and whilst endeavouring to collect her spirits, the king entered her apartment. She was obliged this day, and the two following, devoted to festivities, diversions, and public rejoicings, to command her feelings, and to impose on herself the most rigid and austere restraint. Her public duty, at the head of the court, obliged her to take the lead, in all these joyful commemorations, while her heart revolted, and latently repined at what she felt to be the detestable occasion. Salama omitted no attention, no observance, to induce the princess to confer on him the splendid recompense, publicly promised, to whomsoever should release her brother; and the king, and the whole court unanimously favored his pretensions with their unreserved countenance. Quixaire, in order to gain time, alleged various trifling excuses for delay; but, finding herself incessantly importuned, on all sides, she resolved to see and consult Dias, and to see him, as soon as possible. Quixaine, her aunt, afforded her the means; and, on the fourth day, she repaired to her house, where she found Dias, with one of his nephews, to whom he had communicated the secret of his passion. In

want of a confidant, Dias did not know, who else to fix upon, and nature instructed him, that he could not chuse a better, than his own near relation. Quixaine, and Roque Peynere, the name of this nephew, withdrew, and left Quixaire and Dias together. They were a long time thus alone, without speaking; each seemed at a loss, what to say, or what to do; they were equally embarrassed; at length, after some heavy sighs, as the fore-runners of her bitter complaints, Quixaire put an end to their silence. If all the world knew you as well as I do, said Quixaire to Dias, in the most acrimonious and insolent manner, it would be openly insulting to make a parade of your courage. With all your usual boasting, I experience it to be nothing but a deceitful mockery; and that you do not even possess, a shadow of that real and dignified bravery, which ought to be the inseparable quality of a military officer, whatever his rank or station; but you, holding high rank and command, as you do, ought to possess the distinguished dignity, under the general approbation of all warriors, without which, you ought to feel unworthy of command, and, under this disqualification, to resign it. That you are unworthy, is proved to me, beyond denial. The danger attending an attempt to release the king, alarmed you, and filled you with terror, and you have preferred the relin-

ishment of a princess, who was idle and
 weak enough, to give you her heart; or, to
 speak more correctly, you have preferred
 renouncing an opportunity of gaining glory,
 which would have immortalized you, rather
 than expose yourself to the little hazard you
 would have run in the proud enterprize. But,
 alas, I am mistaken; I wrong you; you have
 died death too often, you have exposed your
 life in too many engagements, to allow any
 doubt of your courage. No, Dias, I have no
 such doubt; it is the excess of my grief, my
 extreme despair, which have torn from me these
 rash expressions. I ought only to complain
 of your coldness; I can only arraign your
 indifference: you have not loved me sufficiently
 to induce you to attempt the deliverance of my
 father: the reward promised to whomsoever
 would liberate my brother, appeared too trifling
 to call for the risque of your life! notwithstanding
 ; I had flattered myself, that I had a little
 overestimated you; you yourself led me to think
 ; but, all your transports, all your protesta-
 tions, all your oaths, serve, this day, only to
 confirm me, in the conceived conviction, that
 you are the most ungrateful, and the most
 faithless of men. Alas! continued this
 princess, sorrowfully, I had imagined that your
 heart was so full of fire, as to be competent, by
 superfluous flames, to relight your celebra-

Mount Etna, should, (which might not be impossible) an impetuous wind from the south, carry all its burning lava into the midst of the ocean! but, I am very far from seeing the possibility of this flattering idea fulfilled; your heart is perfect ice towards me, and I plainly see, that you have taken uncommon pains to deceive an unfortunate princess, who has bestowed her whole affection upon you! At these last words, Dias could not refrain from interrupting Quixaire. If I wished to defend myself, unjust princess, said he, falling on one knee, I should only request you to remember the offer I made you, of blindly executing all your orders, without waiting for those of my sovereign, and of your positive commands to await his orders, pointing out to me, the necessity which prudence dictated, of assembling a sufficient force before we attempted to meet your formidable enemy. I could add to this, the impossibility of foreseeing, that fortune would prove favourable to the most daring and rash enterprize ever yet projected, and which could only have entered the imagination of the most audacious and aspiring of human beings! But, I do not wish, or mean to justify myself: I am highly culpable in having had the misfortune to displease you; and I plainly feel, that I ought no longer to behold the light of day. Strike, then, princess;

strike this heart, which has so displeased you," said Dias, presenting his sword to her; if you do not condescend to render me this service, I shall do it myself, I shall give the blow with my own hands: if these hands had not courage sufficient to shed the blood of your enemy, they are competent, this day, to spill my own, and to tear from me a life become odious to me, since I have the misfortune to be hated by you. Dias then deliberately pointed his sword to his breast; but, Quixaire hastily snatched it away. No, Dias, said she, your life is necessary to me; it is not your death I require. She then raised him, and, taking him by the hand, seated him next to her. I ask your pardon, Dias, I have proceeded rather too far; it is the relief of my grief, to which you must attend, and not to the person of an unfortunate princess; unfortunate only, because she loves you! After a variety of desultory excuses of this nature, which marked the vehemence of her love, she gave him a succinct account of all the plans and pursuits of Salama, to oblige her to fulfil her public promise, of choosing for a husband, him who should be fortunate enough to release the king, her brother. This prince and his whole court, said she, assiduously interest themselves for Salama, with extreme anxiety and incessant importunity. They leave no means untried to accomplish a marriage to

which I will never submit. There is no one but you, Dias, said she, fixing her eyes on him with a species of despair; none but you can extricate me from this cruel and heart-breaking dilemma. You alone are interested in it; and, in one word, it is to you alone I must look for endurable life or speedy death? Here, in the extacy of his joy, Dias heedlessly promised every thing; but, was not so ready to execute his promise, as he had been to make it. When he reflected, that he could not get rid of Salama, without being guilty of the most horrid of all crimes, either personally, or by the intermediate agency of another; when he considered, that, by the removal of Salama, he must inevitably draw on himself the hatred, contempt, and persecution of the king of Tidor; that he could not expose his own nation to the aversion and indignation of these people, for the obtaining and preserving of whose good will, his own sovereign had laid his Royal positive injunctions, without bringing on himself just reprobation and public punishment; when he reflected, that, without dishonouring himself, for the rest of his life, he could not commit an action as contemptible and ignominious as Salama's had been magnanimous, and worthy of imitation—Dias found, that he had foolishly given way too much to his affection, and hastily promised too much, out of tenderness

to Quixaire. He repented immediately of his precipitate promise; and undetermined, whether he should listen to the dictates of duty, or the voice of love, his agitated mind strongly demanded serious pause for further and better reflection; and, in consequence, he became so absorbed, so lost in thought, that the princess gave herself up to despair.

All this time, Salama did not allow himself to be idle in promoting his expected object, in possessing the well awarded prize of his heroism: he lost no possible opportunity which could advance the accomplishment of it, and had been so far promisingly successful, that Quixaire had seemingly exhausted all her excuses for postponing the acceptance of his hand.

It would be difficult to describe the situation of this despairing princess; hitherto, she had, in some measure, been able to conceal her grief; but, she was no longer capable of commanding herself. The only course she had now to pursue was, to shun the day, and to avoid all society; and this she resolved upon. She pretended, for several days, to be much indisposed, and confined herself entirely to her own apartment; but, during this period, she appeared several times at the window, which

induced the courtiers to believe, from the apparent dejection of spirits, and paleness of her countenance, that she was not confined without real cause.

All this time, Dias entirely forgot, or neglected the promises which he had so unreservedly made to Quixaire, whom he had left, let it be recollected, labouring under the most deadly inquietude. One day, that the king had represented to the princess, in very warm and urgent terms, that public honor and faith required, and it was absolutely necessary, that she should fulfil her promise, and gave her to understand, that if she did not voluntarily consent, he would be bound in honor to compel her that day, Quixaire not knowing by what means to avert the fatal blow, which she considered as the greatest misfortune that could possibly happen to her; that day, I repeat, she went out, with one of her young women, to take a walk, Her intention was to meet Dias, to disclose to him the dreadful alternative to which she was reduced, and to load him with additional and severer reproaches. Fortune led on the destruction of Dias, and did not allow Quixaire to meet him; but, the princess accidentally met Peynere, the nephew of Dias, who as we have already said, was fully entrusted with their confidence. The moment she saw

Peynere, she called to him, and enquired for Dias. Peynere informed her, Dias was gone to a fortress, at the extremity of the island, to inspect some works; and added, that if she thought him worthy of executing any orders of trust for her, she would find him, as truly faithful, and unreservedly devoted to her service, as his uncle himself. Alas! replied Quixaire, that is not meaning much; I will not, however, omit to thank you for your offers; and I feel much obliged to you for them. This answer rendered Peynere sufficiently bold to venture to inform her, that he was one of the great number of her admirers, passionately and fervently attached to her. This young man, not ill-looking, was sufficiently brave and enterprising, but, made up of vanity and presumption, and possessed as many bad qualities, as Dias had generosity and greatness of soul. This nephew of Dias was truly also desperately in love with Quixaire, although he had not hitherto dared to declare it; and nothing would have appeared too difficult for him to accomplish, had Quixaire chosen to employ him, not even had she ordered him to commit the most horrible of all crimes.

People must be surprized, I feel assured, that this princess had the fascinating power of

charming all these Portuguese; because, I doubt not, they imagine, that Quixaire, being a native of the Moluccas, immediately under the equinox, she must have been an Ethiopian beauty; consequently, very little to the taste of Europeans. Those who have adopted this opinion, deceive themselves. I acknowledge, that the inhabitants of these isles are swarthy, because, constantly exposed to the ardent heat of the equinoctial sun, and take no care to preserve complexion; but, they are not born of this colour. I adopt the opinion of those travellers who describe these countries, and who assure us, that there are some women amongst them extremely fair, and that they always continue so, when they take necessary precautions to preserve their complexions; that their hair is of the same attractive colour as the gold they export; and that they twist a part of their hair, with which they intermingle flowers and palm leaves, and leave the rest flowing, which adds greatly to their beauty. Their dress is costly and magnificent, regulated by the costume of the Persians; generally studded with precious stones, and further ornamented with strings of large pearls, with which their country abounds. This digression was necessary to evince, that the beauty of this princess was not ideal; that her natural endowments were real, and that she

was perfectly calculated to please European taste, which will not, generally speaking, be contented with beauty, purely oriental.

Quixaire, beautiful as represented, it is not very surprising, that, seeing her constantly, Peynere, like many others, should have been captivated by her. I have already said, he had not dared, openly and formally, to discover his passion, however oppressed his heart, imagining, as he did, and with good reason, that it would have been useless, as he knew, that the princess devotedly loved Dias. Silence, therefore, was the only conduct it became him to adopt; and, until this accidental meeting with Quixaire, he had rigidly preserved it. From the short incidental conversation he had had with the princess, finding her uncommonly irritated against Dias, he took advantage of it, and certainly the opportunity was very propitious. He thought, out of revenge, she would now listen to a declaration from him, which, at any other time, would have egregiously offended her, and blasted himself; and the more securely to carry his point, he drew such an odious false character of Dias, as struck a mortal blow to the heart of this divine princess, who, in an instant, felt, that this lover, so truly worthy of a better fate, was reduced beneath her affection, her tenderness, or slightest regard.

You imagined, divine princess, said the infamous Peynere, smiling; you imagined, Dias devotedly attached to you! I was perfectly convinced to the contrary, and you, this day, see the truth of what I have said. Yes, I knew, adorable Quixaire, I knew, that he did not love you. But who would have ventured to undeceive you? Detesting it, as I did, I a thousand times reprobated his ingratitude and his perfidy, and, often and often, have I bitterly groaned, at the unhappy misfortune of your grossly abused credulity. But, is it not equally true, had I presumed, to take the liberty of unwarrantably obtruding such a thought to your penetrating mind, before you were previously convinced, by facts, of Dias's treachery, that you would, deservedly, have treated me, as a false, ungrateful, and perfidious wretch? I call the gods to testify, that I adore you; that I hold Dias's cowardice and infamy in the utmost abhorrence; that I have rooted out the affection which nature obliged me to bear for him, by the most inveterate, the most unconquerable hatred. Yes, yes; I call on the immortal gods to witness, that every time I have been obliged to convey to you assurances of his affection and fidelity, I would have preferred death, over and over again, rather than have been the voluntary instrument of such base treachery and imposition; but, I was myself

sorely punished, since, by your projected union with him, I was for ever condemned to be deprived of the light of those fine enchanting eyes, the natural and beautiful emblems of an exalted benignant soul! Henceforward, what can you possibly expect from a man, upon whose base mind, all the great benefits you have already bestowed, have not had sufficient influence to attach and render grateful! Of a man, for whom all the distinction, kindness and affection, which you have testified, in preference to the rest of mankind, have not been found worthy of securing his devoted attachment to you! I know, very well, what he will urge in his defence, should you ever think it worth your while to repeat your just reproaches; he will allege his religion: he will plead his conscience; and the particular restrictions enforced by the order of his sovereign, in the management of his affairs. Ah! princess, exclaimed this perfidious traitor, Peynere, trifling and weak must that love be, which submits to be regulated by any laws but its own! As to myself, charming princess! be confident, that, from the moment I felt myself devoted to you, I voluntarily sacrificed both my religion, and my king; and sacrificed them for the sole purpose, of obtaining a place in your heart; and, to obtain that object, should it be necessary to sacrifice Salama, and also Diaz, the

steel, which I wear by my side, shall very soon send those ungrateful, base poltroons to people the kingdom of darkness ! The gloomy, and almost inextricable despair, into which the princess was so deeply plunged, made her most patiently listen to Peynere, with calm attention and unmoved tranquillity. It is true, execrable as his offer was, she did not directly accept it ; but, she did not forbid him, to steep his parricidal hands in the blood of the unhappy Dias. Peynere continued uninterruptedly, for two or three days, this same subject of conversation, and all his own assiduous devotions and offers, to which Quixaire never gave a decided answer. But, Peynere, seeing clearly, on the one side, that the princess was convinced, that Dias had no affection for her ; and, on the other, flattering himself, that he could not fail of proving an acceptable and favoured lover, should Dias and Salama cease to exist ; this Peynere, this unnatural Peynere, formed the detestable resolution of secretly massacreing *both* with his own hands.

Whilst this sanguinary nephew of Dias took prompt and decisive measures, for executing this horrid and unnatural crime, which he had long maturely deliberated in his heart, Salama used every possible endeavour to discover, what *could be* the cause of the extreme uneasiness of

the princess. He quickly conjectured, she felt a strong affection for Dias ; and, he also became thoroughly convinced, that Dias was the only obstacle which intervened between him, and the completion of his long expected and richly deserved happiness. Salama, however, was not disheartened ; and, as he was, in some measure, by his residence in the palace, and relationship, authorized to make use of privileges, which any other lover would not have dared to contemplate, he determined, during the silent part of the night, to gain admittance into the apartment of the princess. He persuaded one of the young women who attended her, to conceal him in the palace ; and, one night, when he knew she was quite alone, he boldly entered her chamber, and threw himself at her feet. Quixaire was very much alarmed ; he screamed, shed a torrent of tears, and loudly reproached Salama with his unexampled temerity ; sternly demanding, by what authority, he had dared to interrupt the sanctity of her apartment ? Salama remained silent, and immovable as a statue ; but, when the princess had completely exhausted her tears and reproaches, he thus addressed her : I acknowledge, said he, with an air of devoted submission ; I acknowledge, illustrious princess, that my enterprise is highly indiscreet ; but, I entreat you, be not alarmed : I am incapable of exceed-

ing the strictest limits of respect. Condescend to listen for a moment to a most unhappy man, and, finally, punish him, if he should advance any thing which may be offensive to you; he will submit, without murmuring, to the blow Fate may have ordained, however rigorous and severe it may prove. You well know, divine Quixaire! you shun the day only, with a view to shun me; your retreat is a feigned retreat; and it is only from your determined intention carefully to avoid me, that you so studiously avoid all company, and have secluded yourself for so long a time. The gods, continued he, the gods themselves, from whom you are descended, and from whom you cannot conceal the promise you have so solemnly made; the gods themselves approve of my temerity; the gods themselves inspired me with this design, and justly consented, that I should make use of this innocent subterfuge, to procure me an opportunity of reminding you of an event, which, I greatly fear, you have forgotten, “ that I am that very happy, at the same time, that very unfortunate Salama, who, by the blessing of their divine assistance, and the strength of my unalterable love, was the deliverer of the king your brother! I will not say one word more; I am ready, from this very instant, eternally to banish myself from your presence, should you command this sacrifice. Pronounce

your decree, adorable princess ! I will obey it. If such be your pleasure, I will never again present myself before your eyes ; I will go in search of death ; the gods, who protect my just claims, will not withhold it ; too happy, if by dying, I can render you happy, for, I can no longer be ignorant, that it is my death alone which can calm the frightful tempest which rages in your heart." Salama finished these declarations with every appearance of profound sorrow, and was about to rise, to retire from the presence of Quixaire, when she approached the spot on which he was kneeling, and raised him herself. Salama, said she, embracing him, and at the same time shedding tears, Salama you have now truly conquered me ; I can no longer resist your submissive respect, and manifest attachment ; and, I acknowledge, that I should be guilty of the greatest ingratitude, if I longer obdurately refused you a heart and a hand, to which you have rendered yourself so nobly entitled. This heart and this hand are your's ! and you may now leave me, under this solemn reliance. When the son of Priam turned his back on the gates of Greece, exulting in the conquest and acquisition of the greatest beauty in the world, he did not experience half the joy which was now the portion of the self-congratulating Salama ! it is impossible to describe his extatic transports ! But, here we must, ~~for~~.

a short time, leave this tranquilized happy lover.

Peynere, who could not possibly know what had just past, arranged every thing to convince the princess, that nothing was too difficult for him to accomplish in her service. He pretended, for some days, not to seek for an opportunity of seeing her, because, he would not present himself without bearing positive proofs, that his obedience and attachment to her were sincere and boundless. His plan was difficult in the extreme, and not less dangerous; but, he had arranged his measures with such prudent precaution, that no person whomsoever could possibly suspect the commission of the most horrid and detestable crime, which it is within the reach of wickedness itself, with the aid of base man, to devise. The melancholy day which Peynere had chosen for executing his heinous, diabolical parricide, he went himself to a fortress, at the furthest extremity of the island, about two leagues distance from the town. He remained there the whole day, and, with his usual tranquillity, without feeling the smallest remorse, at his murderous intentions, he amused himself amongst the officers of the garrison, until late in the evening. The hour fixed for the horrid execution of his plot, drew near; he feigned indisposition, retired to his

amber, and went regularly to bed. The valets who attended him retired: he rose immediately afterwards, and having quitted his room, by means of a concealed door, of which he had the key, he proceeded directly to the chamber, where he arrived shortly after midnight. The dwelling house of Dias, like most of the houses of that country, had secret doors, by which it was not difficult for him, his near relation and friend, who had free access to every part, at all hours, to be sure of admission. The wretch concealed himself in a small closet; and when he thought all were buried in profound sleep, he entered the chamber of Dias, crept up to his bed, and finding him in a sound sleep, he buried his poignard, three or four times, blow upon blow, in his breast. Thus he ended the life of a man, who merited a better fate. The infamous Peynere, without intending it, so far rendered an essential service to his unfortunate uncle, that he never could have anticipated the approaching marriage of Salama, destined so shortly to become the husband of Quixaire. Dias expired without uttering a single groan or struggle; so effectual were the large and brutal blows of the murderous villain. This diabolical miscreant secretly and silently withdrew, as soon as he saw the effect of his assassination; and having reached the fort, stole to bed unperceived.

without having been missed by any body. The rumour of the tragical death of Dias, soon spread throughout the town; and the intelligence reached the fort very early the next morning. Peynere pretended to be in the utmost distress and despair; he got up, flew to the town; wept over the mangled body of his uncle; he swore roundly the most horrid oaths, that he would spare no pains or expence to discover the assassins; he caused all his servants to be arrested, some of whom he put to the torture; he threatened both heaven and earth with the vilest imprecations; he was mad with fury. Peynere, in a word, did every thing that could have been suggested, by the just revenge and natural resentment, appropriately belonging to real grief.

Three or four days passed, before Peynere again presented himself at the palace; he had resolved not to go, until he had disposed of Salama, in the same manner, and as successfully and quietly, as he had disposed of Dias. But, finding he had many unforeseen difficulties to encounter, which required time to remove, he thought he ought not longer to defer informing the princess, of the means which he had adopted, for completing this horrid, inhuman tragedy; and he wished to satisfy her, at the same time, that he would speedily relieve her

from the importunities of Salama; but, just as he was about to enter the apartments of Quixaire, he most unexpectedly met Salama. Peynere instantly fancied, that he ought not to suffer this favourable opportunity to escape, for eternally disposing of this second opponent, not a less formidable object of jealousy than Dias. He instantly drew his sword, believing, that he should effectually strike the mortal blow, before Salama could be prepared for parrying it. But Salama, who felt some presentiment of the base design of Peynere, was so vigilantly on his guard, that he was, unexpectedly, as well prepared for defence, as the Portuguese was for his intended attack. The contest was desperate, but short. Salama received two or three thrusts of his enemy's sword, which only slightly grazed his skin; but, he so furiously and skilfully assailed Peynere in turn, that he speedily laid him dead at his feet. The whole palace, soon in terror and confusion, assembled round the scene of action; and, whilst some of these spectators instantly ran away dreadfully frightened, others stood motionless, screaming as loud as possible, all influenced by terror or interest, according to their respective feelings. Salama entered the apartment of Quixaire. She received the account of Peynere's death with much greater calmness than she had heard of the death of

Dias, whose fate she deeply lamented in her heart, although she still fancied him too ungrateful, to be worthy of her commiseration. Salama, by the order of the princess, immediately retired to a fortress, of which he was governor. Some days after, with the consent of the king, and the applauding approbation of the whole court, and the whole island, Salama solemnly espoused the princess. The rejoicings of this marriage fully celebrated, Mole, with the assistance of Salama, determined to inflict exemplary punishment on the king of Ternate, for the barbarous murder of his father, for the wanton exercise of cruelty over himself while in captivity, for the inhuman treatment of his imprisoned subjects, and for the horrid display of the mangled limbs of those he had destroyed on board his fleet; and on these various grounds. He declared war against Zaide, in which, his being a just cause, with the aid of his divinities, he soon became the possessor of the throne of Ternate. Zaide, the abominable and base enemy of their family, deemed unworthy to live, by his own subjects, received his death blow from one of his own private soldiers. Mole, contented with the paternal rule and protection of his own attached subjects, to whose happiness he devoted himself, placed Salama on the throne of Ternate; and, thus, justice and virtue seated Quixaire on *that* throne, which the blood-thirsty Zaide had

so insolently and ostentatiously offered, as the means of reconciling her to the murder of her father, the dishonor and imprisonment of her brother, and the inhuman mutilation of their brave and faithful subjects.

Having thus endeavoured to beguile your time with the various influences of the delectable passion of *love*, and historically furnished you, my dear Peralte, with ample means of instruction, for deciding, whether the direful effects are to be attributed to accident, or because "this passion, like all others, is seldom intrinsic," as I originally designed, let me now draw your attention, and strive to amuse you with the no less extraordinary, and, if possible, still more unaccountable, influences and operations of that hated, turbulent passion, *jealousy*, so nearly allied to the former subject, drawn likewise from historical fragments; and, I shall hope, by the time you have finished these very interesting, as well as very entertaining treats, I may have fully interpreted the virtuous institutes of the enlightened Bergance's friend, Scipio.

THE JEALOUS ESTREMADURAN.

SOME time ago, a gentleman of Estremadura, of considerable family and connections, like a second prodigal son, travelled through Europe, carelessly dissipating his wealth, and mispending his time. At the expiration of several very expensive journies, his father being dead, and his patrimony nearly all exhausted, he stopped at Seville, where inviting opportunities abundantly offered for squandering the small remainder. Finding himself without money, and friendless, as like every body else, he found all his friends disappear with his money, and thus left without any local tie, he adopted the course of most young men of Spain, who have passed their lives in dissipation and idlery; he determined to proceed to the Indies. Although well aware, that all persons who voyage to foreign climes, do not acquire fortunes, he kept firm to his resolution; perfectly satisfied, that it was the only course which he had now to pursue, with any hope of retrieving the misery he had brought upon himself, by extravagance and dissipation. A ship was about to sail for Peru; he found he had no time to

lose; he agreed with the captain for his passage; he made the best arrangements he possibly could out of his scanty remnants, by providing such necessaries as were calculated to lessen the inconveniences of a long and wearisome voyage. The ship sailed from Cadiz; and having given their last blessing to the land of their nativity, the crew raised their anchors, and hoisted sail, to a wind so favourable, that they were in a few hours out of sight of land, and committed to the vast expanse of the ocean. Our traveller now became very thoughtful, and seemingly buried in deep reflection; he brought to lively recollection, all the difficulties and dangers which he had encountered in former expeditions, and his own hitherto bad management: in fine, he seriously reflected on all his long ill-spent time, the unprofitable pursuits, and mischievous dissipations of his early years: he severely reproached himself for his past conduct, while he pledged himself, should he ever be fortunate enough again to possess wealth, to manage it better for the future; to omit no means of preserving it, and especially to renounce all bad company. These were the reflections with which at this time his mind was exclusively engrossed. The ship became becalmed; and this change involved Philip de Carizale, the name of our traveller, in distresses and troubles of a new kind, which poured into his mind, thoughts and reflections of

a very different impression, from those which so lately absorbed it. The wind again rose, became very boisterous, and drove the vessel with tremendous velocity, through vast regions, where liquid sheets, uninterruptedly, flow, for ages, and ages, without repose. This sudden and sublime extreme, drove Philip, to apply his whole mind to avert the imminent perils which now so awfully menaced his very existence. Like countless generations, rolling into the everlasting gulph of time, our astonished traveller had images presented to his mind, of the rapidity, and of the succession of ages, in huge stupendous movements, ever advancing, ever defying arrest of progress, suggesting every terrific idea of destruction, without preserving any shadow of its traces. In these sublime movements, he beheld the summary history of human life! They figured to him a perfect portraiture of human destiny, and opened his mind to contemplate a future state: wave devouring wave, and, myriads of sensitive beings, suffering, and perishing, like those bubbles of water which rise suddenly in the air, and again fall, as suddenly, to rise no more.—Alike incessant are the changes, events, and vicissitudes, which human existence alternately furnishes to the philosophic mind, for the relief of poignant suffering, and the supercession of grating misfortune! the more abstruse and difficult,

more instantaneous and efficacious! These olatory effects were largely and decisively rienceed, by our dejected traveller. Successive change, from bad to worse, from trifling faulty, to imminent danger, operated sanative to his diseased mind, till, by gradual inion, he entered a new, invigorated character into all the busy pursuits of the bustling, cess world, which, ultimately, immolated all original dismal misfortunes, in the smiling uses of perspective encouragement. The e frame of our traveller's mind thus became ged, insomuch, that powerful inspiring eigned the exhilarating substitute of his er melancholy and resignation to despair. voyage of their ship, however rapid and ous, proved fortunate and safe. The ship into Carthagena, without having sustained injury. To shorten the introduction of our ative, and avoid every thing irrelevant to immediate entertaining history, we shall content ourselves with concisely recording, our traveller, Philip, was about the age of eight, when he departed for the Indies, re, for about twenty years residence, he lucted his affairs, so well, and so success-ly, that he acquired property to the amount twenty thousand crowns; and he no sooner d himself sole master of this property, he resolved to return to his native country.

Actuated by this feeling, so natural to all men who love their country, he lost no time in executing his intentions: he quitted Peru, where he had amassed this wealth, turned all his money into ingots, and, having embarked on board a vessel bound for Spain, he finally arrived at Seville, possessed of as many thousands, as he was years of age. Having placed his property in security, he went in search of his friends; but, he found they were all gone; all departed on a much longer journey, than that which he had just terminated. This induced him, again without local tie, to resolve to quit Seville, and to pass the remainder of his life in the place of his nativity, although he had learnt, that both his parents, with all the rest of his relations, were also dead. The mind of Carisale, as we have shewn, was perfectly at ease with respect to the possession of great property; but still, he was not without many inquietudes. Involved in cares, and difficulties, whilst he was poor, he did not find his mental condition much altered: now, that he was become immensely rich, he did not sleep more comfortably, nor enjoy life more felicitously, than when he was in indigence; for, generally speaking, the possession and care of riches, fills the mind with as much anxiety, as poverty loads it with care and distress; and though the one, be positively fraught with many and great inconveniences,

the other, as positively, has as great a portion, though of a different kind, which competently authorizes this general sentiment, that "*those who possess nothing, are in many respects much happier than those who are very rich.*" The poor humble contented man, may, in time, become rich, but the rich man never fancies he has enough; and he is for ever restless, and dissatisfied, and craving. The terms, *rich and poor*, are only comparative; there is a little middle word "*content*," which settles all the wide differences, and, at all times, the heart is much more gratified with *poor respect*, than *rich insolence*. The mite of the poor widow, was infinitely more acceptable to God, than the vast contributions of the rich men; and thus we are credibly taught, that the mite with respect is ten thousand times more valuable, than abundance with insolence. Whether these reasonings suited the taste of the rich or not, Carizale, with all his immense property, knew not the inappreciable tranquillity of that little middle word "*content*." It gladdened his heart, it delighted him, with widely extended eyes, to survey his ingots, and to numerate them, in slow deliberate order, one by one; but, his joy was temporary and very imperfect, because, he did not know, how to make proper use of them: he was in the miserable situation of the famishing fox in the fable, who saw abundance of meat hanging over his head,

as if belonging to no one; but, for the life of him, he could not reach it. Carizale found himself too old to derive benefit from the advantages of wealth, and was wofully apprehensive, that, if he made it the companion of his house, he would either be strangled, or have his throat cut, to satiate some avaricious person, labouring under the "*consuming disease of a perpetual thirst for riches.*" On the other hand, this old traveller could not prevail upon himself, idly to hide his riches under ground, because they were competent to produce immense profits, could he but contrive to exercise their influence in the same manner in which he had amassed them in the Indies. Surrounded by innumerable doubts, difficulties, and apprehensions, Carizale resolved, as I have already said, to retire from active speculation, and quietly pass his old age in the place of his nativity: but, this resolution did not shield him from the incessant cares which perpetually gnawed his very vitality. He was desirous of placing his money out at interest; but, he knew neither the means of accomplishing it, nor any security with which he could be satisfied: never was man more embarrassed, never was man more anxious and wavering: every thing with him was uncertainty. Then again, as to the place of his nativity, that was inhabited only by poor and distressed people; and, if he resided there, he dreaded, that

he should every moment be exposed to their importunities. But, withal, it became absolutely necessary that he should make a decisive choice: it was necessary that he should adopt some course, and this difficulty was with him as insurmountable as all the rest;—ingenious, as he naturally was, in perpetually devising difficulties. He now took a fancy to marry, in order to avert the possibility of his property falling into the hands of strangers. He reflected, seriously, on this point; and finally determined to adopt it, assuring himself, that he was not too old to induce some one or other to accept his offer, and become a companionable wife: but, even this reflection was succeeded by others in opposition. The very idea of a wife made him tremble; he was naturally so jealous, as to feel well assured, that he must be unhappy in the married state, and he rejected it, as the suggestion of the devil, I will think no more of this matrimonial scheme, said he to himself, none but madmen, or those who have no delicacy of feeling, can possibly marry: it is the worst rock that a man of sense can possibly encounter; there is too much risque in embarking with a woman, and that shall not be the line I will adopt:—most decidedly not:—certainly not!

However poor Carigale might speak, as he seemed to feel, he could not resist the caprices

of his stars : it was in vain for him to reason, or make any reflection,—married he must be, whether he would or not. One day, as he walked through the town, still maturely deliberating, as usual, what would be the best sort of life for him to pursue, he perceived, at a window, a young girl, whose appearance very much struck him ; besides the extreme mildness expressed in her countenance, Leonora, the name of this young person, had so many apparent attractions, that this good positive man could not help finding her handsome ; and suddenly, he became desperately in love with her : this young woman was about fourteen years old ; but, as lovers never reason, Carizale did not think her at all too young, no, not an hour too young : whatever resolution or determination he had taken against marriage ; whatever reasons he might have alleged in support of this resolution, he was so electrically metamorphosed, that he now fancied there could not be any condition in the world so happy and so enviable, as that of a married man. This young woman is handsome, said he, to himself ; but, to judge by the exterior of the house, in which she lives, I should conclude, the inhabitants are not very rich. She is only a child, said he, and as such, I doubt not, of great docility ; and assuredly, a wife of her age cannot possibly give a husband any uneasiness. She is exactly the woman

o will suit me for a wife, and it seems, that even has expressly created her for me: she not yet seen any thing of the world, continued he in his rapturous soliloquy, the real rock which proves so destructive to all women. Young and inexperienced as she is, I may be certain living with her in perfect confidence. I will then marry her; I will shut her up: I will fill myself of the natural docility peculiar to her age; I will place her on any footing I please; I will so completely arrange things, to suit my own humour, that I shall be sure never to have any reason to complain, or even repent of having married her. When people take such precautions, as I mean to do, they may marry in perfect security. I don't care, whether she be rich or poor; I have wealth enough for both. The rich ought to be contented with the privilege of making their own choice; content produces long life, whilst regret and anxiety shorten it. But, come what will, the stone is thrown; this is the woman destined by heaven for me, and marry her I am determined. Carizale, however, with all his mature deliberations, did not act as precipitately as his spirit dictated; he still hesitated about it, over and over again, for seven or eight successive days, and still persisted in his determination of marrying Leonora. *He went himself to demand her in marriage.*

having previously informed himself of her birth and fortune. The father of Leonora, a perfect gentleman, but not overburthened with a great deal of wealth, widely opened his eyes at the proposition of Carizale, fixed in astonishment at such a proposition, from so old a man, to marry a woman so young as his daughter; he desired time to consider of it, before he pledged his word, evincing, at the same time, that he felt honored by the compliment paid him; but, precaution, he added, is necessary, both for you and for me. Prudence requires, that I should not only know, who you are, but, that you should also know, who I am. Marriage is not the consideration and affair of a day; and it is impossible to be too circumspect, and take too many precautions on so solemn an occasion. Carizale readily agreed to all these suggestions. Inquiries were made, on both sides: the parties were perfectly satisfied; they began to make preparations; and, at length, Leonora was married to Carizale, who spontaneously settled on her twenty thousand ducats; so truly was he enamoured of her. Carizale ought to be very happy, because, he married according to his own fancy and inclination: but, no sooner was he married to this object of his deliberate choice, than he formed a thousand chimerical notions and doubts, which rendered him very miserable, and

en very wretched. He formed apprehensions
 thout any cause, and entertained a thousand
 founded suspicions, which actually deranged
 intellects; in a word, never was man so
 y and fancifully jealous, from the first hour
 executing the contract of his own freely
 ight marriage; a marriage that, in truth, he
 luntarily importuned, and deliberately pur-
 ased. The first trait, and that not a small
 e, was manifested, when the point was first
 entioned, as to Leonora's wedding dress,
 er she had been most acceptably affianced to
 n. On no consideration could he be induced
 suffer a tailor to take measure of her for
 othes; he set himself most inflexibly against
 and resorted to every possible means and
 bterfuges, to prevent the tailor either touch-
 g or even seeing her; and having searched the
 wn, and found a young woman, nearly of the
 ne age, size and shape of his intended bride,
 pattern was made to fit that young woman,
 d so handed over to be made to fit Leonora!
 r that pattern a great many other dresses,
 ry rich and magnificent, were made, in such
 mbers, that the father and mother of Leonora
 t themselves the happiest persons in the
 rld, in having found a husband for their
 loved daughter, so very generous, liberal and
 interested. As to Leonora herself, who had
 ver before had any but the most ordinary and

cheap apparel, she was overjoyed at the profusion bestowed on her, all extremely elegant and handsomely ornamented. But, now, behold the most singular and extraordinary occurrence ever heard of, or that ever can happen. The jealous Philip would not complete his marriage, until he had obtained a house after his own jealous fancy, which he arranged in this singular manner. He purchased one for twelve thousand ducats, in one of the principal situations of the town, and furnished it in the most magnificent style. It was surrounded with a deep ditch, constantly full of water, and a most beautiful orange grove; and the whole garden was elegantly and tastefully bordered with orange trees. The house and garden was of the most superb order; nothing could be more elegant and tasteful; but no sooner had Carziale completed the purchase of this elegant house, than he carefully blocked up all the windows which opened to the street, however pleasantly situated: the frontiers of all the apartments, which he appropriated to his wife, he took special care, should have no windows at all, and had them surrounded with a dome and sky-lights; the extensive door, and beautiful colonaded portico, which would besides be converted into a stable for a mule ordinarily used by the Spaniards, another for saddle or carriage; and, over it, he

made a small room for the accommodation of the muleteer, an old Moor, crippled and infirm. The walls of the passages were raised in such a manner, and so high, that all who went to this house, were obliged to elevate their heads; in a perfect perpendicular line, in order to raise their eyes to heaven; for, it was impossible to see any thing lower. He next made a reception wheel, or turning box, with the grate of a convent, which conveyed articles of provision and messages into the court of the house; never were so many unnatural and unnecessary precautions taken, as by this singularly jealous man; never were greater proofs of disordered imagination. He bought four white slaves, and two Moorish women; and these females formed the whole establishment of Carizale, for this splendid mansion. As to men servants, he would not hear of them. His house thus altered, and the establishment fixed, he made an agreement with a man, to buy and bring to the house, all the provisions and supplies which should be required; this contractor was engaged to furnish every thing requisite, for which he had daily orders; but, on this express condition, that he eat and slept at his own house, and never presumed to approach the mansion of Carizale, beyond the turning box, through which he was to deliver every thing he brought and supplied. Carizale now plac'd

a part of his money in a bank, at interest, after having taken every possible jealous precaution as to security, reserving all he thought necessary for his own immediate wants. He had a master key made suitable to every door in the house; and, for immediate precaution against want, laid in a store of every kind of provision for a whole year, such provisions as are purchased by other persons in their own proper season, while fresh and wholesome. All these precautions taken, and corresponding arrangements made, Carizale proceeded to the house of his father-in-law, demanded his affianced wife and married her. He then conducted her to his own house, which he had so very commodiously prepared for her, and told her, he had so judiciously contrived and arranged his whole household establishment for her ease and comfort, that henceforward she would never have any thing to do, but to ring her bell, and order up whatever she wished; nothing would be refused her; nothing would be wanting. Never was woman more closely and vigilantly immured, and restrained from intercourse with all mankind. She never was allowed to go out, except on Sundays and festivals, to go to church, on which occasions, and no other, her father and mother were permitted to speak to her, and that only in the presence and hearing of *her old singularity*, who never failed to ac-

company her, and took special care to have as sense a security for the preservation of her complexion, against eyes as well as air, as was necessary for a window curtain, in the Christmas season of a northern climate. Entrance to the interior of Carizale's house was positively forbidden to Leonora's parents; his door was peremptorily locked against them, according to stipulation entered into in the marriage settlement; but, to lessen this mortification, he made them magnificent presents, and, by great liberality, anticipated all their wants. This in some measure reconciled them to the imprisonment of their daughter, and the loss of her conversation and company. On all other days, Carizale rose with the sun, and waited for his purveyor, with the necessary supplies, to whom he himself, through the turning box, gave his own particular orders, regularly every evening. As soon as his dealing with the purveyor was finished, and the man distanced away from the house, which he personally watched, Carizale himself went out, on the business of the day, carefully, and, with his own hand, doubly locking and chaining both the doors; that is to say, the door to the street, and the door of the house, between which was the stable, and the apartment of the old Moor, who, as well as his mule, were often in danger of suffocation from want of fresh air. As the business which

Carizale from home, was not very important, and did not, of course, require much time to transact, his principal object being to ascertain that the bank, which contained his money, had not thrown away, and that the bankers were not all dead, in which he was soon satisfied, by finding the bank and people all in their regular places, he was soon ready to return home. After rigorously examining, unlocking, and again locking the doors, he shut himself up with his wife, and related some stories of his own ingenious invention, during his walk; this was done for the amusement of Leonora, and her slaves, who were not at all dissatisfied with their condition, because Carizale often laughed and joked with them, and was not deficient in esculent liberality. This is the description of the kind of life, led by this superbly mansioned happy couple, old Philip and young Leonora. In this manner, Leonora and her six slaves, passed their novitiate of one whole year, and they would have passed many others in the same pleasing, delicious, eligible, consolatory, kind, and happy manner, if the general merciless and provoking disturber of the human race, had not impudently and outrageously obtruded, and mixed himself in their happy domesticity, to the annoyance and overthrow of all the jealous Carizale's most vigilant and pertinacious securities, as about to be related.

We call upon the wisest and the most ingenious of mortals to answer, if he pleases, the question we are now about to ask! What new invented precaution they could advise: this man, Philip, in the extensive spirit of his means, to adopt for his security, or relief from his consuming jealousy, since he cautiously precluded every male from entering his house, and his whole establishment were females?—even the dog that barked at the door, and the cat that chased away the mice about the house. Carizale himself constantly awake, and on the watch, neither slept in the night, nor during the day: morning and evening, he regularly went round, and examined every corner of his house, inside and out; he was eternally on guard, and was himself, the careful Argus of his wife's safety:—to scare from his house all sorts of people, even his most intimate friends, he never would deal or converse with them, but in the open street. The hangings and tapestry of his house, represented goddesses, vestals, and amazonian heroines, so much celebrated in history. In a word, the whole of his house, breathed only the purest modesty; even the stories told by the slaves round the fire-side, during the long winter evenings, were all in that same strain; wholly confined to the little histories of some fairy, some amazon, or celebrated heroine of former times. *Leonora*:

was very affectionately attached to her husband, because, in truth, the first and only man with whom she had ever conversed. She believed all the measures and precautions which his extreme jealousy had dictated, were only the effect of wise and judicious foresight for her safety; she imagined that all newly-married wives led the same life, as she did; she never had the least desire to go out; her whole delight and study was, how to please Carizale; she uniformly endeavoured to anticipate his wishes; she never saw the street but when she went to church, and that was only on her return; for, she was always conducted thither while it was yet dark, and almost impossible to see her own hand. Never was the most rigid and secluded monastery more securely and impenetrably closed! never did any religious order of nuns live under greater austerity and restraint! never was the golden apple more sternly and ferociously guarded! But, all his incessant vigilance, all his precautionary machinery, did not rescue poor Philip from falling from the precipice which he had so long apprehended, or at least, from the fatal conviction, in his own mind, that he had fallen.

In the city of Seville, is a class of idling, lazy people, who locally go by the common name of "*the children of the ward*;" they are considered

as foragers on the public; they are the sons of rich parents, not of the nobility; always well dressed; fond of pleasure; extravagant and expensive, plunging themselves and their parents in debt; always feasting and revelling; every way bringing discredit on society; defrauding and injuring their creditors. Here we might make very serious reflections, upon their general depravity of conduct; upon their disgraceful manner of living, and the vicious rules and customs they have amongst themselves, as a common nuisance: it would be right to expose these truths; but truth is not so satisfactory when spoken, as where it is painted; better still, circumstantially portrayed; and, therefore, I proceed to perform my duty, by stating facts. One of these extravaganzas, not yet married, one day cast his eyes, and stopt to gaze, and survey the mansion of Carizale. Observing that the windows were all blocked up, he was seized with an earnest curiosity to know, to whom the mansion belonged, and what the cause of closing the windows? For this purpose, he spared no pains, and worked so successfully to realize the objects of his inquiry, that he did not fail to obtain them. He ascertained the disposition of the owner, whom he found to be a rich old man, of singular character, heard of the beauty of Leonora, a perfect *bel tenebros*, a lovely obscure young

girl, and obtained full information of the particular manner in which this bel tenebros was guarded, and the restraint she was under. Possessed of all this necessary information, he communicated his design to three or four of the most artful and cunning of his companions; and, as in this sort of enterprize, advice and assistance are seldom wanting, these children of the ward resolved, amongst themselves, and undertook to besiege this apparent fortress. But, this was not very easily accomplished; it required the removal of a thousand obstacles, which it had taken great pains and much time maturely to establish. The measures necessary to be taken; and the requisite means to be employed to ensure success in so arduous an undertaking, having been well considered, they were not disheartened by difficulties, kept firm to their intended siege, and thus went to work.

Loaysa, the name of the projector of this plan, living in public view as a child of the ward, pretended to retire into the country, and, for some days, to confine himself to the house. He changed his clothes, and linen, and dressed himself in a garb so worn and torn, that not a beggar about the city appeared to be so wretched and ragged. He made them strip *him* of the little beard he had, covered one of

his eyes with a plaister, tied up one of his legs; and supporting himself on crutches, he was so completely metamorphosed, that those who saw him in this condition, agreed, that it would be impossible to be better disguised as a mendicant. Thus disguised, and dissembling, Loaysa went every evening to ask relief at the door of Carizale, which he always found shut. The dwelling-rooms of the house were at such an immense distance from the door, that it was next to impossible, he could be heard, either by Carizale, Leonora, or any one of the domestic slaves. But, Loaysa had formed his plan; he only wished to excite the curiosity of the old Moor, who with his companion, ~~the~~ mule, he found, lived in the portico, between the two doors. Loaysa, having made a great many beggar-like whining lamentations, to no purpose, had recourse to a sorry little guitar, and, as he well understood music, while playing on this instrument, he accompanied it with several little agreeable songs, particularly some romances of the Moors and Moorish women, some very entertaining ballads, and, charmingly counterfeiting a feigned voice, he acquitted himself so harmoniously, and with such neat execution, that all the passengers in the street stopped to listen to him. Louis, the name of the old muleteer, delighted with this harmony, was all ears; in fact, he seemed to be glued to

girl, and obtained full information of the particular manner in which this bel tenebros was guarded, and the restraint she was under. Possessed of all this necessary information, he communicated his design to three or four of the most artful and cunning of his companions; and, as in this sort of enterprize, advice and assistance are seldom wanting, these children of the ward resolved, amongst themselves, and undertook to besiege this apparent fortress. But, this was not very easily accomplished; it required the removal of a thousand obstacles, which it had taken great pains and much time ~~to~~ maturely to establish. The measures necessary and ~~to~~ taken, and the requisite means to be ~~bring~~ ^{bring} success in so arduous an beseech you! It ~~has~~ ^{has} been well considered, they contrive to satisfy your difficulties, kept firm because I have not the key ~~to~~ ^{to} there is no opening through which it is possible I can give you what you ask. Then, who has the key? said Loaysa. My master, said Louis; that is to say, the most jealous, and the most suspicious man that ever existed in the world. If he could possibly fancy I could find means to amuse myself with speaking to any body, it would cost me my life. Now, said the Moor, let me ask, in my turn, who you are? I entreat you to tell me. I am, answered Loaysa, a poor lame cripple, who obtain my food by asking alms, in the name of God, of all good people;

shall play admirably well, in a very short time. Be persuaded, I have an extremely easy method of teaching, and I shall have less trouble with you, because, I perceive, you want neither talent, nor inclination. To judge only from the sound of your voice, I pledge myself, that you can sing very well. I don't think altogether badly, returned the slave; but, of what use will it be to me to sing well, since I have only some poor trifling sets of tunes. The Moor, like the crow in the tree, praised for his voice, then began to sing some of these very trifling tunes. All your songs, said Loaysa, ~~interrupting~~ the Moor, are complete fooleries in comparison with those which I can teach you. I know all the celebrated songs of the Moor Alinderez, and of the lady Chariffe, his mistress. I know all the songs of the great sophi Tomunibugo, and the sarabands, so divinely composed as to enliven the souls of the dull and heavy dispositions of the Portuguese. Nor, is this all; I teach all these things with such successful art, and such easy and ready method, that, without giving yourself any trouble about it, before you have eaten three muids of salt, you shall find yourself the very best musician throughout Spain, on every sort of instrument.

The Moor, who did not imagine that Loaysa could laugh at him so very coarsely, answered,

still heavily sighing; what does all this signify, since I have not any possible means of introducing you into my apartments? There is a remedy for all things, returned the pretended cripple; you must contrive to take the key from your master, and I will furnish you with a piece of wax, on which you will take the impression; and provided you only manage to furnish me with the wards of the key, in some way or other, you may safely leave all the rest of the trouble, and management, to me. By the great friendship which I already bear for you, I will employ a locksmith, with whom I am acquainted, who will make a key after the model which the impression on the wax shall furnish, and will make it to fit so well, that I shall the same night enter your apartment; and, that once effected, I pledge myself to teach you to play all instruments in a very superior style to priest John, or the Sophi of Persia. It is a thousand pities that such an excellent voice as your's should be useless for want of instruction and cultivation! Every body knows, that the best voice, such as your's, loses half its value and beauty, if not regulated by alliance with some instrument, whether it be the guitar, the organ, the harp, or harpsichord. You shall select any one of these, and if I might advise you, the guitar will be the most convenient and appropriate, because it is an instrument easily carried about.

and costs the least money. I believe it, answered the slave; but, all you say is quite useless, because, the key which you desire me to furnish, will never come into my possession; my master never leaves it; he sleeps both night and day with it under his pillow. Try another way, Mr. Louis, said Loaysa, if you have any desire to become a proficient in the instrument; otherwise, it will be in vain for me to distract my brains in offering you advice on the subject. If I have any desire! exclaimed Louis, the anxious wish I have is so great, that I will leave no means untried, provided there be a little less danger attending it, than that of snatching the key from under my master's pillow, or out of his hand: it would be much easier to take away his life. If that be the case, my good fellow, said the feigned cripple, provided on your part, you will make an opening, by removing two or three stones between the hinges of the door and the wall, in which you will not find any difficulty, I will contrive to furnish you through that opening, with some little instruments which shall soon work miracles: these instruments shall be, nothing more or less than a small hammer and pincers; with these, you can easily remove all the fastenings of the lock, when every body is fast asleep; the noise will not be heard, and we can easily replace them, which we will do, so accurately well, that no one shall ever discover

they had been unfastened: once shut up with you, my dear Louis, we shall do wonders. I shall have nothing to conceal from you, and I promise, you shall never have reason to repent what I so strongly advise you to undertake, wholly and solely, for your own benefit, and, for the express purpose, of serving you. My dear Louis, do not lose this valuable opportunity; you will never have such another; and I feel, it will be absolutely necessary, loving you as I do, voluntarily to shut myself up with you, in your hay-loft. But, what can we not do for friends? Do not trouble yourself about providing food for us; I will bring enough for both, and sufficient to last for seven or eight days; I have scholars and friends, who will not abandon me in want, and I will take good care we do not die of hunger. It is not necessary, said Louis, that you should give yourself any trouble of that kind; we have plenty to eat, and very good cheer, What my master supplies, and what the slaves bring me, underhandedly, would be enough, amply to support two other slaves besides myself: therefore, don't trouble yourself about eating and drinking. My only doubt at present is, about the hammer and pincers: I'll soon form a passage through which to receive them: I will cover this opening with a little mortar, and if I once get possession of hammer and pincers, you need

not puzzle yourself about any thing else. I will take out the fastenings of the lock in the most skilful manner: and, supposing it should be even necessary to give some loud knocks, my master sleeps at such a distance from hence, that it must be either a miracle, or imposed as some very exemplary punishment, if the noise should reach him. That will do very well, said Loaysa: before two days are expired, you shall have all that is necessary to put your virtuous designs into execution. In the mean time, I advise you, not to eat anything to render you phlegmatic, for however you may fancy it will be of service to you, on the contrary, it quite destroys the voice. There is nothing, said the slave that makes my voice more thick and hoarse than wine, yet I would not give up wine for all the finest voices in the world. That is not what I wish, said Loaysa, I had no such ridiculous idea. Drink only, my son Louis, drink heartily: wine taken in good measure, never does any mischief. I always drink my measure, said the Moor: I have here a mug which contains exactly one quart: the slaves always bring it to me without my master knowing any thing of it, and besides that, the purveyor, from time to time, brings me a bottle clandestinely, and that makes up for all deficiencies of the mug. Faith, said Loaysa, what you relate to me is admirable, I see you are wiser than I imagined; *one less a*

fool than you, is not a beast. Your reasoning is founded on good sense ; for, after all, “ *a dry throat can neither grunt nor sing.*” Away with you, retire quietly, said the Moor, and remember, that I shall look forward to your coming here every night to sing, as my reward for introducing you within doors. My fingers already ache with impatience, to strike the chords of the instruments upon which I hear you play such delightful airs. I will be sure to come, said Loaysa, and I will bring new compositions with me, That is just what I wish, returned Louis ; but, in the mean time, I request, you to play one song more, that I may retire to bed with more delight ; depend on it, you shall be well rewarded : the poor very often recompense better than the rich. This is not a point, which at all interests me, replied this music master ; the reward shall always be left to your option. Now Louis, listen to the song you desire. Loaysa forthwith struck up a beautiful romance, which he really played, and sung so pleasantly, as it appeared to the invissible Moor, that he was highly delighted, and began impatiently to fear, the time for opening the door would never arrive.

Loaysa now quitted the house and the Moor, and joined his companions, to whom he deliberately related every thing that had passed.

the measures which he had taken, and the agreement he had made with the Moor to admit him into the house of Carizale. They all immediately put their shoulders to the wheel, and on the following morning, selected some pincers of excellent temperament, calculated to remove the fastenings as easily as if they had been made of wood. As expected by the Moor, Loaysa did not omit to take his station, and, sing and play, before Carizalé's door: he soon observed that the Moor had made a sufficiently large opening near the door; and so well concealed, that it was hardly possible to perceive it; at the least, it was necessary to examine it very closely, and to have been led to it by previous suspicions. The following night, Loaysa carried the hammer and pincers, which Louis no sooner obtained, than, with all imaginable ease, he removed the fastenings of the nails, then opened the door, and admitted his Orpheus. Never was human creature more completely satisfied with his success! never was victory, either by land or sea, more gratifying than was the entrance of this house to Loaysa! and, certainly, his management without violence or bloodshed, was very meritorious. May every commander of great expeditions and undertakings prove as successful, with as little means, and not less innocent display! and may every ruler, statesman, and minister, adopt the

conciliatory measures of Loaysa, and, with equal success, for amicable arrangement, without provoking convulsion and bloodshed! We advise nothing but what is practicable, the principles of which, religion commands, and morality enjoins; and it depends only upon the people, of all nations, to require obedience.

Louis, was all astonishment at the sight of his crippled music master, upon his two crutches, a leg tied up, and covered with rags. He had previously been taught to believe, Loaysa was a beggar; and he was now satisfied of it, from the testimonial indications which his whole figure presented: and as the plaister, which Loaysa had originally placed over his eye was removed, as now useless, Louis consoled himself for all his tattered poverty, with the sight of a face, not altogether correspondingly disagreeable. As soon as this *intrigant* was inside the door, he cordially embraced his future pupil; he kissed his face, and, immediately put into his hands, a large bottle of excellent wine, and a box of sweetmeats. He made him a present of them, and subsequently added other choice things, carried in his well-stored wallet. This ceremonious reception finished, not less gratifying to Louis, than to his guest, Loaysa, with an unexpected air of youthful activity, very much to the

astonishment of Louis, who no longer knew how to trust his own eyes, threw aside his crutches, and made several leaps round the room, with great ease and lightness. Be not surprised at all you see, my friend Louis, said this *dancer*; you must know, that, it is not to nature I am indebted, for the lameness of one leg, but, to my own ingenious contrivance, for promoting my habits of industry; under this mask of infirmity, I solicit alms, and so obtain subsistence; with this address, and the use of my instrument, I pass the pleasantest and merriest life in the world. Devoid of industry, every one runs the hazard of being famished; of this you will be convinced, I am sure, during the course of our friendship. I am persuaded of it, said the Moor; but, let us think of the present moment, before we trouble ourselves about the future; let us replace the lock of the door, in its original position, and put it in a finished condition, that shall prevent the suspicion, of there having been any change. I will, said Loaysa, and drawing some fresh nails from his wallet, replaced the lock, in such a manner, that even Carizale's most jealous scrutiny could not detect the alteration. Louis's mind, now exempt from all interruption of his joy, he carried Loaysa up into the hay-loft, in which he lived, and there accommodated him in the best manner his spacious premises would

admit. Louis lighted a lamp; they sat down quietly together; and his new companion drew forth his guitar, which he began to strum so softly, and harmoniously, that the poor ignorant, listening Moor, was quite transported. At the end of a few light airs, for which the delighted Moor was ready to give him his companion, Lorenzo drew forth a great supply of good things for a collation, which he shared with his scholar, over which they emptied their great bottle of wine, Lorenzo taking care that his friend should have by far the greater portion, in a very jolly manner. The important ceremony of supper finished, the insatiable Lorenzo proposed the still more important subject of teaching Louis his first lesson in the guitar; but, poor Louis, like many foreigners, all provident expectations, by copious drinking, exhilarated, and nearly blind, had allowed the great bottle to disqualify him; so that it became very easy, and Lorenzo readily made him believe, he had already learnt ten notes at least, that he had the lightest finger, and knew twice in the world, and that, amongst all the exercises, so numerous that his memory would not allow him to state the number, he had learnt a finer and more promising canon. So effectually did this intriguing vanity of this booby maleteer, fill the greater part of the night he.

the chords of the guitar, dissonantly, as may be believed, sometimes as harshly, as might be expected, always as if he would sound an alarm, or break the chords. As the reader will have concluded, our two heroes of the hay-loft, could not have slept much, during the night of this first lecture on music, and very luckily, they did not, as the dawning eyes of the jealous Carizale, very early in the morning, required the services of this new votary of Apollo; and, had they slept, most certainly might have surprized them. Between the hours of five and six, as usual, Carizale descended, from his upper regions; he unlocked both the inner door, and the street door, and then, patiently waited for the purveyor, who punctually arrived, and delivered through the turning box, the daily supplies to Carizale. Having again carefully locked the street door, on his return, he called the slave to come down, and receive his portion of food for the day; and oats for his mule. Carizale then went out, carefully locking the two doors, without perceiving, that any thing had been done to the lock of the street door, to the great relief and satisfaction of the trembling Louis and his deluding instructor. The foot of Carizale was no sooner in the street, than the hand of the Moor grasped the guitar; and he struck the chords with such violence, that all the slaves of

the house heard him, and ran to the door of the staircase, to examine the matter. What does all this noise mean? said they; how long have you had that instrument? who gave it you? Who gave it me! answered Louis, the first musician in the universe; a man, who, in less than six days, will teach me more than six thousand tunes. And, where is this wonderful musician? said the governess of the slaves. He is not far from this place, answered the Moor; and, if it was not for the fear of being surprised by our master, perhaps, bye and bye, I might let you see him, and I warrant it, you would be delightfully satisfied. How could you let us see him? continued the governess, since no man ever can enter this house but our master? I have nothing more to say to you, said the Moor; and I will not tell you any thing about the matter, until you have first heard what I can play, and how much I have learnt in this short time. Surely, continued the governess, you must have been taught by some hobgoblin, as it is impossible that any man can have entered here, and been able, in so short a time, to render you so skilful in the science, as you pretend to be, and expect us, in our ignorance, to believe! Whether a hobgoblin or not, you need not concern yourselves about it; you will be sure to see, and hear him too, *some day or other.* I defy that, said one of the

slaves; how is it possible, such a thing could be, since there are no windows in this house which look to the street, either to let us see any thing, or hear any body. So you think, do you, said the Moor; there is a remedy for every thing, short of death! If your hearts were set upon it, or rather, if you knew how to command your tongues, you might see other, and many extraordinary things. What do you mean, by commanding our tongues? said another of the slaves; we will be more silent than stones; I swear to you, my dear friend, we are all dying with anxiety to hear a fine voice; for, it has so happened, that since we have been shut up in this house, so far from having heard a human being sing, we have not even heard the chirruping of sparrows. Loaysa overheard this conversation with rapture, because, he plainly saw, that every thing concurred to promote his wish, and that kind fortune took upon herself to guide him to success. The Moor promised the slaves to divert and regale them, with a very fine concert, at the time when they should least expect it; and, on this assurance, they all withdrew. They would not enter into any further conversation, dreading their master might return, and surprise them talking to the Moor; and, for the same reason, Louis mounted to his apartment. Louis would most willingly have taken another

lesson, but dared not venture on it in the day-time, lest Carizale should hear it. Carizale soon afterwards returned from his walk, carefully shut and locked all the doors, according to custom, and shut himself up in his own apartments. From this time forward, the slaves were very punctual in their appearance at the turning box with provisions, and little purloined treats for the Moor. The first day, when they came, he told them, they had nothing to do but to assemble at the grate, as soon as their master was asleep for the night, and he could promise them, that their attention and curiosity would be highly gratified. The Moor was enabled to treat the subject in this manner, from having previously arranged with his musical performer, to sing and play, at the grate of the turning box, for the amusement of these six slaves. Loaysa had made such a promise to the Moor, with great difficulty, and apparent reluctance, as if extorted, after repeated solicitations and importunities, although he was infinitely more anxious to perform than the Moor himself. The Moor embraced him most affectionately and thankfully, as a testimony of his extreme delight, and treated him, by the medium of the slaves, with as good cheer as he could possibly have at home, and a rich and well provided house afforded. The day of this performance arrived, and passed away. Soon

after midnight, the signal song of the slaves was heard, on the inner side of the turning box. Louis went to the box, and finding the whole six slaves assembled, he advised Loaysa of it; they both descended from the hay-loft, with the guitar, which was in excellent tune. Loaysa asked the Moor, how many persons there would be to hear him; he said, all the women of the house were come to the place of assignation, except their mistress, who was gone to bed. This was not quite what Loaysa expected; but he, nevertheless, fulfilled his promise, played and sung, for the purpose of obliging his disciple. His playing and singing delighted the Moor, and the assembly of women who heard him; he even surpassed himself, when he sung impassioned airs, of which he sung many, and finished with the celebrated air of the saraband, just then introduced into Spain. All these slaves were enraptured, and there was not amongst them one, either young or old, who was not mortified, that she could not dance it; they contented themselves with attempting the different movements, under a rigid restraint of silence, and carefully placing a sentinel at the out-post, by turns relieving her, in order not to be surprised, should *old singularity* happen to wake before they had finished. Loaysa favored them with some further pretty airs, and delighted them so much with his harmony, that they

became quite anxious to know, who this admirable musician was. He is a poor beggar, said the Moor; but he is the most obliging and good-humoured beggar in all Seville. They conjured the Moor, to devise some method of letting them see him, and to engage him to stay as long as he possibly could, promising, that he should be kindly treated, and they would contribute every thing in their power to provide good cheer. They required, also, to be informed, what method he had adopted of introducing this beggar into his apartment? That is what I will not tell you, answered the Moor; there are particular things which women ought not to know; all I have to say is, that, if you want to see this beggar, you must make a small aperture to look through, near the opening of the turning box, and, having effected it, take the immediate precaution of stopping it up with wax. Loaysa then came forward, and spoke to them. He offered his services in such obliging and pleasant language, that they had every difficulty in believing him to be a beggar. In the course of conversation, they earnestly requested him to return the following night to the same place, adding, that they would do all in their power to prevail on their mistress to join them, in spite of the watchful and sleepless vigilance of her jealous husband, whose want of sleep was the effect of jealousy.

and not of infirmity. Loaysa here told them, that if they really wished to hear his harmony, without the fear of interruption by the wakeful Carizale, he would furnish them with a most admirable sleeping draught; it consisted wholly of pulverized materials, a little of which they were occasionally to infuse in his wine, the only effect of which would be, to cause him to sleep sounder than usual. Oh! heavens! exclaimed one of the slaves, if what you tell us be true, what happiness could equal our's, and what changes you would produce in our fortunes! What a valuable acquisition would this powder be to us, while shut up in this house, and more particularly to poor Leonora, his wife, our mistress, whom he follows about as a shadow follows its substance, and of whom, he never loses sight, for a moment. Ha! good man, whoever you may be, pray supply us with this powder, and may all the wealth you desire be your portion! I undertake to mix it in my master's drink, and to make a trial of it myself, before I give it to him. May this good old man, who keeps his eyes always open! may he sleep soundly for three days and three nights successively, as during that time we shall be at the height of joy. I will give it to you, said Loaysa, it can do no harm to any body who may take it, beyond making them sleep very soundly. These slaves all united in entreating,

to have this powder as soon as possible, and they agreed on the following night to make an aperture near the turning box, with a wimble; and to try to persuade their mistress to come, and see and hear him. They then all retired to their several apartments; but, although daylight appeared, Louis, not to lose time, proposed to take a lesson. Loaysa humoured him, making him still believe, that of all the scholars he ever had, he had never met with one who had so fine a finger and so correct an ear, although this poor Moor was the most stupid, and the least likely of all human beings, to manage any musical instrument whatever. It would not have been much more difficult to have instructed his sorry mule.

As the prospects of Loaysa improved and led to success, the anxiety of his friends and associates encreased, and they went, regularly, to the door every night, to inquire, whether he had any instructions to give them, or stood in need of their assistance. They did not fail to be there, on the following night, when the slaves had held out a hope of their mistress being there. Loaysa had contrived to make a secret perforation, through which he communicated to them, how every thing was going on, and he enjoined them to procure some good soporific, which might be safely administered

to Carizale. He told them, he had formerly heard of some kind of powder, which would produce that effect, and that it was of the utmost consequence, that he should have it immediately. If every thing depends on a soporific, replied his companions, you may be certain of having it immediately. We have a physician amongst our friends, who will furnish it, and you may confidently rely on our pledge, that it shall be put into your hands before to-morrow evening, or, that no such preparation can be found in Seville. These friends then retired.

On the night appointed, the whole establishment regularly assembled at the station of fixed rendezvous. The young and innocent Leonora, full of fears and trembling alarms, was there also, under dread, that Carizale, whom she had left asleep, might awake, and find her absent. It was not without every possible difficulty, the governess and slaves had persuaded her to be present; but, all these slaves, and particularly the governess, united, told her, in glowing terms, of such wonderful things to be exhibited by this musician, and the enchanting influence of his performance, that, at length, she could no longer resist either their arguments, or the alluring temptation which they described. The *first* thing they did, was to effect the intended

wimble perforation, on the side of the turning box, for the purpose of seeing the person of Loaysa, and this they easily accomplished. This night, the night of great expectation, the night on which blissful success or bitter disappointment so materially depended, Loaysa threw aside his usual garb of a wretched cripple beggar, and resorted to his never-failing cruise of a wallet, providently to supply his wants, suitable to all occasions, and for every change of place. His dress for this important and eventful evening, was composed of different coloured silks, enriched with flowers of gold; his Spanish hat and plumes were of the same crimson silk, and he had a double-pointed ruff. The whole assemblage of his dress was elegant, tasteful, and magnificent. Loaysa was young, good-looking, and of good deportment, so much so, that these women who had been so long without seeing any man but Carazale, as they looked at him through the aperture, fancied they beheld in Loaysa something of which they had heard in the description of an angel; never was greater eagerness to behold any extraordinary and even unnatural prodigy! the aperture was constantly occupied; and in order to exhibit him the more conspicuously to their view, the Moor judiciously moved round him with a lighted flambeau. When they had all been repeatedly at this telescopic aperture, and

gazed at Loaysa again and again, he took his guitar, and executed on the instrument so scientifically, and so sweetly, that not one amongst them knew where they were. Ah! Louis, exclaimed they, quite charmed, and full of extacy, you must contrive that this incomparable musician shall enter the house, in order that we may both see and hear him nearer; this is the more necessary, as situated as we are, we are in danger, Carizale may surprise us; but, if once we have him inside the house, that cannot happen, we shall be perfectly safe, and we shall see, and hear him, without apprehension. Leonora most positively opposed this proposition. I will never consent to it, said she; we shall have great reason to repent it. We must be contented, with continuing to see him as we now do. We must be careful of reputation; and, I beseech you, not to incur any suspicions of character. Of whose honor do you speak, said the governess; the king does not possess too much! You may, if you prefer it, shut yourself up with your *Methusalem*, but leave us to pass our time as we please. This charming musician appears to us, so full of honor, that he will never ask any thing which we disapprove. No, undoubtedly not, replied Loaysa. I came here, only, for the purpose of rendering service, and commiserating the severe confinement to which you are all

doomed; for, I think your fate must be very melancholy, and truly pitiable. I swear to you, by every thing I hold dear in the world, that no man was ever more discreet than I am; and I have been circumspectly brought up with such extreme feelings of respect, for all persons of your sex, that I am always afraid of displeasing, by even looking at them, and my great respect for them, often dictates to me to turn my head and look another way; be persuaded, be confident, I shall be so submissive, that you shall never have cause to complain of my being introduced into your house. I will implicitly and blindly obey you; there is nothing I will not do, to render myself worthy of your confidence. If that be the case, said the innocent and unsuspecting Leonora, tell me, in what manner we are to proceed to give you admittance? There cannot be much difficulty about that, said Loaysa; you must take the trouble to imprint on a piece of wax, the wards of the key of this door, and I will engage, by this time to-morrow, that we shall have a key, which will answer all our purposes. Possessed of this key, said one of the slaves, you will have the command of the whole house, for this key opens every door in it. That is very true, said Leonora; but, it will be highly advisable, before this music master enter the house, he positively swear, that he will do nothing

when once he is admitted within the door, but play and sing, on his different instruments, whenever he is desired; that he will keep himself closely shut up, except when positively sent for, that he will never dare to be guilty of disrespect to the slaves, and that he will not take any liberty in the house. I swear to it all! I swear most willingly! said Loaysa, instantly. This oath will not quite do, said Leonora; your oath must not be on so general a scale, as you propose; in this way, it means every thing and nothing. You must swear by the sacred lives of your parents, and by the holy cross, fervently kissing it in the presence of this whole assembly. I swear by the lives of my parents, said Loaysa; I swear by the cross, which I kiss with my unworthy mouth; upon which he made the sign of a cross with two of his fingers, and kissed it three different times. We ask for no other satisfaction, said one of the slaves; we may receive you now, with perfect security; enter as soon as you possibly can; be careful to bring with you the sleeping powder, for on the virtue of that powder, every thing depends, as you perfectly comprehend, and you must not come unprepared.

The conversation here ended, and about two o'clock in the morning, Leonora and her waiting

women retired; Loaysa and the Moor endeavoured to get to sleep, much pleased with the events of the night, when they heard the sound of music in the streets; this was the well known signal, used by the friends of Loaysa; and the master and his scholar immediately went to the door; they concisely informed these friends, of every thing that had passed; but, were thrown into great consternation when told, that they had not brought with them the powders, which were to *confer the enjoyment of a long and comfortable sleep on Carizale*. Be not uneasy, said the friends of Loaysa, your fears shall be removed; services are not always as easily performed as imagined; the approaching evening, we will put into your hands the certain means of affording your old man good rest; be assured of it; it will not be a powder, it will be an ointment, that operates miracles; you have only to rub the arms and the temples of the patient with it, and he will certainly sleep for two whole days without waking; you must be careful that vinegar shall not come near the ointment, for the fume of vinegar will instantly dissolve the charm, as "*Vinegar will make the devil roar*." The virtue of the ointment is infallible, and has been often fully proved. As to the key, you have only to furnish us with the wax, bearing the impression of the wards; we have engaged a locksmith, who

will execute our orders immediately. Their friends now retired, and Loaysa and the Moor went to rest, for the short remainder of the night. Nothing new occurred the next day, which made it appear particularly tedious to Loaysa, who impatiently watched the departure of the sun below the horizon, on his supposed progress to diffuse his beneficence to another part of the world; and to see the firmament bespangled with stars, not only ushering in the night, but the hour, so anxiously desired, of assembling at the turning box. Loaysa and his scholar repaired thither; they found all the slaves already assembled, so impatient were they to behold the delightful musician in their seraglio. Leonora was not there, because, on that night, Carizale had carefully locked the door of the chamber where they slept. Do not let this circumstance mortify you, said the slaves to Loaysa; as soon as Carizale shall be asleep, Leonora will take the key, which her suspicious husband has put under his pillow; she will take an impression of it in wax, which she has already prepared; and will slide it to us through the *chatière* (a passage for a cat) at the corner of the room; for, our jealous master, so fruitful in inventions and precautions of every kind, has left this opening unprotected, little imagining, that it would one day overthrow all his idle arrange-

ments, and, finally, prove fatal to him. Loaysa was astonished at this communication; he could not help admiring the different motives which actuated all these parties, Carizale, Leonora, and her slaves. Whilst thus reflecting on these weaknesses and oddities, he again heard the musical signal of his companions in the street; he hastened to the door, and they presented him with a little box, containing the anxiously expected charm, for the refreshment of Carizale. Loaysa took it, and desired they would wait a little, as he should immediately bring them the impression of the key, which their locksmith must dispatch as quickly as possible. When he got to the turning box, he met the governess, who of all the parties, was the most impatient for his admission, and spoke to her. Here, Marialonse, for so she was called, convey this little box to your mistress, impart to her its virtuous property, and the mode of application, and, be yourself assured, and do you assure her, that, if properly administered, she, and you, and all of you, will obtain the object of your united wishes, in perfect safety and comfort; you will be sure to be free from all possible interruption. The governess received the box, with inexpressible pleasure; flew to the door of her mistress's chamber, and proceeded to place herself on the floor to inspect the *châtière*.

when she beheld Leonora, stretched at full length, on the opposite side, with her eyes fixed to the entrance, anxiously watching for her appearance. Marialonse now put her mouth opposite to the entrance of the *chatière*, and whispered to her mistress, that she had got the sleeping ointment for her husband, and at the same time, told her, how to apply it. Leonora took the box, and promised to apply it properly; but, with respect to the key, she informed the governess, it would be quite impossible for her to obtain it; that he had not put it under his pillow, as usual; that he had put it between the two mattresses of the bed, and was sleeping over it. But, never mind that, said she, you have only to tell the musician, that if this charm possesses the virtues he professes, it will be very easy to procure the key, whenever we want it, and, of course, that it becomes unnecessary to take the impression in wax. I proceed to administer the charm; and you may tell the people, waiting in the street, for the impression of the key, if they become impatient, that it is unnecessary, we have no further employment for them, and they may go home.

Leonora trembled, and was scarcely able to breathe, so completely was she agitated, when she began to anoint the arms of her husband, already in a very sound sleep, she, therefore,

ight this was the seasonable and proper
 to commence the operation. She applied
 ointment partially and locally, as instructed,
 e short of an embalmment for sepulture.
 charms rapidly produced all the good effect
 ected, and Carizale began to snore loud
 ough to be heard in the street. This music
 as delightful to Leonora, as the music of
 tutor of her slave; nevertheless, not being
 te certain of what she wished, she proceeded
 tiously and minutely: she pushed her
 hand a little, and paused to watch the
 ct; thinking him insensible of the motion,
 presently pushed a little more; still appa-
 tly continuing insensible, she was encou-
 ed, and grew bold enough to turn him,
 t on one side, then on the other. The
 ation of Carizale proved the truth of the
 ing, that *sleep resembles death*; Carizale was
 tionless, seemingly lifeless; so completely
 he indebted to the virtues of the charm.
 nora seeing the charm so effectual in its
 ration, and no longer doubting that her
 band was buried in a profound sleep,
 nt to the *chatière*, and called the governess,
 o was waiting: Carizale is asleep, said she,
 nd, and so soundly asleep, that, I think, he
 l not awake, until we make use of the vine-
 . Then, what prevents you, said the gover-
 s, from obtaining possession of the key?

It is more than an hour, that our musical professor has been in attendance, perishing with cold, and dreading the loss of his voice. Patience, said Leonora, I am going to search for it. She then turned towards the bed, put her hand between the two mattresses, and drew forth the key, without in the least depriving Carizale of his refreshing rest.

Leonora was no sooner possessed of the key, than she unlocked the door, which she did with transports of delight, which instantly beamed in her gladdened eyes and countenance. She gave the key to the governess, with orders to admit the musician, and conduct him to the gallery; she was afraid to go farther from Carizale's room, still alarmed, as to the possibility of his waking; and, in these cases, said she, it is safest and wisest to preserve the utmost caution. She enjoined the governess, to insist upon Loaysa's repeating the oaths he had already taken, and to enforce his solemn pledge, of not taking any liberty, in the house, and confining himself entirely to his music. Should he refuse to renew his promises, and confirm his oath, continued she, I forbid you to open the door, on any consideration. I will obey you, said the governess, I will act as you desire; it rests with me, to see all that you require done, and it shall be done. I promise

you, that he shall not be admitted, until he has first sworn, and sworn again, and kissed the cross, six times at the least. Do not so limit him, said Leonora ; let him kiss the cross as often as he pleases, for, I have heard Carizale often declare, that, when a man makes a promise, you cannot exact too many oaths to make him fulfil it. Let him, therefore, kiss the cross, as often as he pleases ; he cannot kiss it too often. But, above all things, do not forget to make him swear, by the sacred lives of his father and of his mother, and by all the wealth and advantages he can command. By this method, we may confidently listen to the sweet harmony of his guitar, which he attunes so admirably ; go, then, without further delay, and let us not waste the night in useless conversations. The governess hastily and gladly gathered up the train of her gown, and repaired to the grate of the turning box, where all the parties were in attendance. She had no sooner exhibited the key, which she held in her hand, than they all exclaimed, "*Live Marialonse !*" They raised her up, shoulder high, and carried her round two or three times in triumph ; their joy was redoubled, when they heard from her, there was no longer any necessity for false keys, since they might, henceforward, always command the real one, holding it up, whenever it should be necessary. Quick then, said one

of the troop ; quick, good friend, let us open the door, our musician has been a long time in waiting, half perished with cold, and his fingers benumbed ; let us have a good feast of music, and not trouble ourselves about any thing further. Hold, hold, said the governess, there are many things yet to be done, and they must be well done, as they implicate our best securities. It is necessary for our perfect safety, that the oaths which the musician has already taken, should be repeated. He is a man of so much honor, observed one of the slaves, that it is impossible he ever can perjure himself ! This conversation finished, the governess unlocked the door, and holding it half open, called Loaysa, who had seen and heard every thing that passed through the wimble aperture ; Loaysa promptly presented himself, and rushed forward, joyfully, to jump in ; but the governess stopped him, placing her hand on his breast, and desired him to halt a little. She then described the cares and fears which they all entertained, for honor and character ; for, said she, though we are here labouring under a species of imprisonment, we are not destitute of honor, nor so ignorant and uninformed, as is generally imagined, and it is not by listening to two or three songs, however delightful, that we can possibly consent to hazard reputation ; it is, therefore, necessary,

my good friend, that before you enter here, you should take a solemn oath, that you will not trespass on our orders. If your meaning be right and honorable, you ought not to hesitate about taking an oath, which can give you no uneasiness; a solvent pay-master never refuses to give security. Marialonse has laid down very good sense, said one of the slaves; if it is not your intention, willingly, to take the oath, continued she, addressing herself to Loaysa, you must make up your mind, not to expect admittance here. I care not what he swears, or what he does not swear, said one of the Moorish women, named Guiomar, let him enter; let him swear, and let him re-swear, I well know, that, once admitted, he will scornfully laugh at all oaths and all promises, though he may have repeated them a thousand times over. You suppose me to be a simpleton! simpleton or not, you may think as you please, I have all my life heard, that "*Whoever trusts to a man,*" "*trusts to a liar,*" and that "*a shameful liar makes a shameless trade.*" Loaysa heard all these observations, and requisitions, very silently and very attentively. He then very gravely answered them. You ought to be persuaded, my charming sisters and companions, that I never had the smallest evil intention towards you, and that I never shall have, as long as I live, even though I should live amongst

you to the end of time. My wish has always been, to give you as much pleasure and amusement, as my various talents may enable me. These have been my sole intentions ; and I am ready to swear it to you, again and again, in the most solemn manner. I acknowledge, that I should have been very happy, had you placed a little confidence in me, after all the promises and engagements I have entered into, as the "*Ox is taken by his horns, and man by his word,*" but as it so happens, that my first oath has not been quite satisfactory, and it is required, that I should repeat it, or take some other, I will repeat that, and as many more as you shall think proper to exact. I swear, then, " on the " faith of a good catholic, and a man of wealth ! " I swear, by the lives of all my ancestors, descended from Don Japhet of Armenia, until " now, by my own ! I swear by all the entrances " and passes of Mount Libanus, by the labyrinth " of Crete, by the flames of Mount Etna, by all " the dervises of the Ottoman empire ; by every " thing that is contained in the preface to the " true History of Charlemayne, and by the death " of the Esculapian giant Frierabras ! by all these " acknowledged powers, '*Whose words are bonds,* " '*and whose bonds are words !*' " I swear, never to trespass in any way whatever on the tremendous oath I have made ; still less the command which may be laid upon me by the humblest and

most insignificant of your whole sisterhood, under the penalty, if I break it, either now or then, that then or now, I shall hold it as nothing, as of no value, and as a thing that never happened, though *as strikingly visible as a fleeting cloud*.

Loaysa had scarcely finished this extravagant declaration, when one of the young women of this group, who had attentively listened to him, exclaimed, in a loud voice ! That to be sure is what may be called swearing ! such an oath is, indeed, extremely well calculated to bind loose stones ! May I be cursed, added she, if I ask you to swear any more, as I see you, like tribes of others, would swear any thing ; with the oath you have just taken, you might even enter the cavern of Kabra ; and while finishing these words, she went forward, seized Loaysa by the pockets of his waistcoat, and drew him within the door.

They all, now, surrounded Loaysa in a circle, and one of them ran to apprise her mistress, whom apprehension still kept sitting near her husband's bedside. When she heard that Loaysa had joined them in the house, she was equally actuated by joy and fear ; but, eagerly demanded, in the first instance, whether they had exacted a repetition of his oath ? He has

taken one, answer'd the slave, and the most extraordinary oath I ever heard in my life : it is indeed a most extraordinary oath ! but all I can now tell you, is, that we are all perfectly satisfied, though we do not quite understand it, believing, that by the length of it, it must be good. Since he has sworn, returned Leonora, we will hold him sacredly bound to us ; but, you must acknowledge, that I was very prudent in insisting upon his taking this fresh oath. The whole party then assembled, with the musician in the midst of them ; the Moor and Guiomar lighted them. As soon as Loaysa saw Leonora, he threw himself at her feet, by way of salutation, and muttered a few unintelligible words only : without a word in answer, Leonora made a sign for him to rise, which he did. The slaves were not less dumb than their mistress ; they preserved profound silence, under the constant apprehension, that Carizale might awake. He will not awake said Loaysa, who readily conjectured what they were thinking about : you may speak, and speak as loud as you please, I can answer for the virtue of the charm. I no longer feel any doubt, returned Leonora, that the ointment with which I have just anointed him, possesses all the virtues which you attribute to it : from indisposition, Carizale would usually have awoke twenty times, since he went to bed, had he not been anointed ;

but, I can assure you, he is now snoring very roundly. That being so, said the governess, let us proceed to the drawing room; it is high time to try to enjoy ourselves. Let us go, said Leonora, Guiomar will keep watch, to apprize us, if Carizale should awake. What! said Guiomar, is it, because I am black, that I must keep watch here, while every one else goes to gladden their hearts with joy and amusement? Have compassion for me! This Moor nevertheless staid to keep watch; all the rest proceeded to the drawing room, where they seated themselves on a rich carpet, and placed Loaysa in the midst of them. They were ready to devour him with their eyes, and every one of them paid him some compliment in consonance with the opinion she had formed. Leonora alone uttered not a word. She gazed at the musician, as well as all the rest, and he appeared to her, to have far better deportment than her old man. Falling again into inaction, the governess took the guitar from the Moor, who held it, and presented it to Loaysa, praying him to play and sing the couplet of a Villanelle, long ago in great fashion at Seville. They all rose to dance, and the governess, who knew the words of the song, wished to sing herself, although she had not a good voice. This was the substance :

- " Why, mother ! thus exert your power
 " Why lock me in this hated tower ?
 " Where I'm in prison's harshest plight,
 " By guards surrounded day and night.
 " Nor guards, nor cloysters can restrain
 " Sweet nature's high behest ;
 " Such bars affection deems as vain
 " When love controuls the breast.
 " If to myself I prove not true,
 " No succour can I gain from you.
 " Increasing Love, in his career,
 " Breaks locks and bolts, devoid of fear ;
 " When he's to narrow bounds confin'd,
 " With jealous fear he fills the mind."

As the whole of this company, with the governess, who led the band, danced to the tune of this song, Guimar unexpectedly appeared, and, they soon perceived, was very much frightened. You must all retire, we are lost, Carizale is awake ; he is rising ; he is coming to surprize you. This was uttered by this Moorish girl in a very low hoarse voice, and while uttering it, she hardly seem'd to know what she was about. Never was seen such confusion, so much consternation ! One vanished on one side ; another, took another ; Leonora wrung her beautiful hands ; Loaysa was motionless ; Marialonse panting and suffocated with mortification and disappointment ! As Marialonse was the most cunning of the whole party, she made Loaysa

shut himself up in her chamber, and she remained in the drawing-room with her mistress. Do not distress yourself, said the governess, I intreat you; we will invent some good excuse, and let us wait the consequences with all possible patience. Loaysa hid himself in the best manner he could, and Marialonse went to the chamber of Carizale, to see if he was really coming; as in approaching the room, she did not hear any noise, she assumed a little courage, and having, by little and little, entered the bed-chamber, she heard him snoring as loudly as ever. Being now thoroughly assured, that he was sound asleep, she ran back to her mistress. Plague take the beast Guiomar, said she; your husband never slept so soundly before! "*The poor Mooress owes a good candle to Saint Mathurin*:" we are come off well with the fright of a false alarm. The governess who had a tolerably good taste, and who thought the musician very pleasing, would not lose this opportunity of being the first to have the pleasure of a little tete-a-tete with him: she, therefore, desired Leonora would wait for her in the drawing-room, and she would go and take out of durance this master of instruments. She therefore went to the place where Loaysa was concealed: finding him very much dissatisfied with his adventure, cursing the ointment which had been sent to him, and complaining of the credulity and im-

prudence of his friends, who ought to have taken the precaution of first making a trial of it: the governess assured him, that Carizale was sleeping as sound as ever he did in his life. This restored Loaysa to himself; but he was no sooner recovered from this trouble, than he found himself likely to be implicated in another, by the extraordinary attentions and forwardness of Marialonse. Oh! oh! said Loaysa to himself, here is already an open rivalry; this is not amiss! it leads me by piecemeal, to my object, and by degrees I doubt not, I shall arrive at it, I will make my conditions with this governess, and render her influence with Leonora subservient to my views. Here he conjured her to interest herself for him. My interest, with Leonora, is not very great, said she: I have nothing to depend on for succeeding in any thing but skilful and accommodating management, like any other politic minister of state; but, whatever my influence with Leonora may be, it shall be devoted to your service, and this shall be a proof to you of my regard, whatever may be the sentiments of Leonora. Whilst this conversation was passing between Loaysa and Marialonse, all the other parties, who had hidden themselves in different parts of the house, now returned to the drawing-room, to inform themselves positively, whether Carizale was actually awake. Leonora informed them, that he was still fast

asleep, and that it had been a false alarm. What is become of the musician, and Marialonse, inquired they, almost in one breath? Marialonse, said Leonora, is gone in search of the musician, and is yet with him, persuading him, to get rid of his alarm, and return amongst us. We will go and confirm what the governess says, observed they, that there is nothing to be apprehended, "*Many witnesses have more weight than one;*" and they all went to the door of Marialonse's apartment, and listened to their conversation, Guiomar soon returned amongst them, but the old Moor did not: on the alarm he ran to hide himself in his hayloft, and was completely hidden under the coverlid of his bed, fancying himself as close and imperceptible as a lizard, in a dreadful flow of heat, and trembling with fear; but, still occasionally sounding the guitar, which he had carried off; so passionately desirous was he, of learning to play on it. Every one of the slaves were angry with Marialonse for detaining Loaysa from the company, and each, in turn, occasionally punished her by spiteful mutterings. When the governess found them all assembled near her room, to her mortification, she ordered them all instantly to retire to bed, as it was become very late. From this they understood, that she was desirous of remaining alone with Leonora,

and they did not dare to disobey this their double-faced commander in chief.

As soon as the slaves had all retired, Mari-alouse returned to the drawing-room, where Leonora was now alone: she immediately entered into conversation with her respecting Loaysa, and earnestly urged her attention to his vows, and oaths, of eternal attachment. She made a long plausible harangue on the occasion, and so well supported her arguments, that it might have been said she had learnt her lesson by heart: she fully extolled all his enchanting skill as a musician, that which he possessed, as well as that which he did not possess; and though she herself could know nothing of him, she represented him as an accomplished gentleman, in manners, education, and conduct: in short, whatever may have been the engagement she had privately entered into with Loaysa, she strenuously advocated his cause with Leonora, and unblushingly set falsehood, exaggeration, and imposition at defiance. Her whole language was very pathetic; she urged the deadness of the night, and secrecy, and used such persuasions as were calculated to influence a woman as inflexible and indignantly resistful, as Leonora was artless and imprudent. And thus was this well disposed and happy young

woman, shaken and overpowered by the diabolical deceptions of her vicious servant, notwithstanding all the watchful precautions of the poor Carizale, whose own sound slumbers were yet unbroken. The mind of Leonora, bewildered and tainted by the artful Marialonse, that vicious wretch took her too credulous, but still reluctant mistress by the hand, her eyes full of tears, and forcibly dragged her into the room in which she had placed Loaysa, and shut the door. This wretch, Marialonse, immediately afterwards, returned to the drawing-room, threw herself on the carpet, and went to sleep. Behold, Carizale! the end of all your anxious precautions; all your want of confidence; the effect of your downright imprisonment, and all the oaths you sanctimoniously administered, on all occasions, and in every situation, to your innocent, amiable wife, and all her attendant vicious slaves! Where now the use of all the high walls surrounding your house? What advantage have you derived from your turning box? From the blocking up of your windows? Where has been the advantage to your injured wife, of the wealth which you voluntarily settled upon her at your marriage? and the store of valuable and handsome articles and properties with which you have since presented her? and loaded even your servants and slaves? Now acknowledge the folly of your whole conduct, and the poi-

nant injuries you inflicted on your artless wife by unnatural suspicions! and, be for ever ready to subscribe to the opinion of mankind, that a *virtuous woman requires no guide but her own principles!* and, in this, poor Carizale! you have an exemplary proof even in your own falsely suspected, innocent wife, who yet maintained her fidelity, little as you deserved it, against the wiles of the intriguing Argus, Marialonse, whom you in truth stationed to beguile her, and the long struggling importunities, of the designing, artful, and vicious intriguant, bent upon, and so long planning her seduction. Behold your innocent wife, not to be betrayed, exhausted with resistance, in defence of her honor, fallen senseless on the floor!

During these irregularities in his mansion, Carizale awoke; the ointment had lost its further virtue; he immediately felt, on all sides, in his customary manner, for Leonora; and not finding her, this old jealous man, dreadfully frightened, jumped out of bed, with extraordinary agility. He sought his wife in every part of the room, and, seeing the door open, was ready to die with distraction. This unforeseen and very unexpected event, nearly drove Carizale mad: collecting his spirits, he proceeded to the gallery, and, from thence, quietly crept into the drawing-room, where he found the

intriguing governess asleep. Observing, that she was alone, and not in her usual place of rest, he went directly to her chamber, and silently opened the door. The jealous Carizale beheld Loaysa on one side of the room, and Leonora lying on the floor, on the other, both so profoundly asleep, that it really appeared, it was they who were under the influence of the soporific charm!

This sight actually petrified the jealous Carizale, as will readily be imagined. He knew not, whether he was awake, or still asleep; he lost the power of motion, and of speech; and though the most violent anger performed its natural functions, his grief and wretchedness completely overpowered him, by breathless stupefaction. His recovery produced a thousand distressing reflections, and as many violent designs; his mind was full of nothing else; and that which he ultimately resolved on, was to assassinate this faithless wife, and her criminal deluder; and, for that purpose, he left the chamber of Marialonse, to return to his own, in search of a poignard; but, he was no sooner there, than grief again overpowered him, and he fell senseless on his bed. The light of day overtook Leonora and Loaysa, still unawakened; Marialonse went to wake them; and, taking Leonora by the hand, she led her

terrified and trembling, to the chamber of Carizale; seeing him on the bed, they did not doubt, the soporific still continued to operate; Leonora went to him, turned him, first on one side, and then on the other, in order to ascertain, whether he would wake, or it would be necessary to apply the antidote of vinegar; Carizale came to himself, and heaving a deep sigh, said, in a trembling and doleful voice, that he was the most unfortunate man in the world. Leonora, not hearing, or not exactly understanding what was said by her husband, whom she perceived to be quite awake, was surprised to find, that the virtue of the soporific did not operate as long as the musician had assured them. She several times approached him, embraced him, and paid every affectionate attention; what is the matter with you, Carizale? said she; you seem to be complaining. The unhappy man, now threw his widely opened, staring eyes, upon Leonora, and steadfastly looking at her, made her no other answer, but to pray her immediately to send for her father and mother. I have a convulsion at my heart, which mortally distresses me, said he, shortly afterwards; I feel, that I have not long to live, and I shall quit life, with very great regret, if I die without once more seeing them. Leonora implicitly believing all her husband said to be true, answered, that he

should be immediately obeyed. She ordered the Moor, without loss of time, to go to her father's; and feeling persuaded, that the disorder of Carizale was entirely the effect of the sporific, she became extremely miserable; affected her so sensibly, that she paid him more attention and tenderness, than ever she had done in her life; never was she more assiduous in her attentions to the unfortunate Carizale! On the other hand, Carizale contemplated her with astonishment; he made a thousand mournful reflections, which every moment drew forth dismal groans. Already had the governess apprized Loaysa of the sudden illness of her master, and made him believe, that he was dangerously ill, because he had omitted his usual injunction of carefully locking the street door when the Moor went out. The father and mother of Leonora were very much surprized at Carizale's message, requiring their attendance; for, up to this time, they had never once been suffered to see their daughter in his house. But, they were much more surprised, when they approached the house of their son-in-law, and saw, not only the street door, but the inner door, both wide open; and the house like a desert, in profound silence. They deliberately ascended the stairs to Carizale's chamber, full of thought. They found him absorbed in grief, with his eyes

wildly fixed on his wife, while she, apparently motionless, was bathed in tears, as if involved in agonizing distress. As soon as the parents of Leonora entered, Carizale ordered all the slaves to withdraw, except Marialonse, and then requested them all to be seated. He addressed them in the terms following, in the most grave and solemn manner, and with the extreme of cold unconcern. You cannot have forgotten, my respected father and mother, the unreserved candour, and undisguised terms in which I sought the honor of your alliance, and the attachment which I have uniformly manifested towards you. It is, this day, exactly one year, since you bestowed on me your daughter, for my wedded wife. You recollect, with what unbounded liberality I acted, when I married her; and the kind and handsome manner with which I always have conducted myself. She was mine; you gave her to me; and, as I loved her, in the extreme of affection, I took every possible precaution, and earnest care, to preserve this, to me, inestimable jewel. In this respect, I believed, it would be as beneficial to the comfort and happiness of my beloved wife, as contributory to my own; taught, as I have been, by long and dearly bought experience, in the course of half a century, of sojourning in, and before the active, scrutinizing, envious, and illiberal world, that men are all cunning, artful,

designing, and dissembling, ready to injure character, and devastate wealth, not their own; and that women are all weak, vain, credulous, and too easily imposed upon. Impressed with the full verity of these notions, my study was, that I should live with my wife, in a state of retirement and seclusion from the world, as the surest means, within my contemplation, of averting the imposition of evils and vices, and keeping free from insolences, persecutions, and crimes, too prolifically engendered in the too general intercourse of thoughtless society. To keep closely to my plan, and to render any encroachment on my system and principles of domesticity, I heightened the walls round my house; I blocked up all the windows that looked into the street; I strengthened the locks of all the doors; I established a turning box, resembling those belonging to convents and monasteries; I wished carefully to avoid her being exposed to any thing bearing the name, or form of man. I gave her an establishment of servants and slaves; she had only to express a wish, to have it realized, not only for herself, but those about her. In fine, I affectionately and unreservedly made her my equal, in every respect; I confided to her my most secret thoughts; I entrusted to her the charge of all my property:—from all the measures which I had taken, not with less solicitude for the

happiness of my young and inexperienced wife, than my own, I was full of confidence, and my mind perfectly at ease, that I had no interruption to fear, and that I should preserve, without jealousy, or apprehension of deceit, a beloved wife, whom I had made such sacrifices to obtain, and who had fallen to my happy lot, as I believed, through an effort of your paternal bounty. But, as the most consummate prudence cannot always prevent or foresee the misfortunes which heaven imposes, for salutary chastisement, I have not been able, by all the anxious pains, which I have taken, to guard against mine; and, I find, that, by all these incessant cares, I have myself only prepared the fatal poison which administers my death. You are surprized, and uncommonly astonished, and, I perceive, little expect the end to which this preamble leads! Be patient, I will concisely state, all I have to say; I will not keep you longer in suspense. This morning, I found your daughter in a room with a young lover! this is neither vision nor dream, and I again crave your most serious attention! The young man is yet shut up in the chamber of this *she-devil of a governess*! Carizale had no sooner given her parents this information, than Leonora fainted, and fell at his feet. Marialonse, completely confounded, turned as pale as death; and the father and mother of

Leonora, were so astounded and confused, that they could not utter a single word, had they known what to say. Carizale, who had been obliged to pause, now resumed his recital. The resentful satisfaction which I mean to take for this affront, is not of the nature ordinarily taken on similar occasions. As I am remarkable for the singularity of my actions, my conduct, in this distressing case, shall correspond; I mean to take the whole of this punishment upon myself; for, after mature consideration, it is I, and I alone, who have incurred the crime. "*Truth is eternal, and will at last prevail.*" What right had I, at my advanced age, to think of marrying a girl of fifteen? this kind of marriage is invariably unhappy: and it is but fair, that, as I was well convinced of this truth before I solicited Leonora in marriage, I ought to be the only sufferer; doubtless, I fully merit my destiny, and justly ought only to be considered on a parallel with those "*Insects that build houses which serve for their tombs.*" I do not think you in any way culpable, my dear Leonora, said Carizale, embracing her, with extraordinary tenderness; I accuse only Marialonse, who has grossly abused your extreme simplicity and want of experience. I shall not load you with reproaches; I have not one to offer; and, so

far from entertaining any kind of resentment in my heart, I wish only to manifest how much and sincerely I love you. I must again repeat, I will do you justice; I think you have only deceived me, by having unheedingly lent your ear to the deceitful and interested persuasions of the most abominable of all wicked women. Let a notary be sent for, added Carizale, addressing the father and mother of Leonora, I wish to make my will, and to give another twenty thousand ducats to your daughter, whom I strongly recommend, after my death, to marry the young man whom I found with her. As I tenderly loved her, during my life, I wish her to be happy and comfortable when I no longer exist. As to you, my dear father and mother, I shall not forget you. I will bequeath you something, wherewith to live honorably and comfortably for the remainder of your days. With respect to all the rest of my wealth, I destine it for works of piety. This is the substance of my last will; but, do not fail to send for a notary instantly, as I feel I cannot live long. Greatly exhausted, Carizale here fainted, and fell on the face of Leonora, who had not yet recovered from her swoon. During this scene, Marialonse stole out of the chamber, to apprise Loaysa, her expected paramour, of what was passing. She advised

to retire immediately, and promised to inform him, of all that should afterwards pass. I may go freely, now, said she, for all the doors of our house are now open: and it will be easy for me to send the Moor slave to you, whenever it may become necessary. Loaysa was surprized at the account the governess had given him, and, having re-assumed his dress of a beggar, he repaired to his friends, to relate the conclusion of his surprizing adventure. The party entered the apartment at the moment that Carizale and Leonora were recovering from their swoons. He was a friend of the father-in-law, and immediately entered on the performance of his duty. The unfortunate and wretched Carizale made his will, in the manner he had before designed, without saying one word of the error into which his wife had voluntarily fallen; he simply stated, that he had very good and lawful reasons for entreating her to marry the young man he had already mentioned to her *in private*. Leonora, who did not at all expect this, threw herself again at the feet of Carizale; Live, sir! said she, melting in tears; it is I who deserve to die, and am unworthy of all your goodness! I have offended you, and I readily condemn myself! I deserve your utmost contempt! but, I call heaven to witness, that I have only offended you in

thought! She would have said more, but a sudden panic of her heart caused her to fall a second time in a fainting fit. The unhappy Carizale bitterly cried, tenderly embraced her, and gave every proof of extreme affection. He again revised and signed his will, in which he gave to the Moor and all the other slaves, enough to subsist on for the remainder of their lives. Marialonse was the only one left unprovided for. The father and mother of Leonora used every endeavour to divert Carizale's grief; but, all was useless; the wound was too deep. Carizale paid the tribute of nature at the end of seven or eight days, and was attended by Leonora and her parents to his tomb. Leonora remained a mourning and rich widow. Loaysa did not in the least benefit by all these events: when he hoped Leonora would fulfil the request of her husband in his will, he learnt, that she was become a nun in one of the most austere and rigid convents in the city; this disappointment was so mortifying, and rendered him so completely odious to himself, that he left his own country for the Indies. The father and mother of Leonora very much regretted this determination of their daughter; but, consoled themselves with the considerable wealth, which Carizale had left them. The Moor and all the slaves became

free, and were well provided for ; but, the base, vicious, perfidious Marialonse, was condemned to poverty, shame and obscurity.

This is the termination of this extraordinary and singular history ; and, perhaps, considering it on all sides, and in every way, in all its bearings, it is at once the most extraordinary and unparalleled : Our adventure and history exhibits a good example of the frailty of women, the whimsicality of old people, the artifices of young ones, and the little confidence we ought to place in the wisest precautions, and the best concerted measures, "*where security depends on the fidelity of frail man.*" For my own part, I don't know, why Leonora did not complete her justification to Carizale and her parents ; but, it appears, that the extreme trouble and emotion, in which she was so unexpectedly and unhappily involved, completely paralysed her tongue at the time of her relation ; and, the almost instantaneous death of her husband, subsequently prevented the continuation. Perhaps, Leonora also imagined, that any justification in the eye of deep-rooted prejudice, would be useless ; indeed, what she had to assert, was almost incredible, however true.

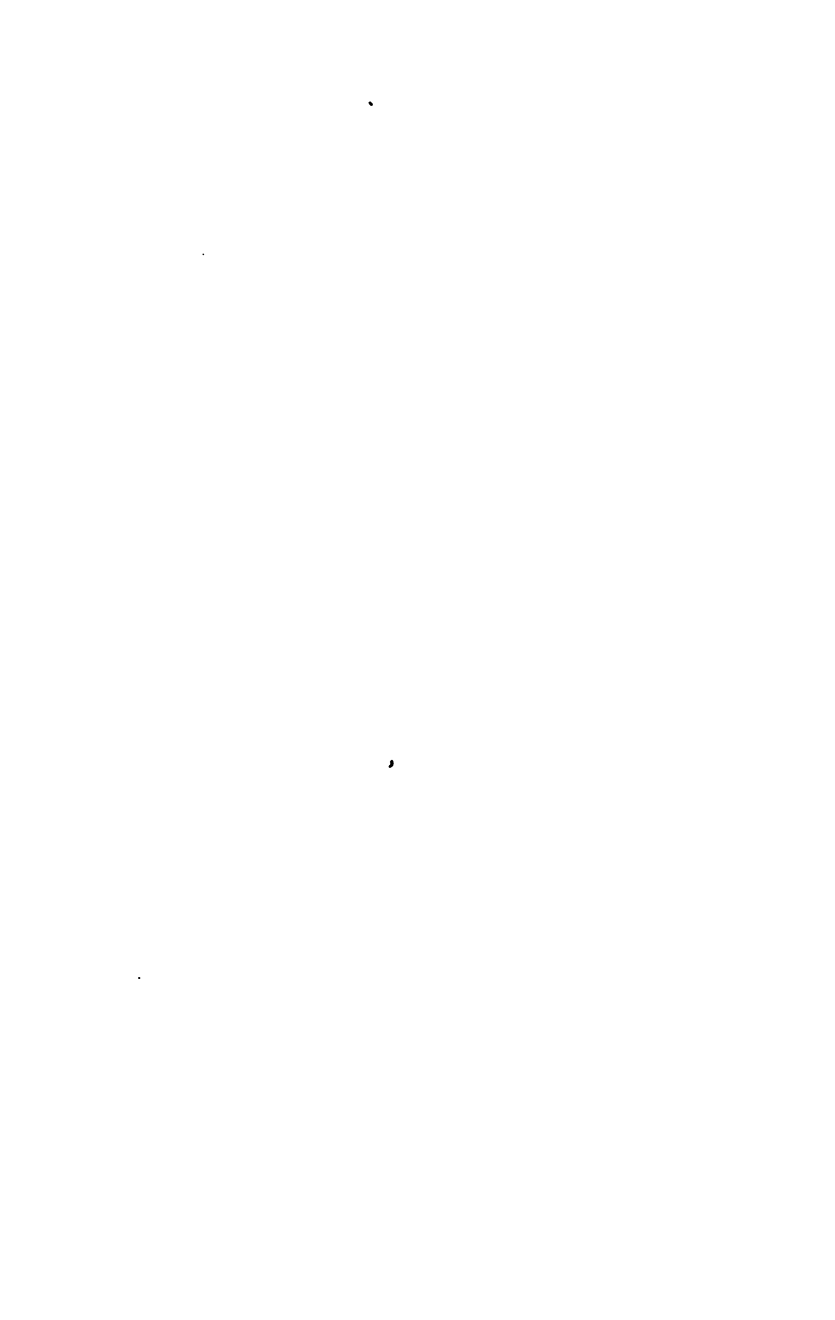
Thus, my inestimable friend, Peralta, you cannot deny, that you have been well enter-

tained with the dire effects of the commanding passion of love, in the history of Ruis Dias and the princess Quixaire; and the blind infatuation of *jealousy*, in the history of this Estramaduran. The enlightened institutes of the reflecting mind of *Scipio*, on which so much anxious expectation has been built, not being yet transcribed, as I expected, and hoped to have been sufficiently recovered in health to have enabled me to accomplish, let me draw your intermediate attention, by portraying the *harmonized union of love and jealousy*, reciprocally supporting each other, in the beautiful historical display, of the superlative accomplishments and celebrated beauty of '*The Little Gipsy Girl*,' most interestingly introduced to our acquaintance by the *learned dog*, whose classical acquirements have so often rapturously delighted you; the *sagacious Bergance*, the friend, companion, and reputed brother of the *enlightened Scipio*. This interesting detail, also drawn from historical facts, supported by knowledge acquired during many years constant residence amongst, and intercourse with, the Gipsies, will faithfully instruct you, in the fixed and steady principles of their fraternity, and laws, their manners, customs and habits, and, above all, their irreproachable virtue; while, to the generality of the public, inclined to be well informed, it lays down, very wholesome in-

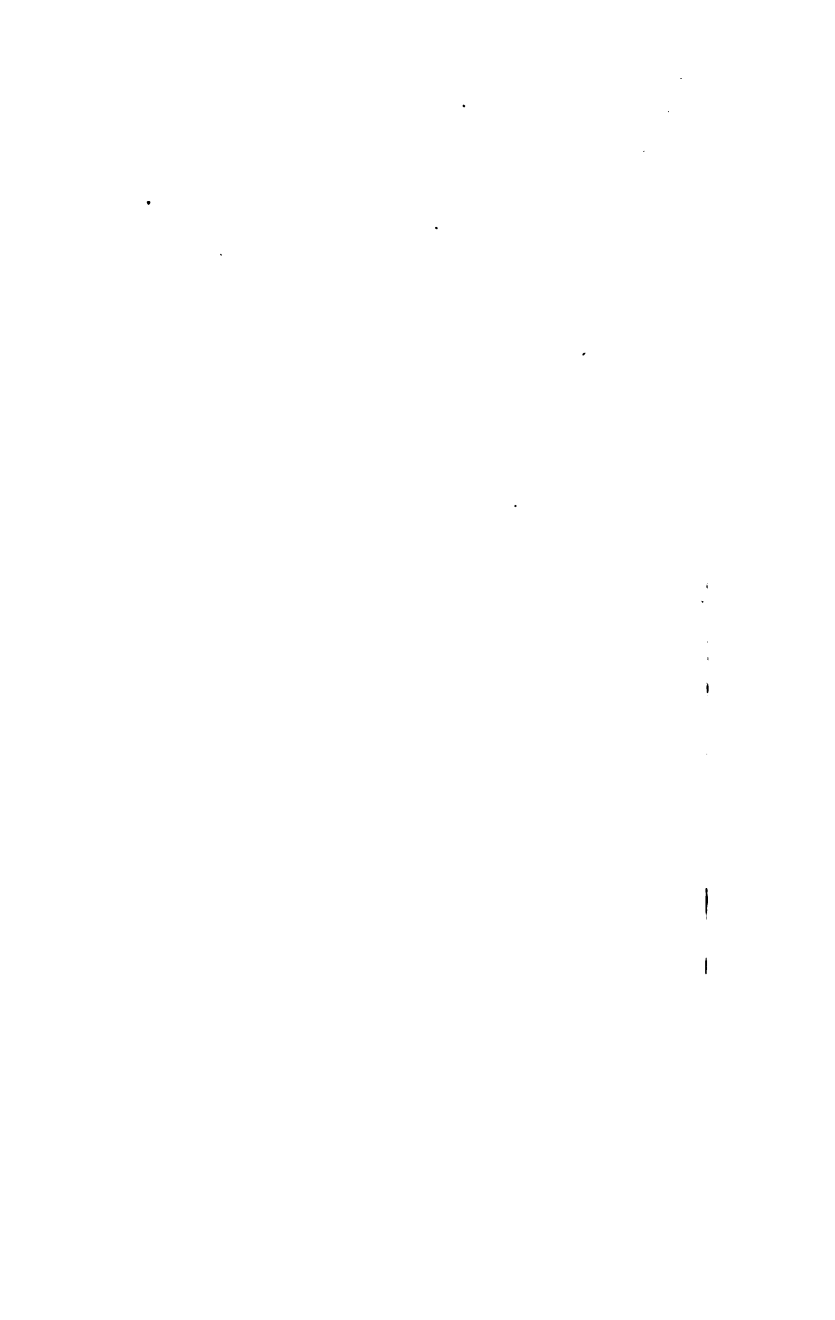
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structions, for the just and equitable administration of affairs of the world, and sanctions and strengthens mankind in honest and virtuous confidence; all which you will find, most amply exemplified, in the mutual affection of André and Pretiosa, the celebrated and justly admired hero and heroine of the following most interesting little tale, manifesting, as in the memorable instance of Fregonne the illustrious housemaid, that the dignified conduct of humble life will often prove more exalted than that of higher orders, and even of courts themselves, however splendid and attractive.

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